

MCCALL'S

MAGAZINE

15¢

MAY 1920



Margaret Deland

Alice Brown

Perceval Gibbon

In the morning

Eat

Kellogg's

KRUMBLED BRAN

- doesn't *look* like bran
- doesn't *taste* like bran
- but this new, *different* cereal food is *all* bran

HUNDREDS of thousands of families are finding the way to *daily* health in the new, delicious, ready-to-eat cereal food we have produced from bran. No preparation is necessary—take it from the “waxtite” package, which retains its freshness, purity and flavor for you, and eat it at breakfast, just when it will do you the most good. Needless to say, it is a wonderful part of the children's diet.

Because of its superior quality, Kellogg's Krumbled Bran makes the finest-tasting breads, muffins, pancakes, etc. Splendid recipes are printed on each package.

Kellogg's Krumbled Bran is made in the same big, modern kitchens as Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, Kellogg's Krumbles, Kellogg's Drinket, etc. Buy it, as you do them, of your grocer.

CAUTION—Be sure you get the genuine. Look for the name “Kellogg's KRUMBLED Bran” and the signature of—

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Battle Creek, Michigan Toronto, Canada



MCCALL'S

MAGAZINE FOR MAY, 1920
BESSIE BEATTY, EDITOR



Close-Ups

"Oh, dear, I wish I hadn't looked," said the young girl at the movies, "I'll never think she's beautiful any more after that terrible close-up."

She had forgotten that the eye, braving a close-up, must take the perilous chance of disillusion. Yet it is no good to go through life without looking at the close-ups.

Disillusion hurts; the lovely lady is marred, at close view, by a snub nose and dreadful freckles. Yet the honest eye will learn to look for subtler proofs of beauty than picture post-card perfection.

For disillusionment is only the cross step-sister of truth. On the stage, the great actress sums up beauty. In life, her hat is tawdry, her lovely face lined and worn. But you are blind if you do not see, beneath her faded present, the spent charm of her past, living still in the dreams of men.

Far off places, Rangoon, Singapore, the China Seas, have the conjurer's trick of luring men on to disenchanting arrivals. Close at hand the magic dies—unless you have eyes to see beyond disenchantment.

If you are not so gifted, stay away from the squalor of Eastern ports, flee the ash-cans that may line the road to Olympus. Let beauty stay glamorous, distant, flitting, like fireflies down a tree-shadowed garden walk.

That may suffice you, but it will never be enough for us. The factory-spattered flats outside a great city at twilight, towering skyscrapers, tired human faces—these ugly, but speaking symbols—give us queer, cold thrills. And we take off our hats to passing beauty.



SKYLARKING TIME

ONCE, in a world without machinery and smoky factories and clanging city streets, men celebrated the wonder of Spring. Poor man and prince, skylarking youths and laughing children forsook the town, the house and the shop to revel in the fresh green of woods and fields. They gave over one long unstinted day to welcome May.

May-day, Spring's day, is the oldest holiday in history. It is a sign of our eternal hope that things will be better, skies brighter, men and women happier. The first violet, the delicate hidden hepaticas, the air's soft sudden warmth—these things are May's eternal rediscoveries.

She is a lovely but a jealous guest. It is not enough that you breathe her morning fragrance in a country garden, or stand startled at the flicker of her rainbow scarf in the meshes of a city sunset. She beats incessantly, tormentingly, at the door of your heart.

Long ago, she did not need to beg for entrance. The Greeks on her day ran out to meet her, weaving ecstatic dances. Merrie England, too, knew all the joy of May-day madness. The Morris dancers and they who jingled down to Tilbury town, the May-pole on the village green—these are as much a part of the memoried English past as Robin Hood and Puck with all his fairies.

May-day is not completely dead in the world of today. All over Europe it is Labor's holiday, and men and women cease their work to celebrate. They picnic outdoors, and in smoky halls they talk about the brotherhood of man. At Bryn Mawr College, girl students reenact the old Elizabethan ceremonies and dances. Here and there, in city parks, school children prance gaily around the May-poles while Pan peeks at them from the wild and hidden depths of the shrubbery.

But we need to snatch more of that wealth of May-day lore out of the past to quicken this jaded present. A May-pole on every village green would help. And there is the country. We must run away on May-day, body and spirit, to a place where men and money and kings are forgotten in Spring's blossoming. One day given over to watching the uncurling maples, listening to the song of the mating birds, smelling the brown earth, is worth all the tonics in the world.

The Greeks went back to the fields and forest to find Pan. They did not often see him. But they never searched on May-day without bringing back fresh pictures of beauty, new pluckings of truth. Their May-day sent them home with fresh fancies never forgotten during the arduous year. The Greeks, peering down from their Elysium, must wonder a little at the spectacle we present—a civilization half-circus, half-miracle. Yet we honor the Greeks as a people saner, wiser than ourselves. The Athenians never saw a dynamo; but they knew where to seek the springs of beauty. Is it not time we put on their May-day wisdom?

Hookey

THE incipient summer is a season of demoralization. We would rather do anything than the thing we have on hand. Impatient as May makes the world, we are cheered by one thought. Thank heaven, we have finished school.

Perhaps its young citizens will go more enthusiastically to school when the educational reformers have finished their work. Today's classroom is a hotbed of contradictory theory. Defenders of the little red schoolhouse quarrel too loudly with the revolutionary visionary. The child, they cry, is a sacred individuality; but how they scare it with their fighting!

The generation to come may not sit in the New School—as we did in the Old—through Mays and Junes, imprisoned youngsters. Our bodies, in sailor-suits and starched gingham, sat cramped over arithmetics, huddled behind geographies. But our spirits—the faint thing that quivered to the first soft touch of summer, that hailed the lingering sun as playfellow—were outdoors with our first teachers, the wind, the sky and the sun.

The New School must hire those teachers. School is a prison, the child a rebel, until he plays hard at his own education. It is the teacher's task to capture that breathless attention, to inflame that impulsive animal spirit now so often racing away on its own engaging if misdirected paths. If we tie up the multiplication table to the Panama Canal, if we make life more lastingly adventurous than the swimming-hole—we will have done the hardest thing in the world. Until we do, no new education will really educate.

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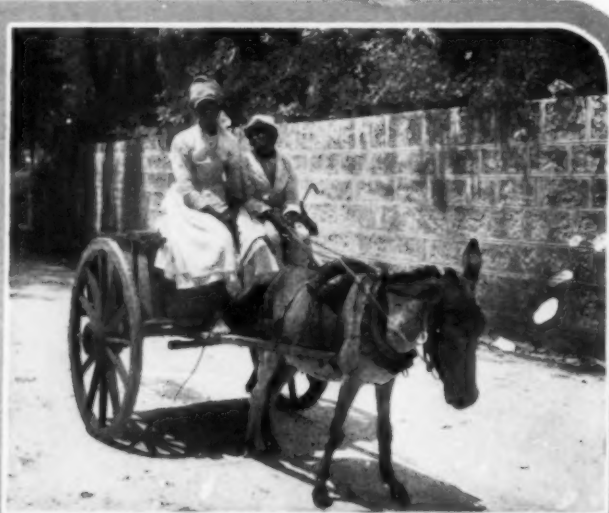
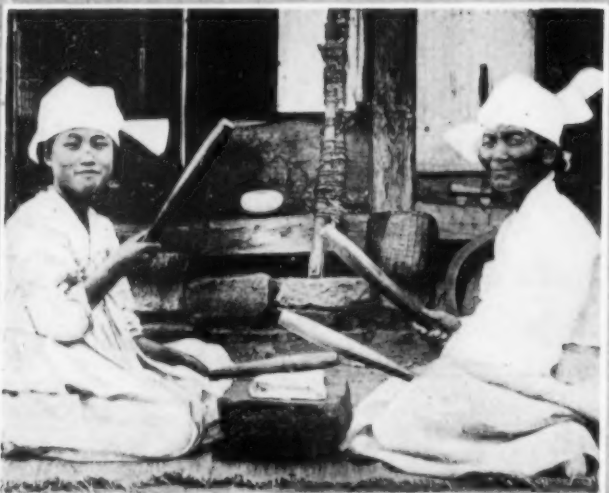
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A Week's a Week the World Around



A TRAVELER, returning from a trip around the world, remarked that wherever you traveled, the human race was always doing the same thing on Tuesdays. Or Mondays. The traveler was right. Ever since Eden was vacated, the world has devoted Monday to the wash-tub. Races differ ethnologically, but most of them spend Monday in the laundry. Not every culture has achieved the electric clothes-wringer. Down in Mexico, the rural house-keeper does the family wash behind the tent-back-door in a primitive pail.

Tuesday is sometimes Election Day, but always Ironing Day. That's true even in Korea, where Mrs. Fong Koo and daughter beat out the week's wash with the national ironing-clubs, and the floor is their board.

Historians say that home life began when Eve sat down on Wednesday to mend Adam's rain-coat, for all women have been mending on that day since. Keeping up appearances in China is so important that the best stitchers are municipal menders. They sit out on Main Street, waiting for the chance to repair the passer-by's kimono. Observe that the lady in the picture, mending a mandarin's sock, is not afraid of a long thread.

As for Thursday, we are like the hired-girl in confessing it our favorite day. It is half-way between Sundays, and an excellent day for weddings. Down in Barbados, ladies and their escorts drive out behind the

ancestral donkey to call on friends. There is no time on Friday, when all wise women, from Baffin Bay to Patagonia, go out to do their marketing. Bill, the grocer's boy, delivers the goods at your kitchen door, but not so in Palestine and other points East. The housewives with the baskets on their shoulders are coming down from Jerusalem, where they have gathered provisions for the week-end. Palestine speaks fifty tongues, but few women mind conversational barriers. When discussing the H. C. of L., races and facts speak as one.

Saturday is the day of days to most people under ten, because on that morning mother drops the carpet-sweeper to bake a pie or two. Here is a Japanese housewife carrying on the good old New England tradition that Saturday is wasted unless it sees a few dozen cakes on the pantry-shelves. And the Japanese cook scorns anything but her old-fashioned stone mill.

So passes the week. It begins again on Sunday—the day of rest which man would have had to invent if it weren't already on the church calendar. The modern Sunday is growing wickeder, or pleasanter, according to your temperament. The oldest Christians are probably wisest; the Breton peasant makes a day of her church and her white cap, but she doesn't see any harm in taking the children to watch the fishing-boats on Sunday afternoon. Is she not all the more wise to face the dawn of the following Monday morning?

*Monday does the washing, Tuesday irons clothes;
Wednesday's busy mending, Thursday calling goes;
Friday's off to market, Saturday bakes pie;
Sunday says its prayers in church—
And so the week goes by.*

—Old Nursery Rhyme.

Do you realize how often eyes are fastened on your nails?



Are you willing to be judged by their appearance?

YOU gesture freely as you talk to him. His eyes follow your moving finger tips. What are his impressions?

Men are especially sensitive to little deficiencies in a woman's appearance. Many men habitually judge a woman by the condition of her hands. The impression given



With some cotton wrapped around an orange stick and dipped in Cutex, work around each nail, pushing back the surplus cuticle

by carelessly manicured nails is a hard thing to overcome.

Wherever you go you are being silently appraised by your nails. Lovely hands, smooth, even nails immediately suggest a background of refinement.

Perhaps you find it is not possible to have a professional manicurist care for your nails regularly. Yet when you try to manicure them yourself you find you cannot keep the cuticle smooth. The more you cut it the worse it grows.

The most important part of your manicure is the care of the cuticle. To cut it with scissors or to bruise it with a sharp instrument invites trouble. The skin about the nail is sure to grow tough, uneven, to cause roughness, hangnails. When you cut the overgrown cuticle, you inevitably cut the live skin. As it heals, the skin is

left thick and ragged. There is danger also of injuring the sensitive nail root, which is only one-twelfth inch below the surface.

You can easily have hands that you are proud to be judged by

It is possible to keep the cuticle thin, smooth, evenly shaped without cutting it. Your hands and nails can be so lovely you will be proud to have them noticed.

Cutex will soften the cuticle and keep it in good condition—it will prevent hangnails and rough places. In a very short time you will find that your nails are as lovely as you have always wished.

Follow the directions under the illustrations. You will be surprised when you see how easy it is to have the same dainty nails you have so admired in your friends. Once or twice a week, depending on how fast your cuticle grows, give your nails this quick manicure. A few minutes is all that is necessary. You need give no more thought to the care of your hands. The



To keep your nail tips white apply a bit of Cutex Nail White underneath them directly from the tube

consciousness of flawless nails will add greatly to your poise—your general charm.



A brisk rub with Cutex Nail Polish brings a high gloss to the nails

You can get Cutex at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada, and any chemist's shop in England. Cutex Cuticle Remover comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are 35c each.

A complete manicure set for 20 cents

Send the coupon below and 20 cents for the Introductory Manicure Set. This is not as large as the standard set but it contains enough of the various Cutex preparations for at least six manicures. You will see after your first manicure how easy it is to have noticeably attractive hands. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 1005, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

Send two dimes for this manicure set



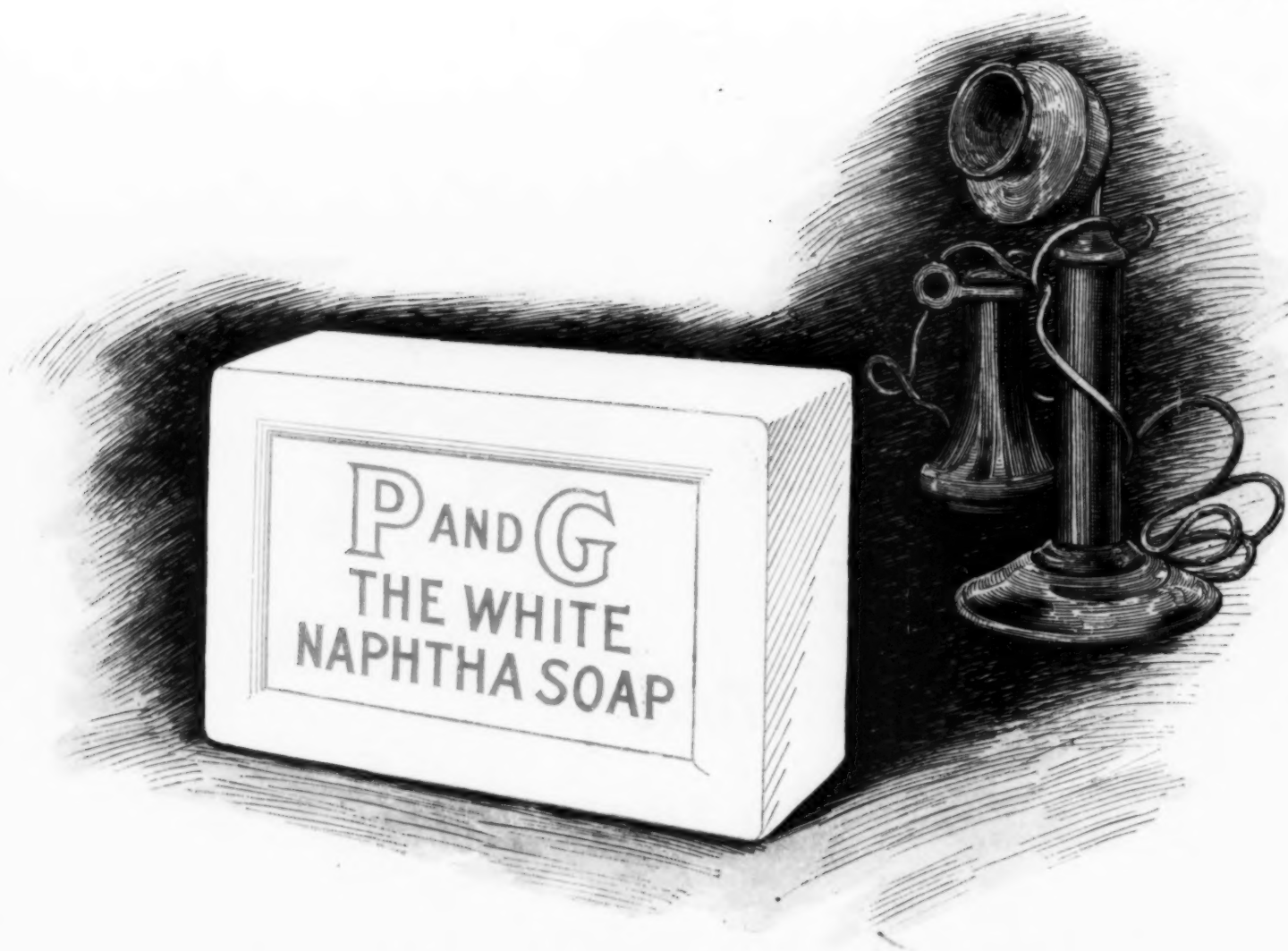
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Would You Give Up Your Telephone?

HOW often you have said you couldn't keep house without your telephone. You'll say the same about P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap, after you once have tried it.

P. AND G.—The White Naphtha Soap is a modern soap for modern women.

It launders clothes, washes dishes, cleans and scrubs more easily and more quickly than other soaps because it *combines* the good qualities of high-grade white laundry soap and quick-working naphtha soap. No hard rubbing. It loosens dirt merely by contact.

You'll like this new-idea soap because it makes such good suds even in hard water; because it has such a clean, sanitary odor; and because it saves so much time and effort for you.

'Phone your grocer for a bar, and try it.

*Not merely a white laundry soap;
Not merely a naphtha soap;
But the best features of both, combined.*

P AND G — THE WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP



KNAVE OF DIAMONDS

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATION BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

THE spring wind that puffed in brief gusts along the boulevard had more than a hint of wetness in it; the dull, chill day seemed on the point of breaking into tears. The two sleek and over-coated gentlemen who came across the roadway between the hooded taxis, each with a guardian hand to his wind-threatened hat, wasted but a moment's glance upon the barren desert of iron chairs and tables ranked before the big café.

"Here!" said Mr. Neuman — 'Pony' Neuman to his intimates—with decision. "Let's get inside, out o' this!"

Without waiting for his companion's reply, he thrust back the swing-door and led the way into the great interior of the café, ornate and gloomy as a chapel. There were a few customers dotted about its spaciousness, sitting forlornly behind newspapers for the most part, and at the back a couple of idle waiters lounged limply. Mr. Neuman took it all in with a single sweep of his expert eyes, the atmosphere, the quality of the clientele and the faces—particularly the faces—then, with a motion like a shrug still-born, he led the way to where a table in a corner gave them a certain privacy.

"What's yours?" he inquired, as they seated themselves upon the worn velvet settee against the wall.

"Beer," replied his guest, tersely.

Mr. Neuman lifted a finger and a languid waiter floated toward them down an aisle of tables. He gave his order—his own was not for beer—and the pair of them sat back in silence till the waiter should have come and gone again.

"Well," said Mr. Neuman, when the glasses stood before them, "here's luck!"

He picked up his own tiny glass and surveyed the lights in it appreciatively before he drank. He was a shortish, stoutish man in the early years of a debonaire middle age; his general effect was one of a brisk and capable good-nature, a sort of accomplished and virtuous worldliness. Under his trimly clipped mustache his mouth was tolerant and humorous; he looked—he was trained and molded to look—like a man who feared no one, whom no decent fellow creature need fear. It was only in the eyes, in their weariness and in a certain steely challenge of their regard, that the bland urbane face had at moments a quality vaguely formidable.

Mr. James Smith, beside him, raised his glass despondently. "Luck!" he answered to the toast, bitterly. "There isn't any such thing—not with me! However—"

He drank deeply, set down his glass and sighed.

Mr. Neuman was lighting a cigar, with the manner of being absorbed in the process. Mr. James Smith gave him a glance full of calculation.

"Honest, Pony," he broke out, "I've got to have a thousand francs, just to keep going with. I know you've had a good season, and if I was to tell you the kind of hard luck that's been treadin' on my heels, an' the cruel way I've been fooled, why, Pony, old man, you'd—"

"I know," interrupted Mr. Neuman; "I'd be touched—deeply touched—but not deeper than fifty francs at the very deepest."

Mr. James Smith groaned. "Fifty!" he replied. "The bloomin' hotel bill came to six hundred. Fifty!"

He glanced back and forth from Mr. Neuman's composed face to his glass. There were, in the general fashion of him, certain resemblances to Mr. Neuman; there was the same flavor of worldliness, the same wary and warning manner of regard. But there the likeness ended. He was a man in the early thirties, thick-set and heavy-jowled; the hand that rested on the table before him was broad and blunt-fingered. For all the elaboration of his clothes, he showed the shape and bodily texture of a laborer. One could conceive of him as dangerous, but never with the subtle power for harm that slumbered behind Mr. Neuman's serenity.

"Here!" he said suddenly, as though upon a quick impulse of resolution. "Will you listen if I tell you the sheer honest truth about it? Makes me look like a fool, but—will you listen?"

Mr. Neuman hesitated. He cocked an eye to the broad window, and saw beyond it how the trees of the boulevard swayed and gesticulated in the chill wind. Within the café

it was at least warm and calm, and he had infinite confidence in his power to hold on to his thousand francs.

"Why not?" he said affably. "I've got nothing else to do till dinner time."

Mr. James Smith drank again from his glass, sighed once more and settled himself against the bald and unyielding back of the settee, and delivered himself in speech.

"I told you I'd been doin' a round of the winter-sport hotels in Switzerland, didn't I?" he began. "Well, it wasn't any good; the sort they get there nowadays plays bridge in the evenin's for a franc a hundred, and spends the rest of its time skiing or skating. So I moved over to Monte at last, before it 'ud be too late to catch a few live ones with real money to play with."

He swallowed and seemed to have difficulty in continuing.

"And instead of attending strictly to business, you took your luck and your own good money to the tables, eh?" suggested Mr. Neuman. "Is that the whole story?"

Mr. Smith shook his head. "I wish it was," he answered. "That 'ud be pretty rotten; but when I was down to the inside of a thousand, I did have the sense to stop. And right there, in my hotel, I saw a chance to pull things straight."

"I was stoppin' at the *Trois Etoiles*; I judged it was right to go an' live right where the real money lives. An' there was money there, too—counts and barons, an' a real gilded prince from somewhere down by Roumania; only I s'pose I haven't the right kind of style to get in the same deck with court-cards o' that size. Anyway, I hadn't so much as swapped a good-mornin' with a single one o' them. Had a way—blast 'em!—of actin' as if I was a kind of ghost—invisible, you know. I'd come into the hall before dinner, or into the smokin'-room, and there they'd be, gangs an' bunches of 'em, all jolly an' cheery an' callin' each other

'Bill' and 'Henri' and 'Maximilian,' but when I'd slide up with my face set to be pleasant, they'd look at me as if I wasn't there. I'd seen the kind of money they had at the Rooms—stacks of it, Pony—more money than you could dream about. 'Put this on for me!' those women 'ud coo to the men, and pass over thousand-franc notes enough to finance a revolution.

"An' me just lookin' on, about as helpless as a ghost at a prize-fight!"

"Well, it was after I got my knock-out at the tables—that was one evenin' when most of 'em was playin'—an' I'd come to the general conclusion that workin' at a trade was about my mark, that I went home to the hotel an' up to my room to think out what was best to start next. It wasn't more than ten o'clock an' the hall was pretty empty, an' as the elevator started just as I came in at the door, I crossed to the stairs and walked up rather than wait for it to come down again. I didn't want to give anyone a chance of reckoning me up just then, I felt too busted and broke for it not to show on me somehow. On those great stairs, with statues holding up lamps, and the big corridors leadin' off them showin' the long rows of doors where rich an' safe people was livin'—well, it nearly sickened me of the game.

"My room was on the fourth floor, along about a mile of corridor from the stairs. There was no one in sight, and I started to walk along slow and tired-like, to my door. My shoes didn't make any sound on the red carpet, an' I was worryin' so much about my troubles that I nearly passed one of the doors on the way without noticing that it was standing a quarter-open and someone was talkin' inside. I wasn't hoping for anything, but you know how it is—a feller never likes to miss a chance!"

Mr. Neuman nodded grave approval. "You've got some sense, anyhow," he said.

"I pulled up short," resumed Mr. James Smith. "The door wasn't wide enough to let me see anything where I was, but the talkin' went on inside. Two women, I made out it was, and one was movin' about and jabbering and the other wasn't. The talk was in French, and that was luck, if it'd been German or Italian I couldn't have understood. 'Very well, Chérie,' the talkative one was sayin'. 'You'll go to the salon as usual, won't you? I'll be back in an

hour or so, an' then I'll see you to bed. It's such a lovely night and I must taste the fresh air. Are you sure there's nothing you want, Chérie?' She had a voice like a scratching hen, you know, cheerful in a kind of businesslike way. Then the other answered, 'I shall be all right, Julie,' she said. Her voice was kind of soft and—faded, like a tired person's voice. 'Did I leave my wrist-watch in the bathroom, I wonder?' says the first one then, and I heard her go rustling across the room. I leaned a shoulder against the corner of the wall and got my head round and took my bearings of the room inside. I hadn't anything in mind, not even then, but I wanted a look.

"Inside the door was a sort of little hall, about the size of a telephone box, with another door at the other side of it standing wide open to the room beyond. The slice of it that I could see round the door showed one o' the tall windows with long lace curtains hangin' down and in front of it a dressing-table, with a big mirror. There were electric lights each side of the mirror, and sittin' before it in a chair, facin' the mirror and with her back to me, was a woman. It was the one with a soft voice, 'cos the other was still clattering round in the bathroom. And what do you think she was doing, Pony?"

"How should I know?" demanded Mr. Neuman. "I never spied on a lady in her bedroom. What was she doing—undressing?"

"No," replied Mr. James Smith, unwounded. "Or p'raps, yes! Lemme tell you! She had on an evening frock, all white with bits of pink stuck about it; and she was sittin' there in it strippin' off a scuttelful of jewelry that would fairly bring the tears into your eyes. Right across the room you could see the kind o' stuff it was! Pony, there was a diamond collar about three fingers deep that you could retire and live on for the rest of your life; an' a star thing that

[Continued on page 28]



"I SPUN ROUND . . . AND THERE SHE WAS LOOKIN' STRAIGHT AT ME"

THE CAPTIVES

By Alice Brown

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. H. D. KOERNER



THEN SHE LAUGHED, AND BEGAN TO FEED HIM . . . BREATHLESSLY



TIMOTHY HALL, who had lived in Tenterden all his lonely life, was sure of a day of misery at least once in every summer. The cause of it recurred to him often and often throughout the year, afflicting him with deep brooding and apprehension; but when June came round, his trouble rose and swamped him like a mounting sea. It was then the circus had its one day's performance in Sudleigh, the neighboring town, and Timothy, starting early for the grounds, got there almost as soon as the tent-pegs had been driven in and began to remonstrate with all and sundry on the cruelty of "keepin' dumb animals in captivity." The circus was always prepared for him. It was hardly inside the grounds before it began to look for Timothy as one of the sights of a country place, and, if it came quite new to town, more than one resident was sure to enlighten the first man that sallied forth to arrange for the water supply.

"You better look out for old Tim Hall," they would say. "He don't believe in settin' up wild critters. He'll stampee your whole show."

Timothy was not old, though he had fought for wild beasts at many circuses; and now, when he was forty-two, he saw, one June evening, walking out of Sudleigh where he had been to get his hair cut, that he was to fight again. Just over the bridge a man was slapping up gaudy posters to say that Ruff Brothers were bringing their performing circus to town. Timothy stopped in the genuine distress the recurrence of the miserable day brought him, and mused unhappily over an elephant putting a pipe in another elephant's mouth, and the frowning stare of the lion into a future, not impossible in time's revenge, when he might meet his jailers in a desert waste and settle these old scores. The man who was putting up the posters saw Timothy and called jovially, in the act of stooping for a dab of paste:

"Here's some o' your friends in trouble ag'in. You'll have to stir your stumps an' git out another emancipation proclamation."

Timothy made no answer. Perhaps he did not really hear. He was thinking of lions and tigers in the jungle, as his geography had pictured them, and of a bear he had once seen at a circus slouching back and forth through his cage, back and forth, in a madness of captivity. Timothy went along, a tall, spare figure, his head set forward as if he were too eager to walk straight, cleaving into the summer dusk like a rakish ship cutting the mist. He was long and lean and hawk-faced, with mild compassionate eyes. His neighbors never considered the meanings of his face. He was "odd," and there they left it.

Only one had ever taken the trouble to talk seriously to Timothy on the subject that, in these times of more vividly realizing the captivity of the conquered, so tried the man's soul. This was Judge Pemberton. Years ago, when Timothy was quite a young man, but even then living alone in the square farmhouse death had left to him, the judge walked down to his place one June evening, stood by while Timothy strained the milk, and then went round to the front porch with him and sat down for a talk. Presently the judge said carelessly:

"I see there's going to be a circus in Sudleigh next week." Timothy cast him a sharp glance through the dusk. Was even the judge going to spring some of the stock jokes on him about the circus-men having to be careful or Timothy'd be building an ark and gathering in their animals, two by two? The judge went on:

"I've always thought I knew how you felt about animals in captivity, Tim. Felt so myself, many a time."

Then the blood rushed into Timothy's face and something choked him in the throat.

"CAN'T stand it, judge," said he thickly. "It's the most God-awful thing anybody can do to shet up anything in a cage. That's why I let my cows out o' the yard winter days when it ain't too cold for 'em an' drive 'em a piece along the road. I can't stand it to be shet up myself nor I can't stand it to have any other creatur' that draws the breath o' life."

"I've often thought of it," said the judge, looking out over the orchard opposite and apparently feeling no surprise over Timothy's eccentricity. "And I thought I could see just how you felt and why you felt it. It's come down to you, as you might say. You know your grandfather was one of the red-hot abolitionists of his day."

"Yes," said Timothy proudly. "He had a letter from Wendell Phillips. It's in there in the Bible."

"He couldn't bear to leave men in captivity," said the judge. "You can't either. I know just how it is. Well, I guess I'll be going along home. Pretty near full moon, ain't it?" When he was talking to his neighbors his talk, perhaps designedly, copied theirs.

He got up, and Timothy followed him down to the gate and stood there looking after the stately figure as it paced along the road. Timothy was so excited, with a new,

wonderful intensity of feeling, that he clenched his hands to get hold of himself and once he shut his eyes, after he lost the figure of the judge through the thickening dusk, to withdraw into himself and taste the absolutely new feeling the judge had given him. Somebody, it seemed, could see his obsession as not to be despised. He could not know Judge Pemberton had walked down to have that little talk with him, to tell him, in such fashion as he might, that the foolish jokes about even an exaggerated tenderness for the captives were of no more importance than the wind that blows, and that behind Timothy's futile rage over their misery was the fine background of his honorable past and the compassion that had been vindicated by a country's verdict. Thereafter the stock jests did go hurtling past. They never hit. Timothy went off to the circus as regularly as the circus came, and made his remonstrances to whomsoever he saw, as a man preaches against deadly sin. It did no good. It would never do any good. This he knew, but he kept on because he must.

And though this talk with Judge Pemberton was years ago, Timothy thought of it as if it were yesterday when, a week after he had seen Ruff's circus advertised, he got up at three o'clock, milked his cows and drove them down through the dewy lane. He came back, had his breakfast, changed into his market suit and went over to tell Nancy Towle she would find the key under the mat when she went in to clear up and cook.

Nancy was at her front door, a fly-away figure, clothes always awry and the wind itself in the disorder of her hair and her wild eyes. She was as devoted to cleanliness as any woman in Tenterden. A neater one never lived, it was said there; but, Ezra Hines added, God Almighty planned her and forgot to assemble the parts. She stood there in the doorway wiping a bright tin pan with such energy that she seemed to be scouring it.

"I knew you'd be along," she cackled at him. "I set my alarm-clock last night so's to be up good an' early. I says to myself he'll be off to the circus 'fore light, an' he'll leave a hurrah's nest to home."

"I wish," said Timothy, "you'd make me a huckleberry pie or so out of them jars down sullar."

She nodded vigorously.

"I'll cook you up a good mess o' things," she said. "You'll find the house as clean as a ribbon, no matter how you've left it."

Timothy turned away and had gone ten paces or so on his forward-bending walk when she called after him:

SAY! I s'pose you'll fetch home a lion or a tiger with ye, out o' captivity. I better go down an' drive up the cows, so's to have one or two on 'em ready to quarter. They say them lions'll swaller down a side o' beef 'fore you can turn round."

"I guess you better git up the cows," said Timothy, unsmilingly. "Milk, too, if you're a mind to, an' strain the milk. I've got a kind of a feelin' I may be late."

"Course you'll be late," said she, laughing the high laugh that Ezra Hines told her came out of the top of her head. "Tain't so easy gittin' home a drove o' lions an' tigers. Tain't like drivin' a flock o' sheep."

Timothy made no answer. He went a little way along the road and then struck into the woods. On circus days he always went to Sudleigh across lots, never by the road where the gay, disorderly procession "going to the circus" would make him the butt of the dull jokes they never tired of, scarcely varying in a word from year to year. Sometimes Timothy wondered, though without any acute interest, how they could remember them all the year and have them ready for instant use again on circus day. Folks couldn't, he concluded, have anything of any consequence to think about.

The day was hot already, and the woods received him kindly. The morning dampness wet his trousers to the knees, but he was a creature of all weathers, and heat and cold and damp were nothing to him. Once he stopped to watch a squirrel running up a trunk, and the squirrel, too, stopped and chattered at him.

"You're as free as I be," said Timothy to him. "How'd you like to be shet up in a cage an' carried off to foreign countries for fools to gawp at?"

Recalled to his futile mission, he went on the faster, and in perhaps an hour more stepped over the stone-wall that made the last boundary between Tenterden and Sudleigh meadows. And there in the first clump of trees, where birches are enchanting against their shadowing hemlocks, he saw a woman, very beautiful with the glow of dark eyes and black hair, sitting on the ground. At the same minute she saw him and laughed, and Timothy, seeing two beguiling rows of teeth behind her full red lips, caught his breath at the wonder of them, their white evenness like the teeth of

healthy animals in youth. She called to him at once and her voice was full, with a laugh in it:

"I'm terrible glad you've come. I ketched my foot an' come down like a log o' wood an' I dunno but I've twisted my ankle."

Timothy walked up to her and looked at her dubiously. She seemed to him so exceedingly sweet and soft that he could not think of any way to help her up; he could not see his rough palms touching her. But she put out her hands.

"Give me both o' yours," she said, "an' when I tell you, pull. I'll see if I can stand on it."

He gave her his hands and noted that hers were brown and serviceable and had seen work. That gave him courage, which he needed, because not only she but her dress looked to him beautiful. It was blue calico with white pipings at the sleeves and neck; but it became her, and Timothy, in its fittingness, found her mysteriously lovely. She tried a step and grimaced, then another.

"I don't believe it's sprained," she said. "It does hurt me, but I guess I can walk if you'll let me lay my hand on your arm."

They set out together, Timothy anxiously supporting her and she, quite simply and without a trace of coquetry, accepting him.

"I s'pose you know," he said, after a few steps, "Sudleigh highroad's right down there. When we get there I could leave you settin' an' go off an' find a team."

She laughed. There seemed to be in her mind some hidden pleasantry she might not share, but which would keep bubbling out through her words to make the hour the merrier.

"I don't want no team," she said. "I believe it's growin' better every minute. It's got to, for I've run away an' I ain't goin' to have my labor for my pains."

"Run away?" repeated Timothy. Then, because his mind was hurrying ahead to the captives he came to champion, he said, without thought and, as he heard himself, foolishly, "Was you in captivity?"

She laughed again.

"I dunno what you'd call it," she said, "but I'm Martha Singleton, old Singleton's niece round t'other side o' the mountain."

"What," said Timothy, "old Jim Singleton, that feeds his critters double the night afore, when he's goin' in the ma'sh, so's not to get up so early himself, an' thinks they'll know enough to save suthin' from supper for their breakfast?"

"Don't you worry," said she. "He never's done that this last year without my slippin' out about half-past two an' givin' 'em another feed."

"How under the sun do you manage to live with the old hunks?" asked Timothy boldly. It seemed to him he had been right and she was indeed a captive.

She hung her head.

"It's terrible pretty round there," she said, "an' I do love the smell o' the milkin' an' the hay. An' if I didn't work there I should have to go to some o' the towns an' work in a mill, an' I'd ruther be switched."

"But you're runnin' away," said Timothy.

"Oh," said she, "I ain't runnin' away for good. I'm just goin' to the circus."

Timothy stopped short at the shock of it.

"What's the matter?" she inquired anxiously. "You ain't twisted your ankle, have you, or got a stitch?"

This Timothy did not answer. Instead he asked her:

"What you goin' to the circus for?"

"Why," said she, opening her large eyes wider, "what's anybody go to the circus for?"

"I'm goin'," said Timothy, "because they've got wild animals there in captivity, an' if I can't let 'em out I'm goin' to raise up my voice ag'in it. I'm ag'in in the wilderness, I be, same as my gran'ther bein' ag'in."

They were standing on an upland slope, and a sun-bright valley lay below them. Across it was the church-spire of Sudleigh, and altogether the spot was the removal from any Biblical imagery of lone fastnesses. But neither of them thought of that. Martha had taken her hand from his arm, and they stood now facing each other, Timothy in earnest and breathless with the force of it.

"Why," said she, "if they wa'n't in captivity, how'd we ever get a chance to see 'em?"

"You can look at pictures of 'em, can't ye?" said Timothy. "Don't you remember the pictures in your jogaphry at school?"

"Oh," said she, hanging her head like a child caught in a foolish act, "seems if I should die if I couldn't see an elephant. I've wanted to all my days, long as I've wanted anything, an' never once have I had the chance. Why, that's what made me run away."

The last she said brightly, plucking up hope, as if there were some conclusive argument in that.

Timothy turned from the persuasiveness of her brown eyes to the valley below. Her eyes, he reflected, were different as she said that. He was not sure they had not tears in them. It was a pity for anybody to be tied to old Singleton, doing his work and getting up at half-past two to feed the stock, and not even allowed to see an elephant.

"Well," he said, and said it grudgingly, because, after all, he was sacrificing his principles to her childishness, "if the elephants are there, I dunno's it'll do any hurt for you to look at 'em."

"Come along then," said she joyously. "No, I guess I'll see if I can't walk by myself. I've got to get used to it, if I'm ever goin' to crawl back home."

"This ain't no place to begin," said Timothy. "It's terrible hubbly. No, you take my arm same's you did first an' we can make twice what you could alone. Two's always better 'n one."

While they descended the slope they talked.

"What you goin' to do with the wild animals when you've let 'em out?" she asked.

He found a bright curiosity in her eyes.

"If you're goin' to have lions an' tigers roamin' round these woods," she went on, "I'd like to know it 'fore I set out crossin' 'em again."

"I don't mean to let 'em out," said Timothy. And yet he had thought he meant it. "I want to change public opinion so there won't be no call for such doin's, an' work on the circus folks besides, so 't they'll go out o' the business."

"Oh," said she, with a long-drawn breath, "I'm glad you ain't done it 'fore I've seen an elephant. I s'pose there's lions, too, an' tigers, but I don't care a snap about them. If I can only see an elephant just once in my life I can die happy."

Timothy was completely bewitched. At that moment he would have opened the jungles and fastnesses of the entire world and marshaled the beasts in procession before her, as Adam summoned them for the diversion of Eve. He broke out impetuously with the only thought he could get hold of in his tumultuous mind:

"How under the sun d'you ever come to be workin' for old Singleton?"

"Why, I told you," said she. "I've got to earn, same's any girl that's left alone, an' I ain't goin' into a mill every mornin' when the bell rings. That's the last thing."

"Well," said Timothy bluntly, "there's other folks to work for besides Jim Singleton. He's a terrible old hunk, if he is your uncle."

She made no answer for a moment but, glancing at her, he concluded she was not offended. There was a lovely softness over her face like a magic veil made to disclose beauty, not conceal it. Perhaps it was altogether the trembling at the corners of her mouth.

"He ain't so bad," said she. "You see we were left alone, mother an' me, an' toward the last she couldn't do anything an' she was so sick I couldn't go away to work. I guess we should ha' starved or come on the town if it hadn't been for him. An' mother said she'd kill herself if we'd got to come on the town."

"Why," said Timothy, "you must be Pete Singleton's darter, he that married—"

"Yes," said she proudly, "my mother was Gipsy Mag. An' she did tell fortunes. An' folks come from far an' near. All except the last part of her life. She give it up in the end, I hated it so. I wish now she hadn't. I wish she'd done what she liked as long as she liked. She was enough sight better than I am—or you either, or your Pembertons back there, if it comes to that."

Her face quivered all over in a way dreadful to Timothy, and great tears ran down. Timothy was distraught. She had pulled her hand from his arm and was going on by herself, and, he was sure, stabbed by pain at every step.

"O my Lord!" groaned Timothy. He put out his hand and took hers and drew it back through his arm. "Now," said he, coaxing, "you take your hankercher an' wipe off your face. Seems if I couldn't stand it if you don't." He had never heard himself speak like that, even to a bird if he got it away from the cat and smoothed its ruffled wings. Nor had he ever felt within himself such turmoil that seemed to make the words and tone inevitable. "Why," said he, "this ain't no way to go to see the elephant."

At that she laughed and Timothy laughed, too, and felt that the air was cleared for good. They crossed the old Dillingham field and came out on the highroad from Tenterden, and from that point the way was short and populous, and

Timothy, seeing the farm wagons coming in, grew fractious over the change in the atmosphere of his day. But a moment ago it had seemed they would always be walking along together, her hand in his arm, finding out new and thrilling things each had not known before, but now they were on the open road and the world was with them. Martha herself seemed changed. She looked tired and serious and walked by herself, a chill distance at his left.

"Won't you take my arm again?" Timothy asked humbly. "No," she said soberly. "No, thank you. It don't hurt so much as it did."

When they reached the grounds, she stopped and turned to him timidly.

"Now," said she, "I guess we'll say good-by. An' I'm ever so much obliged to you. You've been real good."

"Why," said Timothy, in an outburst of misery and reproach, "ain't we goin' in together?"

"I dunno's it's open," said she, "an' anyhow you've got your talkin' to do—"

TALKIN'?" said Timothy. "Who'm I goin' to talk to? I'm goin' to talk to you, same's I have been. That's all the talkin' I'm goin' to do."

"Why," said she, "ain't you goin' round same's you always do an' see if you can't get up an interest in lettin' the animals go?"

He felt, rather than heard, some subtle yielding in her tone, and instantly it bred in his a quick assertiveness.

"I'm goin'," said he, "to stan' right side o' you the first time you see the elephant. I wouldn't miss that, not for all the animals in the jogaphry."



"YES . . . MY MOTHER WAS GIPSY MAG. AN' SHE DID TELL FORTUNES"

Her face cleared beautifully and she laughed, and while she was opening her little knit-purse, Timothy boldly paid them both in, put a hand under her arm and marshaled her along as if he owned the show.

All that forenoon they wandered in a dream. He did not take her at once to see the elephants, sagely reasoning that it would be a more telling progression to begin with a lion or two and even a monkey, and so proceed to the top-most round of majesty. She was enchanted with everything. The lions amazed her and the giraffe she took as a joke intended by his Creator for the delectation of man. She apparently looked on wild animals according to their adaptability to circus requirements, and Timothy, though he saw that at once, found it no fault in her. One after another they met men and women he knew, and while they were chary of the usual antique jokes, because Martha was with him, he could see the temptation in their eyes and was thankful to them for their lenity. Before the zebra they found old Amadon Drake entranced, and he did call out:

"Tim Hall, I bet ye ye can't tell how many stripes there is all over this chap without countin' 'em up."

Martha, because she stayed closely at home, on the other side of the mountain, did not know these men and women, but in Amadon only did she display any interest.

"Who's that old man with the bright eyes?" she asked Timothy, and he told her carelessly:

"Oh, it's only old Amadon Drake, that's always countin' everything. They say one night he set out to count the stars

in the heavens, an' he'd ha' been countin' now if he hadn't got so mad with 'em because they kep' changin' their places. He said they done it to spite him."

"He hadn't ought to be livin' round here," said she soberly. "He's cut out for a great man."

Timothy looked at her in surprise.

"Why," said he, "I guess you can tell fortunes, too."

She flashed a look at him; her eyes were gleaming under a pretty frown.

"You needn't twit me with that," she said, in a low tone, and Timothy looked at her, again surprised.

Then it came to him that old Mag Singleton had been lightly regarded because of her gift, and he was sorry for the girl. But just then they came to a cage where a little Kerry cow chewed her cud, and Martha forgot her resentment to call admiringly:

"Oh, ain't she the prettiest!"

And then Timothy took her to the elephants. In all his life he had never known an hour of such perfect happiness as this that followed. The elephants were not only as she had dreamed them but they were incredibly more. At first she gazed at them in silence as they stood in a passive row, their inscrutable eyes looking out from all the memory and desire in the brain behind them to the base world of acquisition where a peanut is the medium of intercourse. Timothy thought he had never seen a creature so still as Martha, unless it might be a squirrel on a bough before he flirts his tail and throws back defiance, while he scurries, at intruding man. He went quietly off and bought her a bag of peanuts, and when he thrust it into her hand she took it mechanically, not looking, and an elephant put out his trunk and remind-

ingly touched the bag. Then she laughed, and began to feed him, and fed breath-

lessly until the peanuts were gone, and Timothy, ready with another bag, pressed that upon her. Then he drew her away to have a sandwich and a cup of coffee; and she ate as if scarce knowing what she touched, and looked at him from time to time with grateful eyes. Timothy was only half aware of the other eyes that dwelt on them curi-

ously, and when a neighbor in passing did resurrect the old joke and call to him:

"Goin' to let the critters out 'fore the show?" he did not answer even by a glance. He had not given up his quest, but it seemed mysteriously in abeyance because some-

thing so much stronger called to him and paralyzed his will. He took Martha in to the performance—there was only one ring then—and she laughed tumultuously at the clown and gasped over the beauty of the horses, and then, just as Timothy was wildly planning to persuade her to the tavern for supper, she said she must go, and would yield to no persuasion. But when they were outside the grounds and she had given one last look back at them, as if it were Eden that lay behind, Timothy said to her:

"Now you wait here. I'm goin' to hire a team an' carry you home."

"No," said she. "I've got enough to face as it is, without drivin' up to old Singleton's in a hired team."

"If you can't face him alone," said Timothy grandly, "we'll face him together."

"No," said she again. "No, I'll take it easy goin' back, but I'll go the way I come. I can make it by midnight an' slip into the house through the pantry-winder, an' when he gits up I'll have the milkin' done an' mebbe he won't say so very much after all. He'll be too glad to get me back. I kinder guess he'd think I've gone for good."

"Look here," said Timothy, for he had to propose something. He was sure he could not let her go. "What if you should clip it right back with me, same way we come, an' instid o' your turnin' off for the mountain, keep right on down to my place?" A vision of the house, neat as wax as Nancy would leave it, arose before him and he added seductively, "We'll have our supper an' set a spell, an' when you go, if go you must, I'll harness up an' take you within half a mile of old Singleton's an' you can foot it the rest o' the way an' slip in as you planned." She hesitated and he added, "There's huckleberry pie."

But still she wavered. Then she asked:

"Who does your work for you?"

"Nancy Towle," said he, and Martha answered at once: "All right. I'll go."

So they crossed the Dillingham lot and climbed the hill to the ridge and took the wood-path again, and the moon came out big and splendid and, though Martha was going home with him, Timothy had but one wish beating through his veins: that the journey need never end. She would not let him support her now, though from time to time he put out his hand to guide her over gnarls and roots, and they walked at a good pace, not speaking.

Once he asked her how her ankle was bearing it and she laughed, a curious low thrill in her voice, and said it was better all the time.

"It wa'n't a sprain," said she. "Feels as if somethin' slipped out an' then slipped in again."

[Continued on page 53]

UNTIL WE STOP CALLING PIANO-PLAYING BOYS SISSIES, WE CAN'T EVEN START SETTING AMERICA TO MUSIC

By D. E. Wheeler



IN MY LONG EXPERIENCE AS A VIRTUOSO TEACHER AND AS A CRITICAL OBSERVER, I BELIEVE IN THE PEOPLE AND THEIR ESTEEM FOR THE MUSICIAN AND HIS MUSIC. WITHOUT THE APPROVAL OF THE PEOPLE, THERE IS NO ART. EARLIER OR LATER, ALL GREAT GENIUSES ARE RECOGNIZED BY THE MASSES

—Leopold Auer

WHAT THREE
OF OUR
GREATEST
MUSICIANS
HAVE TO SAY
ABOUT IT



THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE PEOPLE FOR THE MUSICIAN AND HIS MUSIC IS UNFLINCHING. THE CRITIC CAN TELL YOU MORE ABOUT THE TECHNIQUE OF THE ARTIST, BUT THE PEOPLE WHO BUY FIFTY-CENT TICKETS WILL RENDER FINAL AND JUST JUDGMENT UPON THE MUSICIAN'S ARTISTIC WORTH

—Percy Grainger



FROM MY LONG EXPERIENCE IN AMERICA I HAVE FOUND A TREMENDOUS ADVANCE IN THE POPULAR ESTEEM FOR BETTER AND FINER MUSIC EACH YEAR

—Fritz Kreisler

WALTER DAMROSCH once said that America would never breed native-born composers until parents and teachers encouraged the growing boy to believe that music was an honorable and masculine activity, no matter how artistic, requiring all the ability and energies of a real man.

"The Anglo-Saxon male scoffs at the suggestion of a musical career," said Mr. Damrosch. "Music is for women—and the effeminate man."

"The American woman thinks it masculine enough," I answered.

"The attitude of the average American woman toward the musician is less inspirational than adulatory," finished Mr. Damrosch.

More or less truth is wrapped up in Mr. Damrosch's short sentences. You do not have to go to many concerts in New York, or in any smaller city, to observe the preponderance of women in the audiences. Men are scattered here and there about the house, but I have never failed to observe that the larger proportion are foreign-born, or the sons of foreign-born. For one fair-haired Anglo-Saxon in a typical opera or concert hall, I can offer you ten or a score of young Celts and Slavs and Italians and Jews.

The Latin and the South European and the Jewish natures are inherently musical, you say. I grant that. But if you will look into the culture of these peoples, and into our own, you will not wonder why the great American composer has been so long appearing.

The European mind, a little wiser and older than the American, has never relegated culture to the women. No Frenchman nor Italian nor Russian feels it beneath him to study art or music, if he has sufficient talent. Culture is not, as it sometimes seems in these United States, the special possession of the Federation of Women's Clubs, or the Tuesday-Afternoon-Uplift group. Not everyone sings or paints, but few people grow old there without a knowledge of the arts which, in this country, would set them up on the lecture platform. The young artist is encouraged; he is respected. He is as worthy a citizen of the state as a lawyer or a banker.

We manage the thing differently in America. You have met plenty of people who go about protesting that we have plenty of American musicians, equal to any who have come over from Hungary and Roumania and South America. It is true, we are at last beginning to develop them. Whether we are to have more, whether the creative gift latent in the rich racial strains of today's American is to flower into a music worthy of ourselves, depends largely upon the place music is to play in the education of the American child. For the child is father of the artist, as well as of the business man. You cannot make an artist of a predestined plumber; but you can, by neglect and lack of opportunity, bury a potential tenor in a careless and unhappy steam-fitter.

It is not necessary to go out of your own home, perhaps, or beyond the house next door, to learn how lightly the average American regards the relation of music to the child. Father and mother and school-teacher, too, often agree upon the unimportance in a child's curriculum of that thing which will unlock to the imaginative and hungry mind more doors than ever arithmetic or fancy-sewing can.

"Oh, it's all right for the girls to play the piano and sing," said one well-meaning and sensible father to me, "but the boys ought to play baseball and yell."

"Why can't the boys tackle both baseball and music?" I asked. "The Ancient Greeks managed something of that sort."

"And look at them now," countered father. "The Greeks today are shining shoes, or keeping fruit-stores."

"Yes," I admitted, "it is a case of business ruining art again—that is the trouble with us, too."

"But isn't it better to have business ruin art than art ruin business?" he asked with an air of finality. "We can live without music but not without money."

At another time, I was discussing the subject of music in family life with an estimable mother, who, by the way, was of her type—heaven bless them!—wanted her children to have all the cultural advantages she had.

"Well, Jennie practises a lot," she sighed, "and my teacher tries to make her enthusiastic about Beethoven's

sonatas, but the poor child will play those popular airs. You see," she added in extenuation, "all her friends want to hear the new tunes, and they won't listen to classical music. And I did my best with Johnnie, to have him learn the violin, but he seems only talented on the harmonica. His violin exercises nearly drove us wild, so he gave it up, though he could play *Home, Sweet Home* toward the last."

The excellent woman was so serious I dared not smile. Fortunately noting the phonograph cabinet, I said: "But doesn't your family enjoy records of the fine music?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," exclaimed the mother. "Johnnie dotes on the Kreisler pieces, and Jennie has her favorite orchestral numbers of Beethoven and Schubert compositions."

There in a nutshell we have the situation.

In the average school the condition is just as anomalous. I questioned an earnest teacher who obviously held high ideals for her scholars.

"Music, I am afraid, is more or less of a relaxation in school work," she informed me hesitantly. "Not much time or thought is given it. We cannot do otherwise, there are so many subjects of greater practical importance. Still, the children learn sight-reading and sing some nice part-songs."

When she alluded to her "subjects of greater practical importance," I was tempted to ask her what could be of greater importance than giving an individual knowledge and sensibility which would prove an inexhaustible storehouse of happiness in life, and which would guarantee that "sanity of the heart" which G. Stanley Hall imputed to music. Instead, I talked with some of her pupils, and they fully corroborated what she said about the music period.

"We can have fun, then," confided a twelve-year-old.

Similar sentiments I have verified in half a dozen typical American towns in which I have lived, and doubtless they could be paralleled in hundreds of others throughout the country, although it must be added that reformation has begun in a number of places, at least, so far as the schools are concerned. For instance, it is reported that in the St. Louis schools music is a required study on a level with grammar and arithmetic. And in Utica, New York, violin classes have been established in connection with the public schools. Similar reports, auguries of an awakening to the "inside value" of music, come from other cities and towns. We have had plenty of the "outside" sort, the music made and played for us by others. But what we want is the home product.

Until home and school are musically vitalized, the two paramount influences in the making of a musical people and the molding of great composers will be lacking.

For some inexplicable reason, it has been believed that America is not only musically barren now, but must remain

so. No original theme or harmony can be created between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboards. Whatever is composed, what themes are strung together, are always to be recognized as the thread of some other nation's musical garments. No one will ever do for American music what Walt Whitman did for American poetry.

This is as false as it is foolish; and it is also relatively unimportant. American music should take no particular glory unto itself for waving the flag of Plymouth Rock or the late lamented Indian. Neither of those two elements in our racial culture can any longer sum up the totality of racial contributions which is America. Nor need the American composer delay his flights until he has worked out a new post-futurist technique, nor the pianist expect to reveal to us by an all-American touch things never before recognizable as Chopin. It is only important that the foundation of his new dialect shall be beauty; and if he create beauty, it is immaterial whether he employ a five-toned Chinese scale or the quarter-tones of the Arab.

We have produced songs, sonatas, symphonies, operas which are worthy of preservation. Most of them show excellent workmanship, and a few will stand the acid test of art. But it is significant that music written because the composer could not help writing it, has been taken closer to the heart of the American audience than that of the composer who has sat him down to compose the great opera, or the symphonic suite on some American scene. The symphonic poems of Carpenter and MacDowell—music written merely for the sake and growing steadily in favor—attest this.

We have produced singers and instrumentalists equal to any of Europe's, and we are developing teachers of music, instrumental and vocal, as competent as any abroad. So extended and devouring has the American musical appetite become, that the years during and since the war have seen an exodus from Europe to these shores of most of the great European artists and teachers. Leopold Auer and his train of stars—Jascha Heifetz and those others whom one New York critic said were "named like Viennese pastry," Rachmaninoff—are but a few of them.

Yet all these things, though they make us a nation of concert-goers, do not transform us into a musical people. What must be produced is a general musical public, imbued with appreciation, and liking this or that one of the myriad forms of musical art even as the average man today likes this or that newspaper. Music will be so much more a part of actual existence, and not merely a rare trip to an auditorium. Only such a completely melodized public will produce truly indigenous music, and lasting American composers.

That is our present task. Whether we achieve it, depends upon how we respect and develop the musical instinct with which every child is endowed. Unless we cherish that, this generation's musical advance will perish in its own day.

It is more important that Johnny have the right kind of piano instruction if he has the seed of a talent, than that the Boston Symphony Orchestra be restored to its old almost too-perfect perfection. We spend more money on music than any other nation on earth. We make four hundred thousand pianos a year, and even as many more talking-machines. No other people has so many excellent, even incomparable symphony orchestras, or string quartets. Foreign artists assure us and each other that there is no musical public so responsive or so generous as the Americans. New York City, itself, with its too, too crowded winter season, is surely the Mecca of the world's musicians. But not one of these things will help to create a musical public if no one listens to the needs of the child.

Almost without exception, a child loves good music, and will respond to it even before it can talk. A baby is lulled to sleep by a song or stimulated to ecstasy by some lilting tune. Music is the only art which has an intimate appeal from the cradle and which may be part of a child's life from inarticulate days. It is the earliest expression of beauty.

From the beginning, children should be encouraged to sing. They will respond joyously, but they should be exercised in selecting their songs. The simple, enduring kind are best. Folksongs are ideal. Little weekly meetings at

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HE IS NOT THERE—HE IS HERE

By Margaret Deland

"Very early . . . while it was yet dark . . . she came to the sepulcher. . . . And the angel said, 'He is not here.'"

YET still, as on that first gray Easter morning, The Woman continues to go to some sepulcher. When she kneels beside the low mound which is the Safe that holds her treasure, she even feels as if, with her lips against the marble or the grass, she could whisper into those deaf ears below, or as if her tears were seen by the blind and hidden eyes; and it is for the strange comfort she finds in this thought, that the grave is of such tragic importance to her. She goes not only "to weep there," but to pray, and to scatter flowers, and to fling the defiance of Love into the face of Death.

The world has never seen such an outpouring of this tender instinct of *worship* of the Grave, as it is seeing now. Over in Europe there are countless graves—and to them go countless mourning women. Here in America there are relatively few graves; so few, that some of the women who would be glad to rise very early in the morning to go and kneel beside them, are saying, distractedly, "Where have ye laid him?"

There is a blindness of the spirit in this question, which has kept some of us—wives and mothers and sweethearts—groping where it is still so very dark, and insisting that we must, somehow, see where "he has been laid;" we must even be given a dear grave, all of our own, so that we may go and weep there. We have demanded, some of us, that our Government shall bring back from France the bodies of American soldiers who died there for Liberty—bodies which have made the very earth of France forever part of America!

If I should die—the English soldier, Rupert Brooke, said—

*If I should die, think only this of me;
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England.*

It was a most soldierly thought, and it was shared by many fighting men. Brooke did die, and now a little heap of valiant dust makes the fair island of Skyros still more fair.

But there are those who think that the soldier's country is less fair. This jealousy of the "foreign field" is especially felt in the United States, for we are so very far away from the rich land of France! It is a natural enough instinct, and as old as humanity; but it is not a very spiritual instinct. It confounds the soldier's uniform with the soldier himself; it dwells upon the discarded glove, instead of the warm, eager, joyous hand that has been withdrawn from the glove! It confuses the body with the soul, and broods over the former until sometimes it forgets the latter. It says—this tender, sacred, foolish impulse—"I will look down at the dust, not up to the flower that grew out of the dust!"

WHEN I think of some of the graves over in France, in which the bodies that the souls used to wear, are lying, I remember the cheerfulness of them. It was in a green valley that I caught my first glimpse of these low cradles which hold such precious things! The grass was thick with violets, and blue-fringed hyacinths, and pink-and-white daisies; and I thought how the rain would rain upon them, and the sun would shine upon them, and the birds would fly across them, and the bees would murmur over them—and every grave would feel the great warm hand of Nature resting on it like a benediction. At the four corners of each grave there were stakes, caught together by willow withes woven lightly together, and a little cross stood at the head, to symbolize that Greater Love which had laid down a life. It was a day of sunshine and warm breezes; snow-white, glistening clouds were sailing like galleons through the blue deeps of the summer sky; and as the wind blew, the joyous cloud-shadows raced like laughter across the rippling greenness of pastures knee-deep in grass. There was no sense of death there.

To The Woman who would have the sleeper in one of those cradles brought back to her, brought across France, brought across the ocean, perhaps across a continent; to the mother who would have that blossoming rest disturbed by the noise and bustle of transportation, by the shrewd commercialism of the business interests inevitably involved in it—those of us who have seen these peaceful graves, would say, "But when you make a new grave here in America, what will you have? Emptiness! He will not be in it!"

Long ago—very long ago, before our boys who died in France were born, there was a certain Northern mother, whose son, an officer in the Civil War, a gallant and beautiful youth, was killed as he led his

colored regiment to a fatal charge. "Bury him," cried the enemy, "with his niggers!" And so they buried him in a trench, uncoffined I think—buried the brave white body with the brave black bodies, and the souls of all of them went marching on! When it was proposed to bring that white body back to Massachusetts, those who loved him best said "No!" They were too proud of the honor and glory of that common grave to try to bring his body back to some single grave in Massachusetts. Besides they could not bring him back, for the trench held only a thing which had belonged to him, held things which had belonged to all the soldiers, black or white; things they had discarded! So that long grave, filled with broken, huddled bodies, was left sacred and undisturbed.

Then, a very lovely thing happened! It appears that in that part of the South where the Yankee lad had been killed, our white daisies—the common white weed of New England—were unknown; yet suddenly, all along the ditch where Shaw lay with his brave African comrades, white weed began to grow. Afterward it was said that some northern hay had been thrown into the trench, and with the grass and clover seed was the seed of daisies, too. At any rate, that white flower of the North rooted itself there above those men, whose souls knew no difference of race or creed or color. But just suppose that the people who had loved these soldiers, black and white, had not left them in the spot honored by their blood—what would the white mother up North have received? A little handful of bones, which some mother, black or white, had loved! But Colonel Shaw's mother could have had no certainty that the bones were her son's.

THIS is something that must be said; most tenderly, but with bleak truthfulness; it must be made clear, that if this project of bringing our American dead back to America is carried out, there can be no absolute certainty that we would receive even that little heap of sacred earth that is ours, and beside which we want so much to kneel! We cannot be sure that it would reach us. This inherent uncertainty is something which the women, who are urging our Government to bring the bodies of our soldiers to the United States, must face.

It is not easy to face it. We shrink from straight words about it; yet if we do not face it now, if we let this strange and sinister thing be done, those of us who would then have a grave to which we could go, would by and by, inevitably, have misgivings; we would begin to ask ourselves questions: "Is it *his* grave? Is it *his* body?" We would be haunted by the fear that the answer might be "no"—by the fear that the grave was some other woman's dear possession! The poignancy of that uncertainty would be harder to bear than the thought that some corner of a foreign field was richer for the American dust beneath its summer thatch of grass, or its winter blanket of snow!

The other day a soldier said, very soberly, "The folks at home wouldn't want it, if they knew—" He paused. "My best friend died over there, but I wouldn't have them try to move him. I tell you, if the folks in America could just know what one of our burial squads could tell 'em they'd not ask for it. They'd know they *couldn't* be sure." Many soldiers said things like this. A Red Cross worker told me that she had heard "literally hundreds" of American men say that if they were killed, they wanted to lie where they might fall.

There is a tragic and terrible story that illustrates how reasonably the question "Is he *here*?" might be asked. It came to me through an officer of the Red Cross of the very highest authority. There were, the story runs, three sad women out in a Western state, who did secure this thing for which they longed—the removal from France of the bodies of their sons. So, by and by, three long, dreadful boxes came to the little town out on the prairies.

The graves in the blossoming fields, or the quiet, dusky woods, had been opened by the squad of men whose duty it was to do this work and who did it, of course, with the

hurried, careless, untender hands of those to whom the job was without reverence or personal significance. Then those long boxes were piled on top of each other like merchandise, in a van, and trundled off to the railroad station; then they were tugged and shoved into freight cars, and, by and by—with what slow journeying was possible in that time of long delays—they reached a port in France! There, with braying donkey-engine and creaking crane and windlass, they were lowered into the dark hold of a steamer, to go swinging and rocking and pitching across the ocean.

And when they reached America, they were shoved into baggage cars, with trunks and traveling dogs, and laundry-hampers, and went jarring and rattling on and on for days and nights, until, at last, they came to that little Western town. Far—oh so very far from the green fields where their sleep had been so deep and still and guarded! But once at home—because those poor women insisted—those boxes were opened, and—the bodies within them were those of strangers! I do not know how this became evident, but it was evident. The three American mothers knew that those three terrible boxes were not theirs; for all they could tell, the boxes may have belonged to mothers in Germany!

Now, over in France, there is no more struggling, no more fighting and killing. The dead German body is just as pitiful and helpless as the dead American body; the soldiers who died are all together, now, in the friendly Democracy of Death. Yet even if the hate engendered by war is gone, any American must recoil at an error like that—an error, the possibility of which, in lifting bodies from the battlefields or the woods, or from shell-holes half-filled with eruptions of subsoil, is unavoidable.

But some one will say, there is no such risk in moving the bodies of Americans who have been interred in the military cemeteries of France. Certainly there is not so much risk; but there is still a risk. There is a girl I know, a widow, whose young husband was killed in the Argonne, just before the armistice was declared. After those first weeks of stunned and silent bewilderment, which people, who don't understand, call being brave, she did really begin to be brave, by trying to do the first duty that presented itself, which was to go on to Washington and work in the department of the Red Cross which looked up our missing soldiers in France, or, if they had died, report what details could be secured for their families.

WHEN the fighting was over, her brother, a lieutenant in the Navy, still in France, wrote her that he was able, now, to go and search for her husband's grave. He had found out, he said, from the Graves Registration Bureau of the United States Army, "just where it was;" and so, with great difficulty, with days of effort and pain and purpose, he did at last reach the place in the Argonne where it was believed that Captain Kellogg's body had been

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APPLES OF PROSPERITY

By Alice Hegan Rice

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROBERT AMICK

IT was during little Jack's second winter that little Jack's Papa elected to misbehave. Not that it was the first offense. In fact incipient naughtiness in Jack, Sr., was chronic. But up until now Susan had been fully able to cope with it. Her method was to ignore the symptoms and divert the attention, much as she did when little Katherine threatened to be saucy or Jimmy got the sulks. By depriving the offender of an audience she usually put an end to the performance.

But this time the two Jacks threatened to be too much for her. The family had migrated to Florida a month earlier than usual. Susan had been absorbed in opening up the house, installing a new governess, and nursing a fretful baby. Jack, Sr., with no one to play golf with, no one to fish with, and cherishing a bit of a grudge against the new baby that was demanding all of his wife's time, sullenly shut himself up in his studio.

"What I need is a model," he declared fretfully, after spending some days in futile effort. "I've got a corking idea, something I've been wanting to do for years, but what's the use of attempting anything without some one to pose for me?"

"It's the Atalanta idea, I suppose," said Sue.

"Yes, Maiden most perfect, lady of light—you know those magical lines about her—

Bind on thy sandals, Oh thou most fleet,

Over the splendor and speed of thy feet,

For the faint East quickens, the wan West shivers

Round the feet of the day, and the feet of the night—"

"You might get Minnie Ordway," suggested Susan, "only the poor girl has such big feet."

Jack turned away impatiently: "There's nobody here! I want a model, round and blond and free of limb, with Bacchanal hair over her eyebrows, hiding her eyes."

"I don't know much about 'Bacchanal hair,'" Susan said, "is it light or dark?"

"Well, I'd want it light. Not red or yellow, but something between the two. Luminous, you know, and glorified."

"The only person I know with hair like that," said Sue, "is Anita Newson, from Alabama."

"But she would be too old, wouldn't she? If you were at school together?"

Susan smiled, but let it pass.

"She's about twenty-eight," she said, "a little too plump, perhaps, but with the most gorgeous coloring I ever saw."

"Good lines, too? Good carriage?"

"Superb! Of course I have not seen her since Chuck Newson died three years ago, but she was a beauty then."

Jack considered the matter: "Do you suppose she'd come down and make you a visit?"

"She'd adore to. I don't think Chuck left her a thing. In fact I heard they weren't living together at the time of his death. Everybody thought she married him for his money and then couldn't stand him when he lost it. Poor Anita! Being poor always seemed to her the greatest of tragedies."

"Then you think she might consider your proposition?" asked Jack.

"I am sure she would, and I'd like to have an excuse to give her the trip down here and a bit of a holiday."

"Well, I give you fair warning I'm not going to be bothered with her outside the studio!" threatened Jack.

"You won't have to. She and I were never intimate friends, but we always liked each other, and I fancy we will find plenty to chat about."

So it happened that in less than two weeks Atalanta was transplanted from Alabama to Florida, and the white fire of inspiration was rekindled in the temperamental breast of Mr. Jack Banning.

"She's wonderful!" he announced excitedly to Mrs. Jack after the first sitting. "You didn't begin to do her justice. Of course she is a little too heavy, but I can allow for that. Her coloring is gorgeous. You know that apricot crêpe thing you wear sometimes in the mornings? Well, I want

you to rig up a tunic of some kind out of it for her. It has just the high lights of her flesh tints. And I want some sandals—brown, not too reddish. Do you think you can make me something that will do?"

Mrs. Jack thought she could. It was all in the day's work—a wagon out of a spool-box for Jim, a necklace out of shells for Katherine, a Greek costume out of old finery for Jack. She was there to provide what they wanted, so long as they wanted what was good for them.

ANITA NEWSON lapped up the luxury about her like a famished kitten over a full saucer of milk.

"I feel like the heroine in one of those tropical plays of Belasco's," she said on the second day after her arrival, as she lay picturesquely posed in the hammock on the front piazza, daintily peeling her second orange. "Curtain rises on the first act, showing the Banning Bungalow to right center; Australian pines, cocoanut palms, and cacti to left center; up stage the opalescent waters of the azure Gulf breaking in ripples of silver."

"Well, if you feel like the heroine, I assure you, you look like her," said Susan, agreeably. She was sitting by her sewing-table industriously mending a rent in Jimmy's coat. "You don't look a day older than when we were at school. How do you manage to keep your skin looking like that?"

"By never allowing anything to get under it!" said Anita. Then, seeing Susan's surprised look, she burst out laughing. "You haven't changed either, Sue. You are the same old matter-of-fact dear that you always were. I think Fate got balled up when she made you rich and me poor. Just think what a marvelous poor man's wife you would have made! Domestic, thrifty, practical, energetic—all the things I am not. And if I had your money, I would just lie here in this hammock eating oranges forever, and any one of my dozen servants that wanted to could darn my children's clothes."

"But I like to darn," Susan said.

"Yes. That's the tragedy of life. It's the people who don't have to do horrid things that don't mind doing them."



BEHIND HIM STOOD ANITA, ONE WHITE HAND RESTING ON HIS SHOULDER. IT WAS BORNE IN UPON SUE THAT ANITA WAS HARDLY PLAYING FAIR

"You'd feel differently about life if you were happily married," said Susan.

But Anita demurred: "Oh, I don't know. Getting married is like eating poison to keep from starving. If it weren't for being so outrageously poor, I think I should thoroughly enjoy being a widow."

"I'll wager you marry within a year," said Sue.

"Never! Unless it's a provisional marriage. I shouldn't mind taking a rich husband as one does a house, for a short lease with the privilege of buying."

She pulled the box of chocolates toward her and chose the largest piece, over which she smiled at her hostess wistfully. "You see, Sue, dear, I've gotten to be a hardened old cynic. And it's all because I'm sick unto death of doing things that I don't feel like doing."

"Well," said Sue, "you don't have to do a thing for a whole month now that you don't want to do. That is, unless you mind posing for Jack?"

"But my dear girl, I adore that! To be artistically draped in a becoming color and have a handsome man cast an eye on me every few minutes is no hardship to me. By the way, why didn't you tell me you had married a Greek god?"

Susan laughed. "That's what Flo Burney always called him. We've abbreviated it to G. G."

"Sue, aren't you ever jealous?" demanded Anita. "I should think girls would always be falling in love with your husband."

"They are, and he falls back—sometimes for a couple of days at a time."

"It strikes me, it's rather dangerous."

"For whom? The girl?"

"No, for you."

"I am not afraid," said Susan rashly.

A half-contemptuous smile played around the corners of Anita's red lips as she looked at Sue's bent head on which an occasional thread of silver could already be discovered. It was a well-shaped

head, and like everything else about Susan Banning, perfectly groomed. When nature had denied her beauty, she had made it up with almost every other gift; a slender graceful figure, a low, well-modulated voice, and a serene self-effacing disposition.

"Shall we have a set of tennis before we dress for dinner?" she suggested as she folded her work neatly and pushed back her chair.

"Tennis?" repeated Anita. "Why I haven't touched a racket for years. I suppose it would be awfully good for me, but I'm too lazy. You go ahead, dear, I'm too comfortable to move."

So Susan went forth and routed Jack out of the studio for a hotly contested set, after which they both took a swim in the Gulf, and just had time to make a somewhat sketchy toilet for dinner.

Anita, on the contrary, appeared elaborately gowned in a diaphanous confection, peculiarly becoming to her curves and dimples and cameo tints.

Even Jimmy with the impervious susceptibilities of nine sturdy years, succumbed to her charms and insisted on sitting next to her at table.

Jack was in high spirits. The morning sitting had proved most satisfactory. He had been coddling the idea of Atalanta for years. It was to be his first big, serious canvas since leaving the Beaux Arts, his first justification for pursuing art as a vocation, instead of settling down to some less interesting, but less precarious profession. There is a certain degree of talent that makes a poor man a success and a rich man a failure. Jack Banning needed the whip of Necessity to lash him into action, and noted Fortune had laid upon him her accolade.

During dinner he and Anita kept up a brisk fire of controversy. She was an omnivorous reader of the newspapers, not only because of a genuine interest in the affairs of the day, but also because such information was an open sesame to that masculine world which she found more amusing than the feminine. She argued her point with alacrity, and much dainty gesticulation, and always capitulated with charming humility the moment he began to lose his temper.

"Kamerad!" she called when she saw Jack's face flushing. "I surrender! It's preposterous for any one man to know as much as you do. You are too fatiguing! How on earth do you stand him, Sue?"

"He isn't as formidable as he sounds," Susan answered with an indulgent smile. "One lump, or two?"

Anita held up three guilty fingers.

"Sugar is my secret vice," she confessed. "Can't we have the coffee outside?"

Sue was glad to humor her. She had discovered that the little conventions which they had been so glad to lay aside for a while were sources of satisfaction to Anita who was not so accustomed to them.

As they were settling themselves on the porch, the nurse came down to say that baby was fretful and feverish and could not sleep, so Susan slipped upstairs to have a look at him. The look revealed a swollen gum, and for the rest of the evening she sat by the window with him in her arms, seeing him through the major tragedy of babyhood.

OUTSIDE a great yellow moon, impatient of the slow-setting sun, was already climbing over the horizon, its silver light vying with the golden one on the great expanse of purpling waters. From time to time above the lazy lapping of the surf came snatches of conversation and low laughter from the piazza below.

Susan, patiently rocking in the twilight, wondered why an all-wise Providence decreed that a mother must share every pang a baby suffered, while its father could flirt with a beautiful widow twenty feet away and not even know that the child was crying.

It was all right, of course. She was glad Jack was entertained and amused. The present hilarity was infinitely better than the gloom that had encircled him for days. But sometimes the longing swept over her to get this temperamental husband of hers safe in the middle of the see-saw where he would swing neither high nor low, but come to a state of permanent equilibrium.

At ten o'clock she softly deposited her sleeping burden in the crib, and went downstairs. Anita was stretched in a long wicker chair, her bare arms above her head, her 'Bacchanal hair' floating across her closed eyelids, while Jack sat on the floor beside her, his hands clasped about his knees, spouting Swinburne with all the fervor and passion of eighteen.

"Aren't the mosquitoes biting?" asked Susan, breaking in on this silver nocturne with unnecessary prosiness.

"What are mosquitoes?" murmured Anita sleepily. "We are afloat in a world of dreams."

"Yes, I know, but sentimental thrills last only for a moment, and mosquito bites last for days. Isn't it about time we all turned in?"

"I suppose so," said Anita reluctantly, "but I don't want to. It's an insult to the moon to sleep on a night like this!"

"Nonsense," said Susan laughing, "you were half asleep when I came down. Jack's the one that's awake. He will be pacing around half the night after this bout with poetry."

"I expect I had better let up," Jack agreed. "Who wants to come for a brisk trot up the beach before turning in? It's great to see the moon through the palms."

Anita looked dubiously at her high-heeled satin slippers and shook her head.

"If you don't mind, I think I won't go. Good night, Sue, dear. Good night Mr.—Jack."

For a moment her eyes held his, then she settled back in her chair and watched the two trim young figures go swinging across the sands, hand in hand.

For ten days two absorbed mortals, artist and model, moved in a world apart. Under Jack's eager hand the soft contours and apricot tints of Anita's beautiful head and shoulders began to emerge from the canvas in a way that surprised his highest hopes. It was only when he attempted to sketch in the figure that he grew dissatisfied.

"I can't get it buoyant enough," he complained to Sue, to whom he always brought his troubles. "It must be strong, but swift and subtle, too. I get the pose all right, but I can't get the lightness."

"Well, I told you Anita was plump," said Sue.

"It isn't Mrs. Newson," he insisted impatiently, "she's a perfectly corking model. I could have looked the world over and never found a better. Her skin is positively luminous, and it's sheer joy to paint her hair. No, the whole trouble is with me."

It was when this amazing confession was forthcoming that Susan for the first time began to be uneasy. During ten years of married life she had never before known her charming husband to confess, without coercion, that the fault was his.

As the days went on her uneasiness increased. The sittings grew longer and Jack gave up tennis and golf entirely. When he was not painting Atalanta he was reading to her or playing to her. In the evenings the three of them would sit in the long, low-ceilinged living-room; Sue stitching busily away under the lamp, Jack, looking like an inspired poet, improvising at the piano, and Anita half reclining in a deep chair, her chin on her clasped hands, regarding him breathlessly.

"It's perfectly diabolical," she said on one of these occasions, "the way you make me feel things that I don't believe in. Do you play all that right out of your soul?"

"I don't know," said Jack dreamily, "tonight I think it has been a sort of reaction to your mood."

"How wonderful!" breathed Anita.

Susan smiled, but she said nothing until she and Jack had gone to their room.

"Of course you know it was Debussy, with a bit of Rachmaninoff thrown in?"

"Was it?" he asked indifferently. "I never know whether it's mine or somebody else's."

One morning Susan had occasion to go over to the studio which was in the corner of the big yard. Opposite the open door Jack was sitting at his easel, critically contemplating the canvas. Behind him, with her back to the door stood Atalanta, one white hand resting on his shoulder. She did not move as Sue joined them, and the three continued naturally to discuss the painting.

It was a trifling occurrence, one that ordinarily would have excited no comment, but taken in conjunction with the incipient flirtation that had been in progress for ten days, it was borne in upon Sue that Anita, knowing the inflammable material she had to deal with, was hardly playing fair. The moment had arrived, as it had arrived once or twice before in their otherwise idyllic life, when Jack was being offered something that was not good for him, and it was her business to see that he did not get it.

The rest of that morning she spent on the beach while Jimmy and Katherine gathered cochina shells.

"What are you smiling at, Mummie?" asked Jim as he dumped his wet treasures in her lap.

"I am planning a joke on Daddy," she answered mysteriously.

From that time on the artist and the model were left to enjoy their own society.

"Why don't you have the picnics in the afternoon so we can go too?" asked Jack who was as keen about the excursions as the children.

"That wouldn't give us time," said Sue. "Besides, I don't really believe Anita would enjoy it. We are going tomorrow in the big motor-boat with the Parkers down to Little Marko to fish for mackerel."

"Are they biting now? I say, Mrs. Newson, it's great sport. Don't you think you'd better go?"

"The only place I can abide a fish is on a well-garnished plate," said Anita—"besides I burn so. But you go with the rest. I shall be quite happy here alone."

"But Jack doesn't want to miss a whole morning in the studio. Besides he can go fishing any time," said Susan. Then she added: "We start very early, so I am going to have Bennett serve you breakfast in your room when you ring for it."

"What luxury!" sighed Anita. "But I shouldn't be eating any breakfast at all. I should be banting."

"Nonsense!" said Sue. "There is no reason you shouldn't have your breakfast in bed every morning."

Thus it happened that day after day a gay party went forth in the freshness of the morning, returning at noon full of tales of its adventures. After a bountiful luncheon, Sue and Jack played golf, and Anita, notwithstanding her late rising, having nothing else to do, took a nap.

"I really ought to take some exercise," she said to Sue. "With all the good things you are giving us to eat, I feel like a little stuffed pig. Do you always serve afternoon tea?"

"Not always, but I thought you enjoyed it," said Susan with disarming truthfulness.

"I do," said Anita, "I enjoy it outrageously."

The simple menus which were usually served at Marinella had undergone a radical change. Every good thing the garden yielded was made the most of, and fish of every variety with the richest and most appetizing sauces was a daily accessory.

At the end of two weeks Anita began coming to lunch in a becoming negligée.

"I hope I'm forgiven," she would say with one of her ingratiating smiles, "but it's such a bother to dress three times in the morning."

Later she confessed to Sue that her waist-bands were all too tight.

"I've a horrible suspicion," she added, "that I am gaining weight. Are there any scales about here?"

"Only fish scales," said Sue gaily. "You mustn't do anything to get thin until Jack gets the Atalanta finished. He says your modeling is perfect."

"My dear Sue, I'd sacrifice you and Jack and the three children, to say nothing of the Atalanta, to lose fifteen pounds. I might say that flesh is the skeleton in my closet, the tragedy of my young life. I believe I'll learn to play golf! Do you suppose Mr. Jack would teach me?"

Jack was delighted at the suggestion. He, too, was beginning to feel the need not only for more exercise, but for more society. But after the first lesson his enthusiasm waned. While Sue swung around the course with Joe Parker, he pattered about the first three holes trying to initiate Anita into the game. There were no caddies as yet, so he had to carry her bag as well as his own, when he was not searching for her balls among the palmettos.

They came in for tea cross and tired, and Anita drank several cups of tea, and ate innumerable sandwiches.

"No more golf for me!" she declared. "I feel as if I'd been in the trenches. I was born a lily of the field, and I intend to remain one. You don't hate me for not being athletic, do you Mr. Jack?"

And Jack returned her smile with compound interest, and assured her that he did not.

In fact, though Atalanta was losing her race by stopping to pick up the golden apples of prosperity, Jack seemed as yet oblivious of the fact. He was infatuated not so much with his beautiful model herself as with his likeness of her. He would hover over the canvas for hours, lovingly touching up the high lights of the hair, or accentuating the dimple in the cheek, or lightly following the subtle curve from ear to shoulder.

"When are you going to finish the figure?" was Sue's persistent inquiry.

"What's the hurry?" he would reply impatiently. "Mrs. Newson doesn't have to go back until the middle of February."

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BACON SAW THREE FIGURES RACING UP THE BEACH IN THEIR BATHING-SUITS. "LOOK, MAN! BEHOLD YOUR ATALANTA!"

THE INNOCENT ADVENTURESS

By Mary Hastings Bradley

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NANA FRENCH BICKFORD

SYNOPSIS.—Maria Angelina Santonini, a young girl of the Italian nobility, is sent to America to visit her mother's cousins, the Blairs, in the hope that she will make a rich marriage. On her first night in New York, she meets her first American man, Barry Elder, and immediately falls in love. He promises to see her later at the Blair home in the Adirondacks. But he does not appear, so she allows Johnny Byrd, a young millionaire, to monopolize her. During a picnic in the mountains, the two become separated from the rest of the party. As a thunder-storm threatens, the others return to the Lodge, not knowing that Maria and Johnny are hopelessly lost. Night comes on. To the conventional and foreignly brought-up Maria Angelina, the situation means disgrace unless their engagement is immediately announced. But Johnny, thinking she is trying to corner him for his money, demands: "Who said anything about marriage?"

I NEVER asked you to marry me," he repeated, very stiffly.

The crash of all her worlds sounded in Maria Angelina's ears. Bewilderment flooded her soul.

She stammered, pitifully, "Why, it—it was the same thing, was it not? You cared—you said—you—" The cheeks that had felt his kiss flamed with a sudden burning scarlet.

"What was the same thing?" said Johnny, defiantly. And, with that dreadful hostile grimace, he insisted, "You knew darned well that I wasn't proposing to you!"

What did he mean? Had he truly no intention of marrying her, all that time that his arm had been about her, that he had murmured such dear words? Or was he now turning away from her because, after this scandal, she would be too conspicuous?

Utter terror beset her. "But—but if not—then—you must know—that now—now it is imperative!"

Oh, what more could she say? Where was his manhood, his chivalry, his compassion?

"Imperative! You don't mean to say you're trying to make me marry you because you—because we've got lost in the woods?"

Desperately the girl struggled for dignity. "It is the least you could do, Signor. Even if—if you had not cared!"—her voice broke again.

"You little nut!" exclaimed Johnny; then, in an altered tone: "I don't quite get you, Ri-Ri, and I don't think you quite get me. It isn't up to us to do any marrying after this, if that's honestly what's worrying you. I guess our reputations can stand it."

And this, Maria Angelina reflected despairingly, was the man who had kissed her, the man who had watched the moon rise with his arm about her, promising to take care of her. Wildly she wished that she had died before she had come to this—a thing lightly regarded and repudiated.

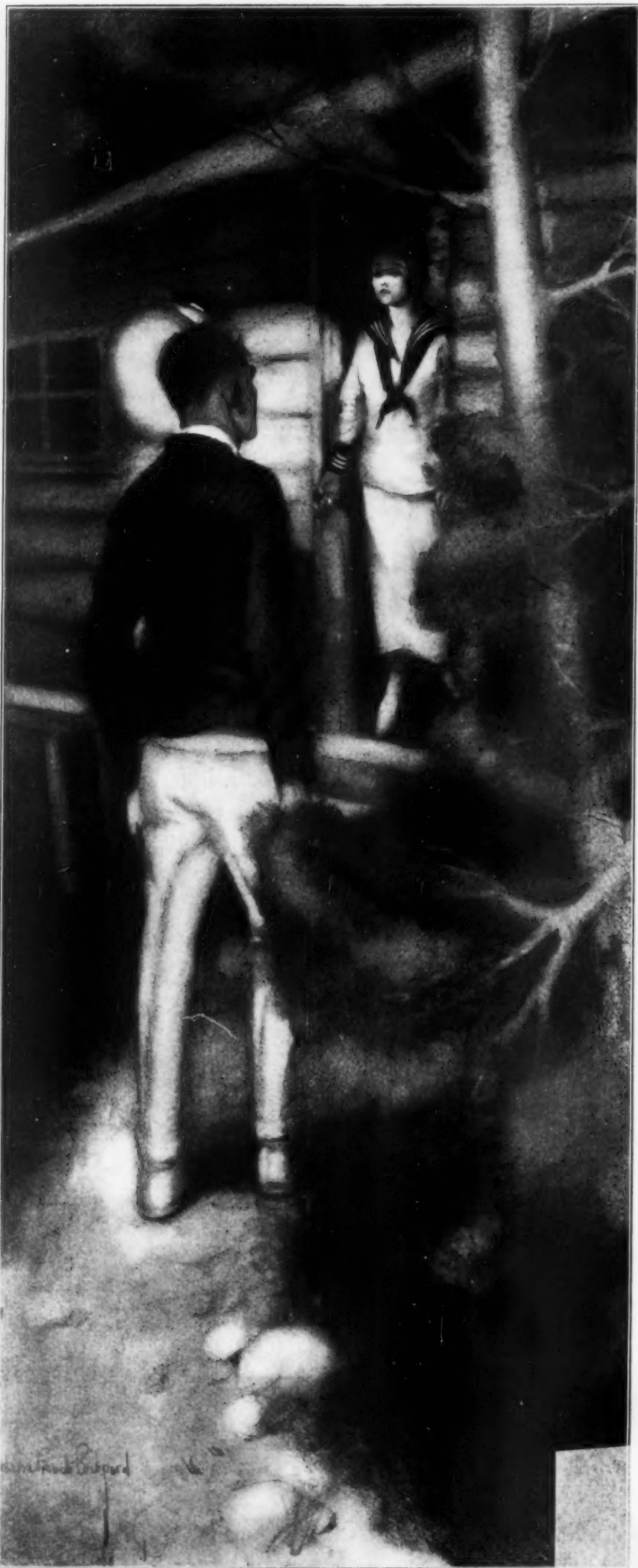
It was horrible to plead, but the panic of her plight drove her on.

"Reputations?" she said chokingly. "Yours can stand it, perhaps—but what of me? You cannot be serious, you cannot! Why, it is my name, my life, my everything! You made me come this way. You were sure you were right. And then—you pretended to care for me. Do you think I would have tolerated your arm about me for one instant if I had not thought that it was forever? Oh, if my father were here you would talk differently! Have you no honor? None? Everyone knew there was an affair of the heart growing between us, and then—for us two—this disappearance—this night alone—"

Her voice kept breaking off. She could not control it nor the tears that ran down her face in the darkness. She was a choking, crying, wild thing. But she forced one last gasp. "Oh, you must, you must!"

"Must nothing!" Byrd answered her savagely. "What kind of blackmailing scheme is this, anyhow? I've had a few things tried before, but this beats the Dutch. I don't know how much of it you mean, but I'll tell you right now, young lady, nobody can tie me up for life with any such talk. 'Father!' 'Scandal!' Believe me, little one, you've got the wrong number."

"You mean—you dare refuse?"



MARIA ANGELINA APPEARED UPON THE THRESHOLD, A DEFIANT LITTLE FIGURE. "I AM NOT PRETTY CRAZY ABOUT YOU, JOHNNY BYRD"

"You bet I dare refuse. There's no sense to all this. Nobody's going to think the worse of you because you got lost with me—and if you're trying to put anything over you might as well stop, right now. You just forget it and get a bit of rest," he added briskly. "Hurry in out of the wet. That thing's going to leak again," he nodded jerkily up to the sky.

He tugged open the door and, stricken as a wounded creature crawling to shelter, Maria Angelina stumbled across the threshold.

"Wrap yourself up as warm as you can," he said, with a more cheerful air, "and I'll follow—"

As she saw that he was stooping to enter, she found her voice:

"I shall do quite well, Signor. You need not come in."

"Need not—?" He appeared caught in amazement. "Lordy, where do you think I'm going to stay? Out in the rain?"

"Certainly not in here, Signor. You must be mad!"

"And you, madder. You don't think I'm going to stay"—he jerked his head backward—"out in the wet?"

"But naturally. You are a man. It is your place."

"My place—you little wop! A man! I'd be a dead one. Ri-Ri, listen to me," he demanded. "You're raving, loco, nuts! There's no harm in my huddling under the same roof with you—it's a plain necessity. You turn your face to the wall and forget all about it and I'll do the same."

"Signor, stay without!"

"Listen to me, Ri-Ri. You're absolutely wrong in the head. Be sensible. I'm going to get some rest."

"It does not matter what you say or what you intend," Maria Angelina's voice was like ice. Johnny loomed before her as a wolfish brute. She sprang forward, her hands outstretched, then shrank back. She could not touch him. Not only the folly of matching her strength against his withheld her, but a flaming fury against putting a hand upon the man who had so repudiated her. Suddenly, she stepped aside and Johnny Byrd came in.

She pressed near the wall, edging closer to the door and, as he stooped and fumbled with the blankets, she gave a quick spring and flashed out. She ran like a mad thing straight across the clearing, through a thicket and out again, and away.

He was after her in an instant; she heard his steps crashing behind her, but she flew on and on, his shouts growing fainter and fainter in her ears. At last, she stopped to listen. She could hear nothing. Then came a call—very faint. Johnny was pursuing, on the wrong track. She was safe, then.

She had no idea of time or distance. Vaguely she felt that it was the middle of the night, but if she were quick, very quick, she might reach the Lodge before it was too late. Surely there must be searching parties out for them. Or did people think that it was an elopement, perhaps—and were they merely waiting and conjecturing?

She looked back with horror at her own folly. How bold, how weak, how reckless she had been in that new American freedom! Mama had warned her—dear Mama, so far away, so innocent of this terrible disgrace.

Wildly she plunged on through the dark, hoping always for a path, but finding nothing but rough wilderness. Down, down, through the darkness that was like chaos lit by lightning. Then came rain; a torrent of water upon her, heavy as lead, drenching her to the skin. She slipped often, and fell.

If she should find the Lodge now, what would they think of her, torn, wet, disheveled—an outcast of the night? She sobbed aloud as she went. She, who had thought the world a fairy story and believed, even in the early disaster of the evening, that it would still come all right at last—what place would there be for her after this, disgraced, ashamed!

They would ship her back to Mama at once. But the scandal would travel with her, whispered by tourists, blazoned by newspapers.

And her family had so counted upon her! They had looked for such great things! Now she had utterly blackened their name, tarnished them all forever. Poor Julietta's hopes would be ruined.

No one would want a Santonini. She herself could disappear, perhaps in some nursing sisterhood.

More and more heavily she went and, at last, when a hidden root tripped her, she made no effort to rise, but sank down, her cheek upon her outflung arm, and yielded to that dark, drowsy oblivion that stole numbingly over her. She would be glad, she thought, never to wake.

IT had taken a long time for concern to spread among the picnickers. When Ruth remembered to call back, "Where's Ri-Ri?" to her mother, Mrs. Blair only glanced over her shoulder and answered, "She's coming," with no thought of anxiety. It did occur to her, later, that the girl was loitering a little too significantly with young Byrd, and she made a point of suggesting to Ruth that she wait for her cousin, who was probably finding the climb too strenuous. But Ruth was immersed in her own particular world, that afternoon. Life was at a crisis for her. Robert Martin, who had been drifting faster and faster with the current of his attraction for her, had brought up on solid ground at last, and felt that he knew where he was, pretty definitely. And he wanted to know where Ruth was.

So that trip up the mountain meant for them much youthful discussion, much searching of hearts and motives.

Small wonder that little Maria Angelina and her companion were not remembered! Indeed, it was not until she was at the very top, that Ruth thought to look about.

"They are taking their time," she remarked to Bob. "I guess Ri-Ri's not very good at a climb. Perhaps this little old hill is too much for her."

"Oh, Johnny's strong right arm will get her here all right," he returned, indifferently.

"But they ought to be here now. You don't suppose they missed the way?" Mrs. Blair suggested, appearing beside them to look down the steep path by which they had come.

Bob scouted the idea of such a mishap. "They'll be along," he predicted easily.

It was dreadfully noticeable, Mrs. Blair thought, that lagging of theirs. She might have expected it of Johnny Byrd—he had a way of making pretty, new girls conspicuous—but she had looked for better things from Maria Angelina. The child was not behaving well. People were beginning to question, so Bob made a brief trip down the path to a point of outlook and hallooed vigorously. All sorts of conjectures were hazarded. "I'll bet she fell into the river," said one. "You know those stones were slippery."

Another recalled a yellow-jacket's nest in a hollow log, and launched a theory in accordance.

"She's probably just tired out," said one of the older men. "The climb was too much for her, that's all, and very sensibly they have turned back."

"If it were only that. If I could be sure she wasn't hurt," answered Mrs. Blair doubtfully.

"Now don't spoil the party, mother," was Ruth's decidedly practical advice. "Ri-Ri hasn't broken a thing. And she wasn't alone to get lost. She just gave it up and Johnny Byrd took her home. I know her foot was nearly blistered at the dance last night and that's probably the matter."

And that was the explanation they all decided to adopt. The runaways were sadly missed, however. Johnny Byrd had always a way of making any party go, and Maria Angelina's soft soprano had become so much a part of every gathering that its absence now made song a necessity. After the supper had been thoroughly disposed of, and there had been a bonfire and the pretense of singing, a dispirited silence spread over them, until going back was suggested. Everybody seemed ready, so down into the dark they started.

They had gained the main path before the moon deserted them and the first of gusty showers sent them hurrying along in shivering impatience for the open fires of home.

"We'll find that precious pair toasting their toes and having the laugh on us," predicted Bob as he hurried along, a hand on Ruth's arm.

But when the door into the wide hall was opened, a quick glance told them that the truants were not of the group lingering about the fire.

Mrs. Blair went swiftly to the desk at the side entrance. The clerk informed her that neither Maria Angelina nor Johnny had returned, and no one had phoned.

She turned on her daughter a face of pallid misgiving. "I knew it," she said in tense foreboding. "I felt it. She's lost."

"Well, she'll be found," said Ruth comfortingly, but her mother's eyes shifted uneasily to meet the advancing circle from the fire.

"It isn't as simple as that," she found time to throw out, before she had to voice the best possible account of Maria Angelina's disappearance.

Immediately a babel of facile comment arose.

They would be here any moment now. Someone had picked them up. There wasn't a thing that could happen—it wasn't as if they were in the *wilds*! Just telephone about—she mustn't worry. Johnny would take care of her—by morning everything would be all right.

It was such an easy trail!

How in the world had it happened?

That was the question that stared, Argus-eyed, at anxious Janet Blair. It was the question, she knew, they were all asking themselves—and each other.

What had happened?

And how could it have happened?

MARIA ANGELINA woke to fright—some great gray beast of the forest was nosing her. She half saw, half divined, a figure stooping toward her; then she felt herself being carried, while a barking seemed to be all about.

The next thing she knew a light was forcing its brightness through her closed lids, and a great warmth was beating upon her. She was lying on a rug before a roaring fire, and someone was kneeling beside her, tucking cushions beneath her head. She had a half glimpse of a khaki sleeve and a lean brown wrist. The fire was delicious. She wanted to put her head back against the pillows and sleep forever, but memory was rousing.

"What—time—is it?"



SHE SMILED ACROSS THE TABLE INTO BARRY'S EYES AND POURED HIS COFFEE. . . . THE YOUTH IN HER FORGOT ALL THAT IT SUFFERED AND ALL THAT IT MUST MEET

The answering voice came from a corner of the room: "It's about two."

Two o'clock! The night gone!

"But where am I? Is this near—near Wilderness Lodge?"

"You're miles from Wilderness," said the voice out of the shadows. "You're on Old Chief Mountain—on the Little Pine River."

Old Chief Mountain! Vaguely Maria Angelina recalled that granite peak, far behind old Baldy. They had climbed the wrong mountain . . . she had plunged farther away in her headlong flight. . . .

The khaki-shirted man appeared from the shadows and held a steaming cup to her lips. "See if you can drink this."

Obediently Maria Angelina drank. The contents were scalding hot and the warmth penetrated her veins.

"A good thing I didn't empty my coffee-pot," the voice continued cheerfully. "There it was, waiting to be heated. Memorandum: Never wash a coffee-pot!"

The voice seemed coming to her out of a dream. Thrusting back her tangled hair Maria Angelina lifted incredulous eyes. Was it true—or was she dreaming? Those clear-cut features, those bright, keen eyes with a gay smile!

Instinctively she dropped her hand and let her hair, like a black curtain, shield her face. The blood seemed to stand still in her veins, waiting that dreadful instant of recognition. Then she muttered confusedly, with an insane idea of escape, "I must go—I must go—I—"

"You lie down and rest. If there's any going to be done I'll do it. You can tell me who you are and all about it when you are warm and dry."

She yielded as much to her weakness as to the compulsion in his voice. It was the final irony of that dreadful night. To meet Barry Elder again . . . like this . . . after all her dreams. . . . And he did not know her.

Perhaps he had never thought of her again. He was in the Adirondacks and had not troubled to come to see her. A great wave of mortification surged over Maria Angelina. She saw herself singing with the others to her guitar, with her truant eyes turning toward the road for some approaching motor that would bring him . . . she saw herself cherishing her ridiculous hopes . . .

In the pitiless light of his indifference those first shy dreams of hers seemed a ludicrous vanity. Who was she, for Barry Elder to remember and to wish to see again? Only a silly little foreigner, to whom he had given a waltz and a smile—a goose of a girl, credulous and dreaming, who had been good enough for Johnny Byrd to make love to, but not good enough for him to marry!

Meanwhile Barry knelt beside her and tugged briskly at her wet shoes. She heard him mutter something, then he hurried across the room, and returned with an armful of clothes.

"You'd better get into these just as quickly as you can," he advised. "They aren't exactly a fit, but they're the best I can do. I'll take a turn in the woods and be back in ten minutes. Hurry up."

He left her looking helplessly at a pair of corduroy knickers, a blue flannel shirt, a strange undergarment, plaid golf stockings, and a pair of fringed moccasins.

They were in an untouched heap beside her when her host returned.

"What's this?" he flung out with mock severity. "See here, young lady, you must get into these clothes whether they happen to be the style or not! I'll give you just ten minutes more, and then if you're not a good girl—"

To her dismay, and his, Maria Angelina burst into tears.

"Why, you poor little thing!" The sudden gentleness of Barry Elder's voice made her sob harder and harder. He sat down beside her and patted her shaking shoulders in sympathy.

"You sha'n't do anything you don't want to," he comforted. "You're all tired out, I know. But you'd be so much more comfy in those dry togs—"

"Oh, please, please, not those things! Do not make me. I will get dry—"

"You don't have to do anything you don't want to," he returned cheerfully to her half-hysterical objections. "Come closer to the fire and dry out."

He threw more logs upon the flames and piled on brush that shed a swift, crackling heat upon her.

"Give that a chance at those wet clothes of yours," he observed. "When you feel better, you can tell me all about it. Did you say you came from Wilderness Lodge?"

"Yes," half whispered Maria Angelina. Had he no memory of her at all? She gazed at her grimy little hands and wondered what she looked like.

And then she saw that Barry Elder was preparing to wash her face, for he brought a granite basin of hot water and began wetting and soaping the end of a voluminous towel.

"I can well wash myself," she insisted, and very thoroughly did she scrub. When he took away the things, she felt as if some screening mask had fallen; her only thought was to be away before discovery should add one more humiliation to this night of shames.

"You are very good," she said shyly. "I do thank you. And I feel so much better that if you will please let me go—"

"Go? To Wilderness Lodge? It's miles and miles, my child—and it's pouring cats and dogs again. Don't you hear the drumsticks on the roof?"

"Then—have you a telephone?"

"There isn't a telephone nearer than Peter's place—four miles away. I'll go over there for you as soon as it's light, for I expect you've a mother worrying her head off. How did you ever happen to get lost over here?"

Helplessly Maria Angelina sought for words, but there seemed nothing that she could find to say.

"It was on a picnic—please do not ask me," she whispered, foolishly.

Barry stood looking down at the small figure drooping so forlornly upon his hearth, then with that sudden smile that made his young face so brightly persuasive, he dropped beside her.

"Here, child, you come and sit over with me while I warm those feet of yours—"

Swiftly she withdrew from his kindly, reaching hands.

"Signor, it is not fitting that you should hold me, that you should warm my feet," she gasped. "I am—I am not a child, Signor!"

"Signor?" he echoed, startled.

"You do not recall?" said Maria Angelina, chokingly. "Though there was no reason why you should. It was but for a moment—"

"The little Signorina! The Blairs' little Signorina!"

"Maria Angelina Santonini," she told him somberly.

"Yes, that is I."

"Of course I remember," he insisted gaily. "We had a wonderful dance together—"

"And you said you would come to the mountains," she told him, childishly.

He stared a moment. "Why, so I did. . . . And here I am. And here you are. To think I did not know you! I've been wondering who it was you made me think of! But I took you for a youngster, you know, a regular ten-year-old runaway? Why, with your hair down like this—it was absurd of me—"

He paused with a smile for the absurdity of it, and, though she gallantly tried to give it back, there was something so wan and piteous in the curve of her soft lips, something so hurt and sick in the shadows of her dark eyes, that Barry Elder felt oddly silenced.

He tried to cover that silence with kind chatter as he moved about his room once more in hospitable preparation.

"It was Sandy here who really found you," he told her. "He went to the door and whined, and when I let him out he bounded off and came tearing back, barking at me. So I had to go."

Maria Angelina put a hand to the dog's head and stroked it.

"I was so tired I could do no more," she said. "I must have been asleep."

"And I rather think you ought to be asleep now, but first you must eat this, and drink some more coffee."

Like a starveling she fell upon the plate of crisp bacon and delicately fried eggs, and finished it to a morsel.

"What a thing is food!" she murmured, in reviving animation. "You see, I did have but a small bite of sweet chocolate for my dinner, Signor."

"So you were lost before dinner—no wonder you were done in," Barry observed, filling a very worn-looking little pipe with care. "Where were you going, anyway, for your picnic?"

"It was to Old Baldy."

"Old Baldy, eh? How did you start?"

"On the river path. Then—then we got separated—"

"I—see. But there is a fairly good trail. Did you try another?"

"We—we crossed the river the wrong time, I think, and so we got on the wrong mountain. We—"

Maria Angelina's voice died away, in sudden sick perception of that betraying pronoun. Quite slowly, without looking at her, Barry lighted his pipe to his satisfaction and drew a few experimental puffs. Then he turned to inquire, "And who is 'we'?"

"If you would not ask, Signor!" she said whisperingly.

"A dark secret?" His keen eyes rested on her with a troubled wonder. "And then you got lost—even from your companion?" he prompted quietly.

"Yes, I—I came away alone, for he—he refused to go on," Maria Angelina faltered painfully. "Till I could go on no more. But now I am quite well again. If only—if only cousin Janet could know that I am trying to get back," she finished in a tone that shook.

"This is a very easy neck of the woods to get lost in," Barry told her reassuringly. "Mrs. Blair will worry, of course, but she is a sensible soul. Just as soon as it is clear enough for me to find my way, I'll hurry over to Peter's place and phone her that you are safe and sound."

"But you must not tell them that you have found me!" said Maria Angelina, overwhelmed with tragedy again. "It will be so much worse. Could you not just show me the way—?"

"So much worse?" His face was very grave and gentle.

"So very much worse! Oh, promise me to say nothing about it. I know that I can trust you."

"I think you had better tell me more about it, Signorina." He saw dark misery, like a film, swim blindingly over her wide eyes. "I cannot! I cannot!"

He considered a moment before he spoke. "If you do not want anyone to know that I found you, I am willing to hold my tongue. But don't you see what a lot of ridiculous deception that would involve? And you'd be sure to say something, you know, and let it all out—"

Maria Angelina looked at him pathetically, and a sudden impulse urged him to say hastily, "I'll fall in with any plan you want to make. Only wait until you feel rested. Then perhaps we can decide together. And now, if you are really getting dry—"

"Truly, I am, Signor. I am dry and indeed hot."

"Then you'd better make up your mind to curl up on that cot over there and sleep."

"I could not sleep."

There was truth beneath her quick disclaimer. Exhausted as she was, her mind was vividly awake, excited with the strangeness of their presence there together. Her mortification at his finding her was gone, he was so rarely kind, so pleasantly matter-of-fact. He was as gaily undisturbed as if the heavens rained starving young girls upon him every night!

Her eyes followed him unconsciously as he turned out the kerosene lamp, and flung fresh wood upon the hearty fire.

"You don't have such log fires in Italy," he observed, dropping down across from her and refilling the stubby little pipe. "I well remember when I ordered a fire in Rome and the *cameraria* came in with a bunch of twigs—"

With a rush of interest Maria Angelina fell upon the revelation. "You have been in Italy, Signor?"

"Two summers ago—"

"And you have been in Rome? I suppose you went to the Vatican and the Forum and the Via Appia, like all the tourists, and drove out to the Coliseum by moonlight?"

Delightedly she laughed as Barry Elder confirmed her account of his activities.

"Me, I have never seen the Coliseum by moonlight," she reported, plaintively. "And did you buy violets on the Spanish stairs? And throw a penny into the Trevi fountain to insure your return. And do you remember the street that turns off to the left, the Via Poli? From there you can go quick to my home, the Palazzo Santonini—"

"So you live in a palace?" It was Barry's turn to question. "A really truly one? And is your father a prince?"

"Oh, nothing so grand! He is a count—but of a very old family, the Santoninis," Maria Angelina explained with becoming gravity.

"And your mother?"

"Oh, she was American, you know—a cousin of the Blairs. But she has never been back to America. She has

so much to look after. Papa—he is charming, but he does not manage. And Francisco, my brother, is just like him. He will have to marry an heiress, that boy," she sighed, and Barry Elder's eyes lighted in amusement.

"How many of you are there?"

She plunged into a vivacious account of her sisters, her life, Francisco's captaincy and Lucia's engagement.

Then Barry asked one question too many. "And how do you like America? Has it been good fun for you up here?"

Only the blind could have missed the swift change that came over Maria Angelina's face, blotting out its young laughter and etching in a queer, startled fright.

"It—it has been—very gay," she stammered.

She asked herself, despairingly, why she hid her story from him. By morning he would know all the black facts. And what must he be thinking already of her evasions?

It was bitterly ironic to know that Barry Elder had been here all the time. Why had he made no sign? He had forgotten her—but why had he not bethought himself of Mrs. Blair and all his other friends? To live, in a cabin like this—that was not natural for a young man!

"How long have you been here, Signor Elder?"

And then it was the young man's face that changed, as if he had been reminded of something that he would just as soon forget.

"Oh—a few days," he gave back.

"So alone?" She glanced about the shadowy walls. "It must be—quiet."

A wry smile touched Barry's mouth. "I came for quiet," he observed. "I had a play to write—I wanted to work some things out for myself," and indefinitely Maria Angelina caught the idea that the things he wanted to work out for himself in this solitude were not connected with the play. He did not look happy . . . something dark had touched him.

"Is it that you want what you cannot get, Signor?" she asked him, in a grave little voice.

"No, Signorina, it is something that I want and that I can get."

That was too much for her surmising. "There is no difficulty then," she murmured.

"No?" His tone held odd mockery. "The difficulty is in me—I don't want to want it. What would you do,



KATHERINE NEWLIN BURT

DID IT REALLY HAPPEN? OR WAS IT ALL MADE UP?

how she will hold you fastened to the winding thread of this heroine's history. Mrs. Burt is that kind of story-teller.

In *The Branding Iron*, Mrs. Burt wrote about the Rockies, cavemen, the Western plains; in *Breeme House*, she pictures Fifth Avenue, England, the gentler, more completely cultivated aspects of life. How, you ask, can she set down such contrasting slices of experience, without making up one of them out of whole cloth?

All are real to Mrs. Burt. Ever since she was a little girl, she has specialized in changing backgrounds. Her childhood was spent in Fishkill-on-Hudson. When she grew up, she spent her winters in New York, Philadelphia and

So bitter was his laugh that Maria grew suddenly older in understanding. She thought of the girl she had seen by his side in the restaurant, the girl whose eyes had been as blue as the sea and whose hair was as yellow as amber; the girl who was said to have angled for Bobby Martin's money.

Impulsively she leaned toward him, her eyes dark and pitiful in her white face.

"Then do not touch it," she whispered. "Do not. I do not want you to be unhappy—"

Barry Elder looked suddenly startled at that earnest little whisper and his eyes met hers, unguarded, a full minute, then a smile touched his lips to softness.

"I'm afraid you have a tender heart, Maria Angelina Santonini," he said. "You want all the world to have nice wholesome cake, beautifully frosted—don't you?"

Her gravity ignored his banter. "Not all the world. Only those—those like you, Signor—who could feel pain and disillusionment."

"In God's green earth, what do you know of disillusionment, child?"

She turned her face away, steadying her traitorous voice. "I am no child, Signor."

"I don't believe you are." He looked at her with new seriousness. "And I am horribly afraid," he continued, "that you have an inkling of my absurd symbols of speech."

That brought her eyes back to his an instant, and there was something infinitely touching in this soft, deprecating shyness. Barry Elder's gaze lingered unconsciously. What had been happening to her in this America to which she had come in such glad confidence? What in all the sorry, stupid world had put that sudden fear into her look and that hurt droop in her lips? He could not conceive that real tragedy could so much as brush her with the tips of its wings; but some trouble was there, some difficulty.

And while he wondered, Maria Angelina pressed closer and closer into her pile of cushions, and went to sleep.

He found his heart queerly touched by the childish way she tucked her hand under her cheek . . . by the length of her black lashes . . .

Very carefully, he covered her with a blanket.

When she opened her eyes the sunlight was streaming through the cabin's small windows. She heard birds singing and the sound of running water. Barry Elder was nowhere to be seen. She got to her feet and cautiously limped toward the door, her stiffly dried skirt rattling at each move.

"Morning, Signorina! A merry morning to you!"

Up the grassy bank before the cabin, Barry came swinging, his face flushed and his brown close-cropped curls wet.

"You look so clean!" gave back Maria Angelina impetuously, her laughter involuntarily rising to meet his.

"There's the entire river to wash in. I thought you'd like it better out of doors, so I've built you a dressing-room."

But don't be too long, for breakfast will be ready."

Maria Angelina, following his nod of direction, went down into the grove of young birches that he had called her dressing-room.

She felt as if she were suddenly living in a fairy story. She forgot that she was tired, and stiff, and aching; she forgot her stained clothes, her outrageous past and her terrifying future.

At breakfast, she smiled across the table into Barry's eyes, and poured his coffee and ate her bread and jam. The youth in her forgot, for those moments, all that it suffered and all that it must meet. But, into her absorption, came a shattering knock on the door. Then a "Hello, hello!"

It was the voice of Johnny Byrd! Maria Angelina rose from her chair, and clutched Barry's arm.

"Do not let him in," she gasped. "That is the man—last night—"

Johnny called again. "Anybody in? Here, you, wake up—anybody here?"

Barry pointed to the blankets flung over some chairs. "Get back there," he directed, and Maria Angelina slipped out of sight behind them.

"I thought this was your place," Johnny declared in tones of sudden relief, when the door was opened, "but I didn't know if you were up here now. Only it looked as if someone were about. Barry, say, have you seen anyone pass here lately?" He put the question breathlessly.

"I haven't seen anyone pass here at all."

"Sure? But have you been looking?" Oh, my Lord, Elder, is that coffee? I haven't had a cup to eat since the middle of yesterday—"

But Barry was not hospitable. He continued to stand, rather obstructively, in the middle of his doorstep, his eyes fixed very curiously on Johnny's flushed disorder.

"What kind of an 'anyone' are you looking for?" he asked slowly.

"Oh—a—well, I guess you've got to help me in this. There's no use stalling. It's a girl—a—looking girl."

[Continued on page 15]

THE PERSON YOU'D LIKE TO BE

By Frank Hurburt O'Hara

ILLUSTRATION BY WILSON C. DEXTER

FROM the bay window of the Leicester cottage you looked past a neat garden, over a fence with a gate, to the country road. Through the panes Mrs. Leicester had seen about all that makes up life go down the road. She had waited watchfully there in a starched apron, for her young husband's return from work. She had waved him gay daily farewells. Then, on an overcast day of clouds and gray thoughts, she had seen the last of Cal Leicester, and for some time it was the end of her window-watching, too. She went to work; and every day Janey Leicester, arriving from school, perched her chubby body on the window-seat with legs crisscrossed under her, and in her turn waited.

At five, Mrs. Leicester would round the curve, and Janey would race out to meet her. There was generally a weary look in the woman's face, and an apple in her skirt pocket. The face dropped its weariness, and Janey got the apple. They went inside together. The lamp was lighted. The window-shade went down. Sometimes the neighbors could see silhouettes through the shade—the youngster standing upright on the bench, Mrs. Leicester kneeling on the floor, now and then reaching a hand for something held in her mouth. She was fitting Janey's dresses.

Yet any schoolgirl could tell you that "fitting" wasn't the word, exactly. Mrs. Leicester tried hard enough, but she wasn't born to the needle. Janey's skirts didn't "hang." She tried to tug them into fitting, odd moments in a corner of the schoolroom, but they didn't escape the sly glances of the other girls, nor sibilant, hushed remarks. So Janey Leicester played with the boys; climbed trees, threw snowballs, shot "aggies" deftly, was the star pitcher. She had a doll, to be sure, but it was black, and rag, and never left the house. (There is an aristocracy of dolls no less than girls.)

So Jane grew up. She was twenty. Her hair was done in a loop at the back of her neck. She was lightsome and lissome. But the others still said she was odd, or applied that indefinite term girls do apply—"proud." Jane wasn't invited out much, and apparently she didn't mind. If she appeared independent, there was a reason. She was working in Rand's factory, in the office, and although old Mr. Rand was blunt and irascible, he paid her well for work well done, and she could see her mother waiting for her in the bay window these days. And her skirts, at last, hung right. Jane had the knack.

Then came a spring, and Wallie. Jane was standing at the gate. The twilight air was thick with lilacs and motor gasoline. Snatches of laughter drifted back from passing cars. One or two couples strolled by, absorbed. Suddenly a roadster swung up, stopped. "I wonder if I can get some water?" the young man at the wheel called to her. "Engine's gone dry, needs a drink," he added, with a laugh.

She got the water, in a white-lined pail, and watched the lithe muscular form bent over the hood. As he gave the pail back he looked at her quizzically. "Why, I know you, don't I? Now I have it! You're the little girl who—"

"My skirts didn't use to hang right," she smiled back. But involuntarily her cheeks disked pink.

He laughed easily. "I used to see you at—must've been Sunday-school or something. You could put a ball over the plate like a regular fellow."

"At Sunday-school?"

"After," he chuckled.

They laughed together.

"Wouldn't you like a spin? I'm just out for an airing."

He seemed to think it natural to ask Jane Leicester to "take a spin," and she had never been asked to ride in a car before. She surveyed him with one of those long-brief mental appraisals—and went.

Seated beside him, gliding in the twilight, the cool breeze tousling her hair, she glanced at him out of the corner of her eye.

"I've a confession to make," she said, frankly, "and I'll feel easier when it's out. Who are you?"

He laughed infectiously. "I like your candor. I'm Wallace Rand. Wallie they call me. Of course you wouldn't remember, I've been away so much—school, college, the West. But now I'm back to stay. Feels mighty good, too."

"Oh," said Jane, evenly. Of course, she knew Mr. Rand's son was returning to learn the business. "I'm glad you like being back."

But through the hum of the motor she heard a teasing refrain—Rand, Wallace Rand, Old Man Rand's son. And she was working for his father. You can't bring up a girl to the lilt of whispered comments on the fit of her frocks without making her think such funny things now and then.

Then they began to chat—about the West, about their own town, about books, kid days, sunsets. Nothing new, nor extraordinary, but a running chatter shot through with the freemasonry of healthy, buoyant youth. The hour sped by like the landscape.

At the gate, casually: "See you at the dance Saturday?"

"I'm afraid not," she smiled.

"I had an idea everybody went to the 'Saturday nights.'"

"N-not everybody." A sudden realization came to her.

"Mr. Rand, you said you liked—candor. But are you candid?"

Suddenly Wallie Rand laughed, a likable laugh of admission. "The fact is, I've been trying to think of it all the time. But I'll be honest, I don't know your name, either."

"I thought not. I'm Jane Leicester. They used to call me Janey. My father was a brick, but he didn't make money. After he—went away," her voice was fleetingly wistful, "we had less. Mother went out to work; anything she could get. I did use to put 'em over the plate, as you said. Played with the boys because boys are born democrats. I'm afraid I looked a fright. I'm working in your father's office now. And I like it. There's my biography in a nutshell. Thanks for the ride—it was lovely."

"Wait a minute. I'm going to drop around Saturday night, and we're going to the dance, you and me."

He seemed to take her answer for granted, and was speeding down the road. Jane lingered a moment in the dusk. Of course, she would find an excuse, but—But she didn't. Wallie Rand didn't give or take excuses. They went to the "Saturday night."

In the clubhouse there was suddenly the stir of young ladies turning to stare. Jane and Wallie had entered. She was a trifle shy, in a quaint home makeshift of white lawn. It was a warm night, the first of spring. The lawn was more popular than the floor. Jane and Wallie wandered under the stars.

On the veranda, as they returned, young people were chatting; their voices carried into the night. "But who'd ever have thought that Wallie Rand would take her to a party? She's never been before."



"YOU'RE PERFECTLY RIGHT, MR. RAND. I AM POOR, AND I HAVEN'T BEEN HERE BEFORE"

"I've got to go away, Jane," he was saying, "and I want to ask something of you before I go. Father thinks," he explained, "that I ought to have buying experience, so I'm to meet foreign agents in New York. I go tomorrow."

His words were usual, his manner unchanged. Jane knew there was no reason for the flush of color in her cheeks.

"You see," he went on, "Ara Stewart is coming here for a visit. Met her out West when I was there. I hope you'll like Ara; I think you will. That's why I'm asking you to—be nice to her."

It seemed odd to request Jane Leicester to be "nice" to a guest at the Rands'. "Of course I will, and I'll try to like her," she said. "It won't be hard, will it?"

"No-o," he considered. "But Ara's always had everything—money, of course, and other things—travel and society, and she's 'advanced.' Doesn't care any more about absurd formalities than—you or I. I know she'll take to you."

"I'll do what I can," she laughed, covering in the laugh the strange numbness that possessed her.

Two days later, they met. Miss Stewart had arrived the night before, soon after Wallie's departure. It was now Sunday morning, and, as Jane wondered if she ought to call that afternoon or wait for word from Mrs. Rand, there came a staccato rap on the door. Jane opened it to a slim figure in a gray waist and gray corduroy skirt.

"Hello," said the girl. "I'm Ara Stewart and you're Jane, of course."

"I knew, at once," Jane smiled back.

"It wouldn't be right to meet formally," Miss Stewart declared. "It's stupid, when you know all about people beforehand. Of course, Wallie has written me all about you. He's fine, Wallie is. I'm mighty proud of him."

The casual air of proprietorship didn't miss the other. As, at Ara Stewart's suggestion, they walked briskly along the country road, the sense of it increased.

"I am proud of him," Ara reiterated, "because, when I ran into him out West, he was in a fair way to missing his grip." Jane started perceptibly. "You didn't know? Oh, yes—he was young and human. Behold in me a perfectly good little missionary! I understood him, that's all. I didn't scold about his recklessness as any other nice girl might have. When he sank more money than he possessed in a rotten venture, I made him let me lend him enough to make good. Then he quit that kind of thing. Understand, I didn't do anything except believe in him. He did the rest, because he had it in him."

"I did know something about those Western experiences," said Jane slowly, "because he told me. But he wouldn't say anything to boost himself."

"Exactly! And I've told you because I'm so grateful he has you to understand him here. It's made me feel—safer."

Jane looked out over the undulating landscape. Abruptly, as she might have remarked on the scenery, Ara Stewart turned to her and asked: "Are you in love with him?"

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It was one of the town girls. A sleek young man, balancing himself lazily on the railing, picked up the sally with a laugh. He was Wallie's cousin Clem, from the city.

"Easy," he drawled. "She's pretty and poor. Works for his dad. Never been to a dance in her life. So along steps Wallie, the richest fellow in the county, and drives Cinderella to the ball. Romance—spring-stuff—see?"

Eyes shifted from Clem on the railing to Wallie and Jane coming up the steps. Wallie's lips made a straight line. Clem Rand slipped nimbly from his perch, went over to Jane, and bowed suavely.

MAYN'T I have the next dance?" he suggested.

Jane met his eyes, a frank smile in hers. Her voice was lowered, soft, even friendly. "You're perfectly right, Mr. Rand. I am poor, and I haven't been here before. But the next dance is taken, thanks."

Clem liked her comeback. But he didn't forget it.

That "Saturday night" was a beginning, and an end. It marked the close of Jane's local exile, the coming into her rightful heritage of youth. She was what a girl has a right to be at twenty—simple, spontaneous, lovely and popular. She felt as if something long pent were expanding as naturally as the spring welled into summer.

A flurry of warmth now and then suffused her face, a pulse quickened at a mere phrase, there was a new inclination to loiter among the flowers in the cottage garden, dreaming of vague nothings. Clem's gracefully bold admiration did not disturb her; Wallie's reserved consideration, his almost man-to-man talk of factory, past adventures, the future—these stirred a latent tenderness she did not understand. He took her to parties and picnics, and on long Sunday-afternoon tramps. He was a good friend, that was all. But sometimes she caught herself half wishing that he hadn't been heir to so much money.

And then, one day, all her illusions wavered, as she listened to the low, even sound of his voice. It was midsummer now; the lull of an August afternoon was about them.

COQUETTE

By Agnes Mary Brownell

ILLUSTRATION BY ALICE BEACH WINTER



THEY WERE ONLY THREE TIRED OLD WOMEN WHO WOULD NOT ADMIT THEIR AGE NOR THEIR WEARINESS

AIN'T you most through, Becky?" The little old woman who put the query stood teetering in a sort of chilly impatience. She was dressed with her habitual fussy daintiness—a flaring silk skirt with the sheen of age upon it; a snug little waist with a tidy ruche flowering at the throat. Within this snowy encircling corolla of ruching, her little head turned with a sort of preening movement. With one hand she held tightly, underneath her chin, a little checkered shawl of red-and-black plaid; with the other, she grasped her skirts close to her meager frame. Standing so, in her quaint head-dress from which protruded a pinched and tiny nose like a beak, and with her black skirts escaping beneath her grasp in a fluttering fan-tail, she resembled one of those pictures children love—a little black bantam dressed in a bonnet.

The other old woman made no reply. She sat on the far side of a flimsy garden-fence, milking a cow. She was so tall and so straight and of so rigid a frame, that the effect she produced was of one always stiffly erect. She grasped the creasy pink teats of the cow in her knotted fingers and drove a steady white stream into a pail which gave off silver glints.

"Becky!" shrilled Luella again. "Becky! (How dreadful deaf she is a-gettin'!) I said: Ain't you most through?"

The silk folds, like ruffled tail-feathers, blew out behind her. Frizzled wisps of hair escaped from under the checked head-dress. The blowing shawl revealed a long, looped gold chain caught up at her snug little waist, and a round gold breast-pin at her collar. The hand that held the shawl wore two rings—an old band of gold, and a chased one with a rim. The thin yellow curve of them, attenuated like a crescent, seemed to confer a sort of authority—insignia of a bygone state.

The woman milking wore no ring, and had never worn one. She sat in that curious upright attitude of hers and drove, with a swishing movement like a lash, the white stream of the milk into the pail. She wore a man's rough coat about her shoulders, a man's old gray muffler was tied over her head, and a man's worn, heavy shoes showed beneath a skirt of rusty black. As she milked she looked steadily toward the flimsy fence and the house and the shabby-fine little figure between, without seeming to see any of them.

The yard was rudely terraced at one side; and now, up the sharply-cleft brick steps of the terrace, mounted the stalwart figure of a third woman, younger than the other two, but well past middle age at that. She was comfortably attired for the street; there was even about her a certain cheap modishness—a flimsy lavalier around a ropy throat; a cluster of feather-tips, like a little thicket, on her hat. She carried a tin quart-pail.

Luella turned with an expression of sulky relief to the newcomer. She, on her part, regarded the little ruffled creature with a sort of malicious sympathy.

"I've seen ye a-standin' here ever sence I turned the corner. Can't make her hear, can't ye? Ain't you learned yet you can't make Becky Porter hear when she don't want to? You better run in—dressed as you be. That silk must be thin. It looks so awful old."

them stood in close juxtaposition—the tiny puppet, shivering in her thin old silk; the stout visitor with her air of thrifty comfort; the tall and angular figure of the other, feminine and spinsterish despite the man's coat and shoes—garments that had belonged to her brother, Alban, and that had descended to her along with his tasks.

She led the way into the house. Her kitchen was, with the beginning of the cool fall weather, sitting-room as well. It was big, like most old-fashioned kitchens; it had many-paned windows and the lower sashes were veiled with short scant curtains of white stuff—made from an ancient dress skirt. From the top depended a straight scant length of cretonne—a pattern of blush roses faded silver-pink, and blue garlands dimmed to a faint milk-blue. Upon the many folds of newspaper fitted into the wide window-ledge, sat pots of flowers in bloom. Her curtained casements and her blooming pots were all of beauty that Becky Porter possessed. Everything else was for rigid service. What the other two old women found of satisfaction in silk and feathers, Becky found in her jeweled windows and in the color and perfume of her flowers.

"Have a chair, Sairy."

Luella had already appropriated hers. She belonged here. She was Becky's sole roomer and boarder. Her munificence did not end with the weekly stipend paid into Becky's broken-nosed pitcher of a bank. Her very presence meant something. What would Becky do without her? It was lucky for Becky, left without kin, and her lone self, that they had found each other. She sat in the low rocker with its fat red cushion that saved wear and shine to her fine old silk, and covertly flattened the blown frizzes at her temples. In the little square mirror above the sink, she could just see her delicately withered face like a frosted rose. An old, dried fragrance, as of pressed roses, clung to her—the odor of a scented clothes-press.

SAIRY put down her quart-pail with a clatter. Everything she did had this accompaniment of noise and jangle. Her voice, even, was large and hoarse.

And Becky, having extended her invitation, hung up her coat and muffler, disposed her shoes in the little boarded-up entry, then withdrew into a tiny, communicating bedroom. When she reappeared she wore full-skirted percale. Becky Porter hated the ugly necessity of milking; she hated the wearing of a man's coarse shoes; she hated the sharing of her house. She did not mind poverty—ladylike poverty. But rigorous poverty she endured grudgingly. In her milking togs, she felt alien to herself—masculine. In her percale, she was again all feminine.

She strained and measured the milk and clapped on the lid of Sairy Eels's bucket, setting it down on the scrubbed table-boards. Lively interruptions came from these operations—neighboring children coming for the family milk.

"Here, Becky," protested Sairy, "do that. I guess I ain't forgot how to measure out a quart of milk! A quart and a tea-cup's too good measure for these times. You go on and get ready, if we're ever going to eat!"

"Well—that's all now—only flowers—no tellin' when they'll come. We'll just leave them in the entry. I won't be long," and Becky went into her tiny chamber.

"I'm warm as toast," chattered silk-clad Luella. "You don't get such goods nowadays. My husband brought me this from the World's Fair." She regarded the other's stout cloth attire with distant appraisal. "That must 'a' ben a good piece, Sairy, to stand makin' over thataway."

Sairy Eels had never worn silk. She was always plain and warm and comfortable, but she was never fine. A queer, tortured longing for elegance was responsible for the cheap lavalier and the plummy thicket. She did not reply to Luella's thrust. "Aw—who'd strike a baby?" she told herself, as she looked at the tiny old creature in her weedy silk, with her ruche, her brooch, her gold rings and chain.

"Well, here you are, Sairy," observed a new voice—Becky's. Having now finished her task, she carefully closed the flimsy wire gate behind her, and moved with a sort of grenadier precision of step along the sunken stones of the path. For a moment, the three of

Sairy good-humoredly poked her head through the door. "Want any help fastenin' up?"

She aided Becky in securing the hooks of her habit-like garment, black and flowing. But no unfashionable fullness could detract from that slim erectness. Through the open door of the opposite room they could see little silken-fine Luella complacently smoothing down the breadths of her skirt.

"Jes' so it's silk," whispered Becky fiercely to Sairy. "What's darns! What's ravelin's! But she's got to have her silk!"

When they came out, they went into Luella's room. It was fairly large. Luella Mayberry stood before the dresser, tying a coquettish velvet bow beneath her chin. Her bonnet had jet upon it, and a smart aigrette. And her old corded-silk coat had a striped lining, beginning to fray.

The three adorned heads disappeared together down the terraced steps—the aigrette and black one; the thicket-crowned one; and the plain, stiff, velvet toque—Becky's. And, though poorest of all, she achieved a certain fineness, from the very absence of adornment.

ON Saturday nights all Alton went down town, ostensibly to select Sunday's dinner. The streets and stores were a free and glittering show. Everyone took part. The three old women added much to the uniqueness of the spectacle. Becky, clutching with suspicious fear a stout leather pocketbook, much rubbed; Sairy, dangling her bag of crocheted roses; and Luella with her fine beaded purse hanging from her wrist.

"Let's go to Harpers' first, for my double-silk gloves—these is a trifle light for fall," spoke out Luella, with a petted, prosperous air.

"Might 's well," agreed Becky; adding sidewise to Sairy—"there'll be no peace till they're got."

Sairy eyed Luella with a sort of sullen admiration. Her own gloves were mohair.

Luella haggled a bit over her purchase—not over the price, which she took as a matter of small concern—but over the stitching upon the backs, whether it should be all-black, black-and-white, or all-white.

Becky, appealed to, dryly counseled the all-black. Sairy compromised on the mingled white and black. Luella chose the all-white. "It'll match my ruche," she refuted with a sort of childish impudence of possession. "And oh, yes—I want a box of ruching."

A box of ruching! A box of gauzy nothingness! A stiff linen turnover was all Sairy permitted herself; Becky went without.

"Anything more?" put in the clerk, with Saturday-night languor.

"A veil!" Luella remembered opulently. That fragile web went to join the gauze and silk of her previous purchases. The beaded purse rendered up toll.

"You other ladies want anything?"

"You might show me some good black cotton stockings," admitted Sairy, cautiously. She had come for this express purchase, but now, faced by the grim alternative of hose or money, long-schooled economy obtruded itself. She said grudgingly, "I'll take two pair," and drew together, with miserly precaution, the scalloped border of the crocheted bag.

Becky surveyed these purchases with a sort of bored indifference. They were quite out of her ken. Silk gloves, veils and ruchings had never been her portion. Alban had left a good supply of hose. Now, to their abbreviated lengths, she was attaching the unworn portions of her own. She said stiffly: "If you're both through, I'll get my meat."

"I want a boiling-piece too," decided Sairy. "There'll be a change of weather. Did you notice that pink, windy light at sunset? I shouldn't wonder but what tomorrow'd be an all-day downpour! They's nothing goes to the spot to my notion like a good vegetable soup with ends of soup-meat in the bowl—and rain a-splashin' the panes!"

"Let's us have some, Becky!" pleaded Luella, the child in her responding warmly to this attractive suggestion. "I declare—I can almost taste it a'ready!"

Sairy eyed her almost amiably. The gloves, the ruchings and the veil she had regarded almost as an affront. Becky, too, showed a momentary lightening of visage. She reflected that the soup-meat could be made to last over several days; that it was the cheapest cut. She dismissed the effrontery of those lavish purchases of Luella, in the light of this eminently practical suggestion.

The meat-market had an autumn-like adorning. They, all three, with a curious awakening zest of appetite, passed in.

Alack for Becky's meager purse and meager appetite for costly meats! Luella espied a platter of sweetbreads and set up a shrill demand. Sweetbreads would be as the apples of Sodom in the mouth of Becky Porter, who could never bring herself to enjoy rich food for thinking of its cost. But Luella paid well. Her tastes had to be consulted. Becky strained the slender brown-paper parcel to her side with a miserly clutch. She was angry at Sairy who expatiated upon the excellence of her bargain in soup-meat, and at Luella who had driven her to this extravagant purchase. Her mood seemed to communicate itself like a contagion to the others. Sairy, loudly singing the praises of her soup-kettle, had still a jealous appetite for finer dishes. She envied Becky her sweetbreads, and she blamed Luella Mayberry for her big child's eyes. Luella, on her part, had a certain nipped and frosted feeling, dating from Sairy's remark earlier in the evening about her old silk dress. And she felt guilty, and consequently resentful toward Becky who seemed to her to flaunt poverty as she herself flaunted old riches. They were only three tired old women who would not admit their age nor their weariness. Luella, from vanity; Sairy, from a sort of rustic modesty; and Becky, from very fear. They pushed by in the doorway on Alton streets and ached and sulked and kept their teeth to themselves.

When they came again to Becky Porter's place, Sairy Eels only stopped long enough to drop her quart-pail of milk. "Well—g'night!" grimly.

[Continued on page 17]



"Do you realize how good it is?"

A good ox tail soup is one of the most nutritious and tempting dishes known.

But no housewife, even with plenty of help, can afford the time and labor necessary to have it properly prepared in the home kitchen—to say nothing of the cost of ingredients.

The practical way to make sure of this inviting dish at its best is to get

Campbell's Ox Tail Soup

We use selected medium size joints, which yield the tenderest meat and most nourishing stock.

With this we blend sliced joints which have not been used for stock, meaty and marrowy, diced carrots and turnips, strength-giving barley and a delicious tomato puree.

It is all that any home made soup could be but without the drudgery and expense.

21 kinds

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Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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The Loving Hour

Dear Beatrice:—

It's all very Spartan never to pick up your baby, but after all, Spartan methods are not exactly modern. Of course, Baby isn't a plaything and ought to be sleepy and snug as a cocoon most of the time, but late in the afternoon, always at the same hour, it is really good for the cherub to be picked up and cuddled and snuggled and carried about the room to see all the sights.

Even a baby gets stiff and tired lying on its back all day, but soon learns not to cry if it knows the loving hour is as certain as bath and lunch. You will look forward to it as much as Baby does, stretching up his little arms and gurgling with delight.

You ask about talcum. Of course, there are several good kinds but somehow I always feel that Mennen's is just a wee bit safer for Baby's flower-petal skin. You know it was the first Borated Talcum and I think it must mean something to have been the choice of mothers and doctors and nurses for over forty years. And do you know, I use Mennen's on myself. If it's safer for Baby, it's safer for me.

What did people ever do before Mennen invented Borated Talcum—isn't it a comfort after a bath—especially if you are to put on tight clothes? Try it between sheets on a hot night.

And Mennen's is economical—the blue can is so large—one thing, thank goodness, that doesn't cost more.

Lovingly,
Belle.

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Every Mother—Every Baby SAVE THEIR NERVES

By S. Josephine Baker, M.D., D.P.H.

Director, Bureau Child Hygiene, Department of Health, New York City

NERVOUSNESS in infancy is more often the fault of over-excited and over-anxious parents than the result of natural irritability in the baby. The over-indulged baby becomes the nervous child; extreme nervousness in childhood is too often the forerunner of neurasthenia, nervous prostration or chronic nervous irritability in later life.

Everyone who has suffered in this way knows that extreme nervousness not only stands in the way of full mental and physical development but also is likely to make life at times almost unbearable. The adult suffers unnecessarily, for a mother has it in her power to give her child the care and environment conducive to sound and healthy nerves.

Certain types of nervousness can simulate practically every kind of disease; the suffering is no less real because its origin is in the disordered nerves. A nervous disposition is such a serious handicap, that no effort should be spared to bring up children in normal surroundings and to give them the kind of care which will assure healthy nerves. This training must begin before birth, for if the expectant mother is poorly nourished and neglected during the months before the baby is born, her baby will have low vitality and be easily affected by nervous and emotional disorders. You can do much for your baby's nerves during pregnancy.

After the child is born, however, the first preventive measure lies with the mother and father. They must see that their own conduct fills the need of a normal life for the baby. They must not allow themselves to become excitable, over-anxious, over-indulgent or subject to any outbursts of temper or irritability when in the presence of their babies or young children.

FEW young babies are naturally nervous. Usually, members of the family, nervous and temperamentally high-strung, irritate and excite the baby. No young child needs to be entertained constantly. Rest and sleep and quiet are as essential as food for the normal growth of the child. Little babies become nervous because they are not properly cared for. The baby is not having enough sleep; there has been too much play, too much adult attention. Handling and over-fatigue are extremely harmful.

Mothers should realize how fragile and unstable the baby's nervous system is. Don't still the ordinary noises of the house; in fact, it is much better to have babies grow accustomed to normal noises from the beginning. Sudden, sharp and unexpected sounds, however, awaking the baby suddenly, or unusual noises and movements, attracting the baby's attention, are as harmful as, and possibly more so, than wrong feeding.

In early life, babies should not be stimulated to play. They so need rest and quiet and a chance to develop normally. After six months, normal play is proper and beneficial, but it should never be indulged in before bedtime.

FIRST SYMPTOMS

Mothers may easily recognize the symptoms of nervousness which occur after the first six months and in early childhood. Children of this type are easily upset for no adequate reason. They jump and start with terror at any unusual noise or sound. They cry for little cause and are easily frightened. Occasionally, the muscles of the face or even of the body will twitch and jerk. Such children are susceptible to violent outbursts of temper which may take the form of crying or destructiveness; they tear or break any toys or other articles that may be within reach. The child appears thin, not well-nourished. He is restless at night and may even have what are called "night terrors." On the other hand, the child's nervousness may take another form. He may seem to be robust, and well-nourished, but is over-excitable and subject to uncontrollable outbursts of crying or of temper.

TREATMENT

Outlining any exact type of treatment for nervous children is difficult, for each case will need individual care. The mother must remember that punishment for nervous outbursts will aggravate the condition

and not improve it. The nervous baby, no matter how troublesome or disobedient, is sick. You must restore his health, not punish his misbehavior. Such a baby or child should have its full amount of normal sleep. Older children should be required to take regular naps in the middle of the day. They should be kept as quiet as possible, eat plenty of good, nourishing food at regular intervals, sleep outdoors or in well-ventilated rooms.

Occasionally, nervousness is caused by some physical defect such as eye-strain or enlarged tonsils or adenoids. If nervousness persists in spite of a regular life, the child should be examined to see if some physical defect is present. If it is, proper treatment should be instituted at once.

GROWING CHILDREN

As children grow older, the parents' attitude becomes more important. The child should never be allowed to hear any reference to its health. Don't recount symptoms; don't tell your child that it is nervous; you will make its condition much worse. If the nervousness takes the form of over-shyness and a desire to stay by itself, the child should be encouraged to play with other children, particularly out-of-doors. But never, never urge it to play because it will be good for its health.

On the other hand, if the nervousness of the child takes the form of bad temper, if it is evident that the outbursts on the part of the baby or older child are simply one method of getting its own way, a certain amount of sternness must be used in handling the situation. When children are old enough to reason—and the child begins



YOU have all known people whose nerves "gave 'way" at the critical moment in their lives. Their mothers always said about them that "they had been very nervous babies."

Dr. Baker's article tells you how to keep your baby from growing up into a nervous, fretful, worrying person.

Are there any other questions about keeping baby healthy and happy? Dr. Baker will be glad to answer if addressed:

Dr. S. Josephine Baker, Baby Welfare Department, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

to reason at an early age—there must be no wavering in a decision, once it has been reached. The mother's "no" or "yes" must mean "no" or "yes."

If the child rebels, the reason for the decision may be stated, if the child is old enough to understand. Otherwise, the best treatment is to shut the child in a room where no harm can possibly come to it and let it "cry it out." Any other form of punishment produces animosity in the child and makes outbursts of temper more frequent and more severe. Usually the best way to handle such cases is the positive one. Such a child may be promised a reward for good behavior. This reward should never be in the form of a bribe of candy or presents; rather the child should be allowed to do something it has wanted to do, provided the request is a proper one.

KNOW THESE CRIES

The physical cause of such nervousness must always be considered and the rules of hygiene followed in order to establish a



proper and normal life. Because crying is one of the earliest manifestations of nervous irritability, the mother should learn to distinguish the types of crying and know what is or is not necessary to be done.

Crying is essential in very young babies. If babies under one month of age do not cry they should be made to do so. It is a necessary form of exercise by which the lungs expand. Unless the crying is excessive, no notice need be taken of it. Under no circumstances should the child be picked up or fed outside of its regular hours.

Unless this advice is heeded the child is apt to develop what we call the "crying habit." This may start at birth and simply means that, even at that early age, the baby is using the only means it has to get its own way. This is one of the hardest times in baby training. The mother should be sure the baby is comfortable, the clothing smooth, the feet warm, the diaper dry and that there are no unprotected pins in the clothing. Then she may safely leave baby in its crib in a well-ventilated room, to "cry it out." Young mothers with their first babies will find this a severe trial, but if this method is carried out for two or three weeks the baby will inevitably form good habits. The mother can then sleep uninterruptedly through the greater part of the night and the baby will be stronger and better in every way.

OTHER kinds of cries are usually quite characteristic. The cry of pain is likely to be sharp and strong and not continuous. Other evidences of pain are contraction of the face or of the limbs. The hunger cry is easily recognized. It is fretful and continuous and stops as soon as food has been given. Even when this cry occurs, the baby should not be fed except at the regular hour.

The cry of illness is usually fretful and moaning. It is sometimes feeble and becomes almost a whine. The temper cry is quite characteristic. It is violent and strong, almost a scream. The baby will kick and stiffen up its body, get red in the face. Older children will sometimes hold their breath until the face becomes actually blue. Mothers are easily frightened by this type of cry although there is nothing alarming about it except the baby's appearance and the noise. The wisest course to follow is to put these children in a quiet place and leave them alone. If you give in to them you are laying the basis for habits of self-indulgence and outbursts of temper.

Summed up, the way to deal with nervousness in babies consists in prevention rather than cure. The method of prevention is for the mother to learn how to control her own nerves and how to meet the many disquieting incidents of life with the equanimity which comes with a well-poised and equally balanced mentality. Nervous babies are rarely found in families where the mother is naturally calm and quiet. If the mother worries and is under any great mental strain during the months before the baby comes, the latter's vitality is apt to be so lowered that there is little resistance after birth to the formation of nervous habits and the foundation of a neurotic condition is laid.

After the baby is born, just as great care must be used to see that its life is regular and free from friction and unwarranted interruption of the normal routine. If the family is on guard against any nervous manifestations on their part and if the baby is assured of the opportunity to live a quiet and wholesome life from the time it is born, there is little reason to believe that the baby will suffer from a nervous disposition.

It has every chance of growing up to manhood or womanhood with a healthy body and sound nerves.

Under Searching Eyes— Do you ever wince inwardly?



An unexpected meeting—a battery of eyes focused upon your face—Can you meet it with composure? Is your skin flawless? Clear, lovely in coloring?

Or is there some blemish that stands out mercilessly in your own consciousness? Some fault in your complexion that you *know* observant eyes must take notice of?

There is nothing that so destroys a man's or woman's poise and self-confidence as the consciousness of a complexion at fault. Even a little blemish in some conspicuous place makes you miserably embarrassed. You want to shrink into the back-ground. You lose your confidence, your gaiety. Your very personality is dimmed just when you are most anxious to appear at your best.

Yet this suffering is entirely needless. You need never be miserable and tongue-tied from such self-consciousness. Almost anyone, by simple, regular hygienic care of the skin, can free her complexion of the defects that so commonly mar an otherwise lovely face.

Blackheads are such a disfigurement. Enlarged nose pores, a skin that *will* get shiny—These things *can* be corrected.

Take care of the new skin that is forming every day as old skin dies. Give it every night the right treatment for your particular trouble, and *within a week or ten days* you will notice a marked improvement.

Take one of the most common skin troubles. Perhaps your skin is constantly being marred by unsightly little blemishes. No doubt you attribute them to something wrong in your blood—but authorities on the skin now agree that in the great majority of cases, these blemishes are caused by bacteria and parasites that

are carried into the pores *from outside*, through dust and fine particles in the air.

How to remove skin blemishes

By using the Woodbury method of cleansing your skin, you can free it from such blemishes.



Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and

leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse your face very carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

Use this treatment regularly and the blemishes will gradually disappear.

The famous treatment for conspicuous nose pores

Do you know what it is that causes conspicuous nose pores?

The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. *On the nose, especially*, there are more fat glands than elsewhere, and there is more activity of the pores.

These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, lose their power to contract properly; they clog up and become enlarged.

Try using this special treatment for conspicuous nose pores, and supplement it with the steady, general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Wring a soft cloth from very hot water,



lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive*. Then finish by rubbing the nose with a *piece of ice*. Always dry your skin carefully.

Use this treatment every night before retiring, and before long you will notice how this gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they become inconspicuous. But do not expect to change completely in a week a condition resulting from long-continued exposure and neglect.

You will find Woodbury's Facial Soap on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. The booklet containing full directions for all the famous Woodbury treatments is wrapped around each cake. A 25 cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

Would you like to have a trial size cake?

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments. Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1505 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio, U.S.A.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1505 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., CINCINNATI, OHIO



HOW TO WASH YOUR WOOLENS

Use two tablespoonfuls of Lux to a gallon of water. Whisk into a lather in very hot water, and then add cold water till lukewarm. Work woollens up and down in the suds. Squeeze the rich lather again and again through soiled spots.

Rinse in three lukewarm waters, dissolving a little Lux in the last water. This leaves wool softer and fluffier. Run blankets through a loose wringer and hang in the shade to dry, in a moderate atmosphere. Spread sweaters on a towel.

No more dingy corners on your blankets

HOW you used to avoid the thought! When you came upon dingy corners where those precious blankets *would* trail on the floor, and dim edges where they tucked themselves in—you shut your eyes! If they had to lose their luxurious softness, their warm fluffiness in the laundry, it was going to be the last minute possible.

But today there's no need for pretending. With Lux you can wash your big, handsome blankets as often as you like!

Just the purest bubbling suds. There's not a particle of hard cake soap to stick to the fuzzy wool ends and *never* be washed

out! There's not a mite of rubbing to turn and twist and mat the delicate wool fibres!

You souse your beautiful blankets up and down in the rich suds. You press the cleansing lather through and through, and every speck of dirt is whisked away with the rich bubbling suds.

They'll come out downy and snug from their Lux laundering. The Lux way is so gentle and so careful. You always know just how nice and soft and fluffy your winter covers are going to be. You can always get Lux from your grocer, druggist or department store. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Lux was specially made for all fine things

Crêpes de Chine
Georgettes
Chiffons
Laces

Organdies
Batistes
Lawns
Voiles

Sweaters
Scarfs
Babies' woollens
Blankets

Lightest
Colors
Pink
Blue Shirts



The House the Girls Built



WITH graduation from high school only a few weeks away, the thoughts of the girls are leaping forward to next September, and college. For some, a college course is a certainty, long planned, a matter of course. But there are others who passionately desire to continue their education, and who are casting about for ways and means to make their dream come true. This letter came from one of them the other day:

Dear Mary Gordon Page:

I have read everything of yours in McCall's since the very beginning, and I believe you will be willing to help me, too. I am seventeen, and a senior in high school. I live on a farm, and, like most farmers, my parents are too poor to send me to college. All my life my one great ambition has been for a college education; so if there is any possible way for me to earn my way, I shall not give up my dream. If only I could do some one thing exceptionally well!

I know quite a bit about housework; I can knit, crochet and tat fairly well. All my life I have driven horses, and I can drive three different kinds of cars. Living on a farm, I have had to help in the fields and do such work as driving the horse-rake and mowing-machine, and milking cows. I know a little about music, but not enough to enable me to earn money by it. Last, but not least, my marks in school are as high as any of the others in the class. But how, will you please tell me, how can I find something in this conglomeration, that will help me earn enough to go through college? I know absolutely nothing about college life, and of what opportunities there are for poor girls.

This letter bore the postmark of an eastern state. Similar letters have come to me from girls in the west, in the middle country and in the south. But no other girl who has written me gives evidence of having so carefully taken stock of her capabilities. This little farm girl has early learned the valuable lesson, that in trying to make a dream come true, the first thing to do is to brush aside all vagueness. She is meeting the difficult situation face to face, and eye to eye.

In the majority of colleges in this country are many students who are supporting themselves either wholly or in part. It has become so much a matter of course that some institutions have issued pamphlets or circulars on self-help that will be sent to prospective students on request. These pamphlets give valuable suggestions to girls on the various ways of earning money—tutoring, housework, sewing, and on through a long list. Always there is a person or a department to furnish advice to girls who wish to be self-supporting, and more often than not there is an employment bureau where students may register and learn of work to be done.

Wellesley and Smith have many self-supporting students. So do many of the lesser known institutions, and almost every one of the state universities. But every one of the Deans or Advisors of Women in these institutions send out a word of caution against a girl's trying to earn her way without any help. The danger of a breakdown from attempting too much is the point they make.

"My advice to a girl who wanted to make her way entirely would be not to try it," the Advisor of Women in one university said to me. But she smiled. "Then if she had grit and energy enough to come anyway, she would probably get through."

That last is the saving clause. The ambitious girl must make herself the special instance of grit and energy. About us are everywhere examples of girls who have won through without outside help.

I know one girl who took her degree at Wellesley. She seemed not especially strong when she entered college, but she must have had a great deal more of endurance than her fragile body indicated. Twice during the four years she had to borrow money; once on a personal loan, and

By Mary Gordon Page

once from the Student Aid Society. For the rest, she made her expenses entirely; she had no help from home.

She waited on tables; prepared meals in society houses, working usually under the direction of a cook; she washed dishes; put up lunches, did typewriting of themes and index cards; wrote letters from dictation, and took down lectures in shorthand. She did sewing and alteration of dresses and suits; washed and ironed fine waists and skirts. The most unusual work that fell to her willing hands was the care of some beetles—feeding them, and cleaning out the box where they lived.

THE way of another friend of mine was easier, and she was able to earn all her way. She worked as a newspaper reporter. Since she was specializing in journalism, her money-earning work was also a help in her studies.

Another girl was eager and determined to go through college, but a mortgage on her parents' home had to be paid off to start with. About her experiences she wrote:

For the payment of the mortgage, I taught half of my junior high school year, and began in earnest after my graduation. It took me until I was twenty-five. I went to a small but high-grade college in the middle west. I was old enough to appreciate values, brain mature enough to grasp the work easily, and looked as young as the other freshmen. I started there with fifty dollars in cash (thirty-five of which went immediately for tuition), and a knowledge that I must work my way.

She took a place at housework, but stayed only two days, for the landlady was fearful that she could not do the work. "I was not husky," she wrote. But she had better luck at the next place.

Afterward I boarded myself, substituted in high school almost a month, rented a room, and washed dishes at the club for my board. That lasted a year. The last year I was appointed assistant in Latin in the preparatory department, and with \$300, I finished flourishingly. With summer school I made it in three years.

Her letter closed:

My A. B. has opened all kinds of avenues to me. I would not have missed that experience of conquering circumstances even for a paid-up course at Smith, where I used to dream of going.

There is a fine training in that conquering of circumstances that can come in no other way. The girls who go to college equipped with something like a profession, journalism or stenography for instance, are fortunate. But let the others set about earning their way with a high head, and a determined mind. Let them remember that every college is a little world, and in it there is opportunity to do—and to be paid for—almost all the kinds of work that keep the world going. I know of a woman who holds a position of great responsibility and honor in the college through which she worked her way by shampooing her fellow-students.

There is no doubt in my mind that in the list of capabilities of the little farm girl are a number of things by which she can earn money. She is the girl with the grit and energy who would go in spite of advice, and would win her goal. And her high rank in studies is also an asset, for many of the colleges have the funds for Student Aid, from which loans are made to those who need help, if they can meet the requirements of scholarship.

But there is one caution that must be sounded again and again; one danger that must be kept in mind—the danger of overwork, and consequent breakdown. The work of a college course requires much energy. So does the making of one's living. The two together make a great strain on any girl's constitution. Take five years to your course, if need be, but keep your health.

VISION, energy, grit—these three—can get you through college when your pockets are empty and there's no one but yourself to fill them.

It's easy enough for the girl whose father is backing her. But girls like the one whose letter appears here have a real problem. Mary Gordon Page knows the answer, though. She can help you with your difficulty too if you will only put it up to her.



It's all plain sailing

when you have a 1900 Cataract Electric Washer because the 1900 is the *perfect* washing machine.

Here are the reasons:

First, there's the magic figure 8 movement. The hot soapy water is forced through the clothes in a figure 8 motion, which sends the water through them *four times* as often as the ordinary washer. This figure 8 movement is an exclusive feature.

Then there's the tub—not a part in it to cause wear and tear, or to rip off buttons or tear out button-holes. It's the action of the water in the tub that cleanses your clothes, not the movement of any parts inside the tub.

The wringer, too, works electrically and can be swung from washer to rinse water, to blue water and to clothes basket without moving or shifting the washer.

The 1900 runs smoothly and quietly. It washes a tubful of clothes in 8 to 10 minutes—and at a cost of less than 2c an hour for electricity.

And when the clothes are washed your work is finished. There are no heavy parts to be lifted out of the tub and cleaned.

Our Special Trial Offer

You may prove to yourself that the 1900 is the perfect washing machine. There is a 1900 dealer near you who will gladly demonstrate a 1900 Cataract Washer right in your own home. Then if you wish you may start paying for it on terms to suit your convenience. Remember, we also have washing machines operated by hand and water power.

Write to us today for the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the book, "George Brinton's Wife." It's a story you will enjoy. Molly, his pretty little wife, had troubles of her own until she interrupted a bridge party, and then things began to happen.

1900 CATARACT WASHER

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202 Clinton St., Binghamton, N. Y.

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Comes in 8 and 12 sheet sizes.



The water swirls through the tub in a figure 8 movement—four times as often as in the ordinary washer.

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Please send me the name of the nearest 1900 dealer, and a copy of the story, "George Brinton's Wife."



Just connect it with the electric light and off it starts.

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A WOMAN'S pride in a well-furnished home does not stop at the kitchen door.

She is just as proud of her kitchen as she is of her attractively furnished living room, dining room, library and bedrooms.



"Wear-Ever"
Aluminum Cooking Utensils



"Wear-Ever" utensils form an important part of the equipment of thoroughly modern homes.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are so bright and clean that food prepared in them is always appetizing—always seems to taste better than when ordinary utensils are used.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are made without joints or seams and are thoroughly sanitary.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

Look for the "Wear-Ever" trade mark on the bottom of each utensil

The Aluminum Cooking Utensil Co.
New Kensington, Pa.

In Canada, "Wear-Ever" Utensils are made by Northern Aluminum Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.



Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins

TWO FOLDS OF WAXED PAPER put over the top of the freezer, when freezing custards, ice-creams or sherbets of any kind, eliminate all fear of oil or salt finding its way into the contents of the can. When the dessert is frozen, remove the dasher and place two clean folds of paper on top of the can. This helps to keep the contents firm, as the waxed paper prevents any air from entering. — Mrs. T. T. Clarkson, Kentucky.

MY BEGONIAS excite the admiration of all who see them. My plan is to set the potted plant in a pot one inch larger in circumference than the one in which it is growing. For example: If the begonia is in a five-inch pot, I place it in one measuring six inches and fill the space between with fine sand. I keep the sand moist all the time but never water the plant directly. — Mrs. R. M., Glenwood, Indiana.

WHEN MAKING BUTTER, if you warm the cream slightly before putting it into the churn, butter will result in half the time. Hot water poured over the butter-mold will make the butter come out easier and the shape more perfect. — Mrs. J. H., St. George, South Carolina.

TO OBTAIN SMALL ONIONS for pickling purposes, take the plants that are discarded when the onion beds are thinned out, and replant them about an inch apart. Their proximity does not allow them to grow large and they will be right for pickling. — R. A., New Berlin, New York.

AN ACCURATE RECORD OF OUT-GOING TELEPHONE CALLS is easily kept in the following way: Hang a pencil and a pad-calendar with spaces marked out for each day, near the phone. The numbers called may be written in the spaces and checked with the bill rendered at the end of the month. — H. R. G., Jersey City, New Jersey.

FOR USE ON BABIES' DRESSES, clasps are much better than buttons and button-holes. When the child is cross or fretful, the clasps save much time and trouble. — Z. E., May, Texas.

ROUND CENTERPIECES, lace edged, often do not lie flat after washing because the lace was not immersed in water before it was whipped on. Do this, and you will find that although the material will shrink at first washing, the lace will retain the same fullness and fit nicely. — Mrs. L. C. B., Cornell, Illinois.

A HANDY SHOE AND SLIPPER HOLDER is made by fastening an ordinary ten-cent brass curtain-rod, with curved ends, to the clothes-closet door or, if the door is too narrow, to the baseboard. Slip the shoes back of the rod, toes down, and they will not be in the way when cleaning the floor. — Mrs. W. P. C., Syracuse, New York.

AN EASY WAY TO PUT UP STRINGS for climbing vines is as follows: To a piece of lath, tie at intervals as many strings as you need. Tack the lath up in the desired place, make a loop in the lower end of each string and slip under individual clothes-pin. Drive the clothes-pins in the ground. — G. W. F., Portland, New York.

THE KEY which comes with some kinds of canned goods is sometimes lost and there seems to be no way of getting at the contents. If you will grasp, with a pair of pliers, the tin point of the can intended for the key, you will have no trouble in opening the can. — T. M. P., Kellogg, Iowa.

IN MAKING RIBBON BAGS, especially the flower-like ones that are cut in points, it is often hard to sew them without having the stitches show. To overcome this, hem the material just as you would for sewing, then cut a strip of white mending-tissue, the size of the hem, place between the hem and material, press with a warm iron, and the hem is finished. — Mrs. G. T. D., Alberta, Canada.

A CHILD positively cannot kick the bed-covers off at night if you will use this fastening: Sew two strong snap clothes-pins to two pieces of elastic, each of which is a little less than one-half yard in length. Sew the other ends of the elastic around the rods on the head of the child's bed, so one fastener will be on each side of the child. When you tuck the little one in at night, snap the clothes-pins on the covers. The clothes-pins cannot tear the bedding and the elastic gives enough to allow the little sleeper comfort. — Mrs. L. E. P., Chanute, Kansas.

AN OLD PICTURE-FRAME may be made into an attractive serving-tray in the following simple way: Varnish the frame, if it needs freshening, put on handles (which may be the bronze kind purchasable at any hardware shop), place a piece of cretonne under the glass, put on backing as you would in framing a picture, and tack securely. A hand-made doily may be used instead of the cretonne with good effect. — L. H., Bushnell, Illinois.

MY CLOSET, measuring two by six feet, with two rows of hooks on the back wall, was made to do double service by taking a worn sheet, tearing it across the middle, sewing the ends together, tucking two-inch tucks two inches apart, and sewing the sides of the sheet up, thus making a long case, into which

I slipped the overhead shelf. By pinning dresses to the tucks, not only is there more space, but the dresses do not crease. A closet under a stairway was papered with white paper (to make it light and to prevent dust sifting through from the stairs), then two-inch strips of muslin were tacked to the edges of each step. — Mrs. C. E. R., Ozark, Missouri.

EMBROIDERING WITH WOOL is sometimes slow work when the strands of thread are too heavy to slip easily through the eye of the needle. To facilitate this, use the following method: make a loop in a piece of thread (30-60); slip it through the needle's eye. Place the wool one-half inch in the loop and draw the thread back quickly. — R. D., Rochester, New York.

THE FINISH OF A DINING-TABLE may be marred if water drips on it from a plant used as a center decoration. This is avoided by placing a piece of oilcloth corresponding in size to the centerpiece beneath the doily. — P. B. R., Liverpool, Pennsylvania.



Radical Improvements in BISSELL'S New Lightweight Vacuum Sweepers

This already leading vacuum sweeper now runs almost as easily as the famous Bissell's Carpet Sweeper and has more powerful suction than the average electric. In many important respects it is unlike any other.

Don't let their familiar outward appearance mislead you. There is a surprise in store for you when your dealer puts the handle of one in your hand—when you see for yourself how it gets the dirt and how easy it runs.

Write us for full description; no solicitor will call.

Prices \$9.00 to \$17.50; "Cyco" Ball Bearing Carpet Sweepers \$4.50 to \$7.50—depending upon style and locality.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.
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A DROP OF 3-IN-ONE OIL

will lighten the labor of any housewife. Here are some of the things this world-famous oil will do:—

FOR PARLOR. Try 3-in-One on piano or mahogany furniture. Removes all stains, wear marks, scratches and scars. Restores original beauty of finish. Contains no grease—no acid.

FOR LIVING ROOM. Use 3-in-One on library table, chairs, davenport, book case. Removes the grime of use and time—quickly—at little cost. 3-in-One keeps all metal-work, fixtures, etc., as bright and rustless as a new dollar.

FOR BED ROOM. Wood and metal beds cleaned and polished with 3-in-One last longer and look better. Prevents rust on grates. Oil right for hinges and locks. First and best revolver oil.

FOR KITCHEN. Oil the washing machine, coffee grinder, ice cream freezer with 3-in-One. 3-in-One prevents red rust forming inside oven of gas range or on any japanned or black parts—stops tarnish on nickel surfaces. Prevents rust on metal refrigerator shelves. Leaves no odor or grease or residue of any sort.

FOR DINING ROOM. Wring out soft cloth in cold water. Apply a few drops of 3-in-One. Go over surface of dining-room table, chair, sideboard, buffet, china cabinet, etc. Rub briskly with dry cloth. Gleam and polish ever discovered.

FOR SEWING MACHINE. Best oil for whole machine. Repairs men's little of this repair bills. z. and 8 oz. bottles—also 1/2 lb. tin. Sample of 3-in-One. Mary—both



FREE!

Three-in-One Oil Co.
165 D C Bdw

NEW YORK.

Brunswick

PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS



Remember, Brunswick Records can be played on any phonograph with steel or fibre needle.

Thus we attain perfected records

OUR great ambition, since we introduced the Brunswick Phonograph, has been to bring something better, something remarkable into the making of records.

We felt, 'midst all the wonderful advance of modern recording, that there was still a final development, one that would bring complete synchronization.

And finally it came about! We brought into record-making that rare element—interpretation by great directors of concerted selections. And for solo selections, self-directed renditions by eminent artists who have studied recording technique.

Thus in solo selections we attain the brilliance of the foremost artists and in concerted selections we unite the talent of the musicians with the genius of the composer. Thus we include the individuality of the artist. In the recording studio the artist or group of musicians are now able to give freely during these crucial moments of recording.

The outcome is remarkable. It brings hidden beauty, magnetic personality. It brings life into phonographic music that might otherwise be mechanical.

We invite you to pass judgment on these new creations. Ask a Brunswick dealer to play some of the classical selections of the great artists pictured here, and who record exclusively for Brunswick. Or ask to hear some of the jazz and popular song records.

Let your own ear decide. Note the difference, the superiority. Then you'll want to add some Brunswicks surely to your musical library.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER COMPANY
General Offices: 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Branch Houses in
Principal Cities of United States
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Canadian Distributors:
Musical Merchandise Sales Co.,
819 Yonge St., Toronto



Leopold Godowsky
Premier Pianist



Dorothy Jardon
Noted Soprano



Archer Chamlee
Operatic Tenor



Max Rosen
Gifted Violinist



Irene Pavloska
Opera Favorite



Theo Karle
Dramatic Tenor



What Food Costs— About 60c a Day for a Man

It costs about 60c a day to feed a man.

To feed a family of five, on the average, costs about \$610 yearly. The average workingman spends about 43 per cent of his earnings on food.

Food costs have soared about 90 per cent in four years.

Must have 12,000 calories daily

A family of five, including three young folks, needs some 12,000 calories daily. The average family does not get that, and is underfed.

Those 12,000 calories in some foods cost many times as much as in others. So this food question is enormously important.

Save 90 per cent on breakfasts

Quaker Oats supplies the supreme breakfast. It is rich in calories of energy—1,810 per pound. It is rich in minerals, rich in protein. It forms almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

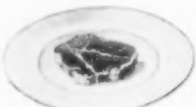
Yet it costs 1 cent a large dish. It costs 5½ cents per 1,000 calories. It costs one-tenth what meats, eggs and fish cost, on the average, for the same calory nutrition.

Note the comparisons with other necessary foods, based on prices at this writing. Mark what it saves on a breakfast for five, compared with other dishes.

Cost Per 1,000 Calories



Quaker Oats, 5½c
Per 1,000 Calories



Average Meat, 45c
Per 1,000 Calories



Eggs, 70c
Per 1,000 Calories



Average Fish, 50c
Per 1,000 Calories

Breakfasts Costs		
Dish of Quaker Oats	1c	
Two Eggs	10c	
Bacon and Eggs	16c	
One Chop	12c	
Serving of Fish	8c	

See how much you can save on breakfasts by serving Quaker Oats. Your folks will be better fed. The costlier foods, which are also needed, can be served at dinner, and the breakfast saving will help cut the cost.

Proper nutrition and proper economy call on housewives to consider these things.

Quaker Oats

World-Famed for Flavor

Millions of people the world over have been won to Quaker Oats. We flake them from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. This extra flavor means extra delight, and at no added cost.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South
Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

Gay Garments for Outdoor Maids

By Elisabeth May Blondel



Both of the little caps illustrated above are crocheted with white cotton. The filet cap with its dainty floral design is quite a simple one to make. The other cap of Irish crochet is a bit more difficult, although the work is simplified as much as possible by the tiny roses being made separate, then sewed in place to form the cunning wreaths. White Saxony wool is used for the filet sacque, which is made entirely of open meshes except for the solid blocks used to form a background for the bewitching little rambler roses made of pink and green silk floss. See Editor's Note below.



Knitted sweaters for youngsters and flappers are illustrated above. While entirely different in design each of these has a youthfully smart style of its own. The coat sweater in ripple effect is in the 12- to 14-year size; the small sweater with ripple sleeves and peplum (with the tam) is in 3- to 4-year size; and the third model in one of the charming new open-work stitches is in 5- to 7-year size.

Editor's Note.—Directions and block patterns for crocheting the two infant's caps and sacque are printed on one leaflet, No. FW. 131. Price 15 cents. Directions for the three girls' sweaters are on one leaflet, No. FW. 132. Price 15 cents. To obtain these and money in stamps, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Address The McCall Company, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



A King and His Court



It has been said that the only throne which remains unshaken is baby's. Here reigns supreme while adoring parents seek untiringly to give him every comfort. How carefully the tender, flower-like skin must be bathed,—what gentle treatment is necessary if the scalp is to be kept healthy, and the hair soft and silky. Mothers know all this and many of the wisest use Resinol Soap. They know it is perfectly pure and will keep

baby wholesome and sweet,—at the same time tending to prevent rashes and chafing.

Besides being so effective for King Baby, mothers find Resinol Soap delightful for preserving and improving their own complexions. Use it as directed and see if you cannot feel how much easier the pores breathe, after being refreshed by its soothing, cleansing ingredients.

For the daily bath Father declares there is nothing more stimulating. He also says Resinol Shaving Stick is the best ever because it leaves his face free from the dry, burning, after-shaving effects.

RESINOL SOAP

At all drug and toilet goods counters. Trial Free.
Dept. 4-B, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.





Why Men Change Their Ideas on Baked Beans



Ask the Doctor

He will say that home-baked beans are unfit.

They are under-baked, very hard to digest. Yet the baking crisps and bursts them.



Van Camp's Beans

Baked so they easily digest, yet mellow, whole and nut-like. Baked with a sauce which gives every granule zest.

When we were boys, sawing wood or playing outdoors, any food tasted good. And any baked beans would digest.

When men work indoors, foods need to be tempting. And beans must be baked to digest.

Win Them Back

Baked Beans form our national dish. They are hearty, delicious, and they take the place of meat.

If your folks don't eat them often, win them back.

Serve them Van Camp's.

Van Camp's Beans are selected by analysis. They are boiled in water freed from minerals, so the skins are tender.

They are baked in steam ovens—baked for hours at high heat—so they easily digest. Yet the beans are not crisped or broken.

Scientific Cooks

The dish is prepared by culinary experts, college trained. They have spent years to bring it to perfection.

The sauce is a rare creation, and they bake it with the beans. Every atom shares its tang and zest.

The beans are baked in sealed containers, so the flavor can't escape.

Compare Van Camp's with other kinds, home-baked or factory-baked. See what a master dish we have for you, ready for quick serving.

Find them out. It will change your whole conception of Baked Beans.

VAN CAMP'S Pork and Beans

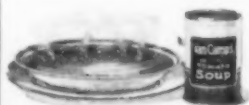
Three sizes, to serve 3, 5 or 10

Baked With the Van Camp Sauce—Also Without It

Other Van Camp Products Include

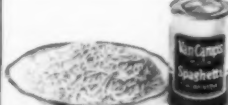
Soups Evaporated Milk Spaghetti Peanut Butter
Chili Con Carne Catsup Chili Sauce, etc.

Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis



Van Camp's Tomato Soup

A famous French recipe given multiplied delights by scientific cookery.



Van Camp's Spaghetti

The best Italian recipe made up with the rarest ingredients.



Van Camp's Peanut Butter

A new grade made with blended nuts. All skins, all germs removed.



The Innocent Adventuress

[Continued from page 14]

"And what are you doing, at six in the morning, hunting for a foreign-looking girl?"

"Oh, it's the darndest luck!" Johnny broke out explosively. "We—we got lost last night, going to a picnic on Old Baldy—and then we got separated—"

"How?"

"How?" Johnny stared back at Barry Elder and found something oddly fixed and challenging in that young man's eyes.

"Why how—how does anyone get separated?" he threw back querulously.

"I can't imagine—especially when one is responsible for a young girl."

"Gosh, Barry, you're talking like a grandmother. Aren't you going to give me anything to eat? What's the matter with you, anyway?" Then, as he confronted the queer coldness of Barry's gaze: "Has she been here? You've seen her? Has she—has she told you anything?"

Barry drew the door closer behind him. "I think you had better—" he invited.

"Oh, all right—all right! I've nothing to conceal." Then very quickly he veered from anger into confidence.

"Here's the whole story—and there's nothing to it. She's crazy—crazy with her foreign notions, I tell you. At first, I thought she was trying to put something over on me, but I guess she's just genuinely crazy. We were up there on the mountain. We'd lost the others—no fault of ours, Barry—and we found we'd have to make a night of it. We were just worn out and going in circles. And she—I give you my word I didn't do a thing—she just took on and raved about my marrying her and blew me up when I said I hadn't asked her, and when I tried to get shelter in a little old shack we'd stumbled on, she just up and bolted. She—"

"You say she asked you to marry her?"

"Yes, she did. Just like that—out of a clear sky."

"You hadn't said a word to her about it?"

Johnny Byrd's face changed unhappily. His sunburned warmth deepened brick-red. "Why no—not about marrying. Oh, she pretended she thought I'd been proposing to her—as if a few friendly words and a little half-kiss meant anything like that. I'll own I was gone on her, but when she was taking marriage for granted right off, it sounded too much like a hold-up."

"A hold-up?"

"Oh, thumbscrews, you know—the same old crowding to the altar. I hadn't done anything, I tell you, but it looked as if she thought our being there was something that she could use—you don't know what things have been tried on me before—but I own, now, she was just going according to her foreign ways. She must have been half scared to death. And she—she is pretty crazy about me—"

"I am not pretty crazy about you, Johnny Byrd!"

The door behind Barry was wrenched from his fingers and flung violently open, and Maria Angelina appeared upon the threshold, a defiant little figure.

"I am despising you for a coward and a flirt. You make love to girls you do not mean to marry; you get lost in woods and then refuse the marriage that any gentleman, even an indifferent gentleman, would offer—and then you treat me like a savage! You bully and try to force your way into the actual room of shelter with me!"

"You see!" Johnny waved his hand helplessly toward her, and looked appealingly at Barry Elder for a gleam of masculine right-mindedness. "She—she wanted me to stay out in the rain, Barry!"

"But as it was, she stayed out in the rain, and you slept in the shelter."

"She ran, I'm telling you. I couldn't chase her forever in the dark, could I? I tried to track her as soon as it got a little light and I could see where she'd been sliding and slipping along—"

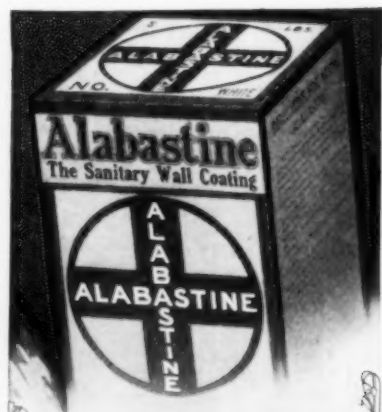
Barry Elder turned toward the girl. "And that's the whole story, Signorina? That's all there is to it?"

"All?" Maria Angelina echoed bewilderedly. It seemed to her that she had related the destruction of a lifetime. "All?" she repeated. "When I am destroyed? The scandal—" She stopped, calling on all her pride to keep her firm.

"I don't think you know how serious a business this is in Italy," said Barry turning to Johnny again. "There, a girl cannot even see a man alone—"

"Well, we don't need to cable it to Italy, do we?" Johnny demanded in disgust. "It

[Continued on page 27]



The Package of Beautiful Interiors

None genuine without the cross and circle printed in red

WHENEVER you see beautiful walls, know that Alabastine was used. And if you employ a decorator tell him to bring Alabastine in original packages with the cross and circle in red on each.

Alabastine

Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

For Alabastine is sanitary, durable, artistic, and gives you exact tints to harmonize with furnishings and rugs. Alabastine, a dry powder, is best for new walls or old—any interior surface—over plaster, wallboard, paint, burlap, canvas, or even old wall paper where it is fast, has no raised figures and contains no aniline dyes. Just mix with water and apply with a suitable wall brush—results are sure to be pleasing.

Write for Free Color Chart

Our free chart shows latest fashionable wall colors. Our decorating department, without charge, will assist in the selection of the most appropriate wall treatment. If you have a decorating problem let us advise you.

PRICES

5-lb. package white Alabastine . . . 75c
5-lb. package tinted Alabastine . . . 80c
Special deep shades (No. 33 dark green; No. 38 deep brown) . . . 95c



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Your Local Dealer is
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The Cot of Many Uses

In the City—the Country—or the Camp—

as an emergency bed in the Home when unexpected guests arrive, or in case of sickness; for occasional outings; for "outdoor" sleeping on porch in hot weather; for the camp or summer cottage—there are many uses for "Gold Medal" Folding Cots.

Light, strong, comfortable; compact when folded; quickly set up and taken down.

Every Family Should Have One

Sold by Furniture, Hardware, Sporting Goods Dealers—and Tent-Makers—everywhere. Write for complete catalog.

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GOLD MEDAL Furniture For Home and Camp

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on the most beautiful range ever made. I can do it. Send for my big catalog—get wholesale Direct to You! factory prices on stoves, ranges, furnaces, oil and gas ranges, refrigerators, washing machines, etc. All the best. Cash or 6 months. Write today.

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We have all kinds of BEADS for

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Send stamp for descriptive catalog and prices.
Cut glass and cut metal beads for the new French fashions.
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Sellers. Best Beading Needles. Write today.
Allen's Boston Bead Store. 100 State St. Boston, Mass.

They Changed The Food Habits of Millions

Grain Bubbles Now the Queen Foods

Do you realize how Puffed Grains have changed children's food habits?

Think of the whole grains—millions of dishes—now served morning, noon and night. And all displace a lesser food.

The food cells are all exploded by Prof. Anderson's process. Every granule is fitted to digest. So countless children now get in plenty the 16 whole-grain elements.

Made Tempting

Whole grains are now exploded—puffed to eight times normal size.

They come as airy bubbles, flimsy, flaky, nut-like in their taste.

They seem food confections. Children revel in them. Yet they are whole grains cooked as never before—the ideal form of grain food.

The milk dish is more popular. Breakfasts are more delightful. Bedtime is more welcome. And millions of children are being better fed.

All because Prof. Anderson invented this way to puff grains.



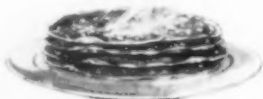
With Cream and Sugar or in Bowls of Milk

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice Corn Puffs

All Steam-Exploded

Also Puffed Rice
Pancake Flour

Serve with cream and sugar. Float in bowls of milk. Mix with your fruits. Use like nut-meats in home candy making and as wafers in your soups. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children after school. These are all-hour foods, for they easily digest.

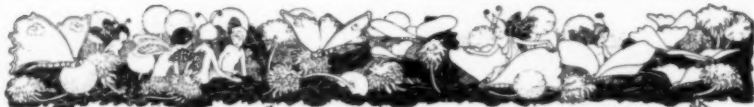


Pancakes that Taste Like Nut-Cakes

Now we mix ground Puffed Rice with an ideal pancake mixture—a self-raising flour. The airy granules of Puffed Rice make the pancakes fluffy and the flavor makes them nutty. You can make the finest pancakes ever tasted with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Try it.



Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs in Every Dish of Fruit



The Innocent Adventuress

[Continued from page 27]

knew it—you had a right to know it. I was gone on you from the moment I first saw you—you were so—different—and so—different. Only, last night you were so funny and sudden and all—and I was so mad and disgusted and grouchy—and I—I didn't know how much I cared myself. Look here, forget it, will you, and begin again?"

"Begin what again?"

"Well, don't begin, then. Let's finish. Let's get married. I do want you, Ri-Ri—I want you like the very deuce. After you had gone—"

"Do you mean this?"

"Every word. That's what I was planning to say to you, all the time I was running down the mountain this morning. And last night, if you'd only gone at me differently—will you, Ri-Ri?"

"I should like you," said Maria Angelina, in her clear, implacable little voice, "to say that again, Signor Byrd, if you are in earnest."

"Oh, all right. Come here, Barry. I'm asking Ri-Ri to marry me, and we'll announce the engagement any time she says."

"Thank you," said Maria Angelina. "I will think about it and let you know. Now please go."

"Well, of all the—"

"Come on—let her alone now," cut in Barry with a certain savage energy. "We must be off. Go in and get some sleep," he called back to Maria Angelina, and waved his hand gaily. But there was no laughter in his face.

Over the hill went Johnny, and then down the trail to the right and into a grove of pines. Up to the left went Barry, then retraced his steps and craned his neck and looked down the way the other had gone. Seeing nothing, hearing nothing, he turned briskly about and hurried back over the path by which he had come.

Maria Angelina, instead of succumbing to the mortal heaviness upon her, instead of closing the hot eyes that burned in her head, reentered the cabin, cleared the table, washed the dishes and restored them to the shelves. Then shyly, almost tenderly, she rearranged the pipes and books and tobacco and bait upon the mantel.

"Maria Angelina," said a voice from the open doorway. She turned with a catch at her heart.

It had taken Barry Elder a long time to retrace his steps. Twice he had stopped in deep thought. Once he had pulled a much-creased letter from his pocket. It was dated a week before at Bar Harbor, and concluded with an invitation—and a question. Then he had drawn out a little photograph of a very fair young girl. He had stared at it in a puzzled way, for, though it was a very beautiful picture, he had lost his inclination to keep on looking at it. Not because it hurt him—it didn't trouble him in the least. But the magic was gone out of it.

Once more he had looked, just to make sure that the thing he felt—and didn't feel—was indubitably true, then he had straightened his shoulders as if a burden had fallen from them, and had quickened his steps toward the cabin.

Maria turned upon him a face of rosy surprise, but her fingers lingered at the mantelpiece.

"For what are these pickled frogs?" she demanded.

An utter blankness filled Barry's eyes—then they lighted with comprehension. "For bait—not food, even in my most desperate

moments. . . . Maria Angelina, are you going to marry him?"

The rosy sparkle was swept out of her. She looked suddenly harassed, stubborn, almost furtive.

"I do not know."

"You do not know?"

There was something in the young man's voice that made her straighten and meet his glance with quick denial. "Oh, it is not that I care for him!"

"Then why think of marrying him?"

"It may be—needful."

"Not after this story."

"It is not that—now." Doggedly she forced herself to meet his combative look. "It is because of—of Julietta."

"Julietta! And who the deuce is Julietta?"

"Oh, she is my sister, the second one—I am number three. I told you about her last night. And she is not pretty . . . but she is so good and so dear . . . yet she will never marry unless she has a large dowry, and there is nothing in her life if she does not marry. And there is no money for a large dowry, but only a little bit for her and a little bit for me. And so they sent me on this visit to America, for here the men do not ask dowries, and what was saved on me would go for Julietta—and now—"

In an odd voice Barry offered: "You think it your duty—because Byrd is rich—"

"I know it is my duty," she gave back, goaded to desperation, "but I do not think I can endure it. He is now—he is—like your cake, Signor, of a nothingness to me within!"

Very abruptly Barry turned from her; he drove his hands deep into his pockets and strode across the room and back, and then brought up directly before her.

"Maria Angelina," he said softly, "how old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"How many men have you known?"

"You, first, Signor, then those others here."

He was silent; then, "But you did care for him," he said accusingly. "You kissed him."

Her eyes drooped, her cheeks flamed, and he saw her lips quiver—those soft, sensitive lips of hers that seemed to breathe tender warmth and perfume of a flower.

"No, Signor, it was he that kissed me—and without my consent! I did not kiss him—never, never, never!"

"Is there such a difference—?"

"But there is all the difference—"

"Maria Angelina, you are sure that to kiss a man yourself, to kiss him deliberately, unmistakably upon the lips, is a final, irrevocable seal and ultimate surrender, and that if you do not marry a man whom you have so kissed, you would be no better than a worthless deceiver, an outrageous flirt, an abandoned trifter—"

She looked at him imploringly. His eyes were oddly dancing; his lips were curved in an eager, boyish smile. The wind was blowing back the curly locks of hair from his face, giving it the look of a victorious runner, arrived at some rare goal.

"But yes—of a truth—" she stammered, not daring to trust a sudden rush of happiness, a secret singing within. . . .

"Then, Maria Angelina," said he, gaily, adoringly, "Maria Angelina, you little darling of the gods, come here instantly and kiss me—me. For I am never going to let you go again."

[THE END]

Knave of Diamonds

[Continued from page 5]

she took off her chest while I was watchin' that you could give away libraries with. And rings—and a bracelet—and I bet the buckles on her shoes were up to sample. Diamonds, Pony—an' not twenty feet away as I stood!"

Mr. Neuman had removed his cigar from his lips to listen to this catalog. "Thank God I never was a thief," he said, and replaced it with a motion of impatient contempt, proudly conscious that his own claims to a livelihood were securely based upon a rare proficiency in games of chance and a memory like a card-index for black-mailable scandals.

"What of it?" said James Smith. "Every man to his own trade—that's in the Bible, isn't it? And I tell you, after trying the fashionable kid-glove business with all that crowd of aristocratic icebergs,

it fairly warmed my heart to be up against the real old stuff again. Like comin' back to a good old steak an' fried, after a year of restaurant plate-scrappings à la Duchesse, an' that kind o' bilge. Yes, it was!"

"Well, there she was, strippin' 'em off and droppin' 'em into a little drawer in the upper part of the table; an' there was me, coiled round the edge of the door for anybody to see that I was along the corridor. But before I could get just had to see which of 'em was the lot of mantel-ornaments st. . . . in as far as I dared; old . . . was still playin' with w. . . . and in a minute she . . . I could see her face in the . . . without a sound, I got back . . . took a note o' the number o' . . ."

[Continued on page 28]



The pattern on floor below is Congoleum Art-Rug No. 364. The 6 x 9 foot size retails at \$9.75.

WHAT a charming room! "You'd just know Etbel had arranged it all. I never saw anyone like Etbel for getting beautiful effects without being extravagant.

"Those window drapes—that cretonne-bottomed chair—the lamp shades—she's given them all a magic touch that makes them look as if they belonged to this room!

"And the rug—I wonder where she got that attractive rug!"

NO wonder the guest exclaims! But her hostess' explanation is simple. The secret of this interior is the Congoleum Art-Rug. It suits this little guest room to a "T"—neat, cozy, and beautifully spotless!

House cleaning ceases to be a burdensome, wearing task when the floors are covered with Congoleum ^{Gold Seal} Art-Rugs. A damp mop removes every speck of dirt from these waterproof rugs in short order.

Because they respond to quick treatment,

they are enormously popular with the modern housewife.

Congoleum ^{Gold Seal} Art-Rugs are laid on the floor without the least trouble—no hammer or tacks—they lie flat without fastening, and have the distinct advantage of not curling up at the edges.

Add to these qualities their low price and their long wear and you have the secret of their success in the home.

They are made in the following popular sizes and in patterns for every room in the house:

3 feet x 4½ feet \$2.40	7½ feet x 9 feet \$11.85
3 feet x 6 feet 3.20	9 feet x 9 feet 14.25
6 feet x 9 feet 9.75	9 feet x 10½ feet 16.60
	9 feet x 12 feet \$19.00

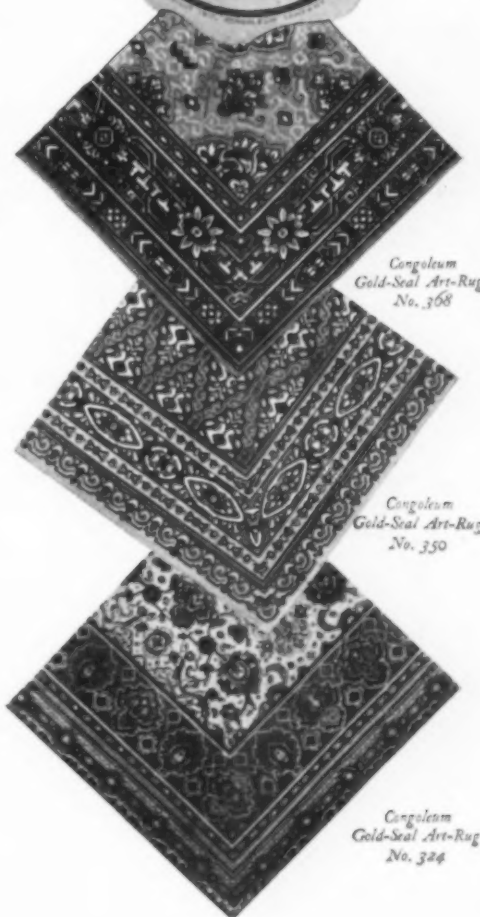
Prices in the Far West and South average 15% higher than those quoted; in Canada prices average 25% higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

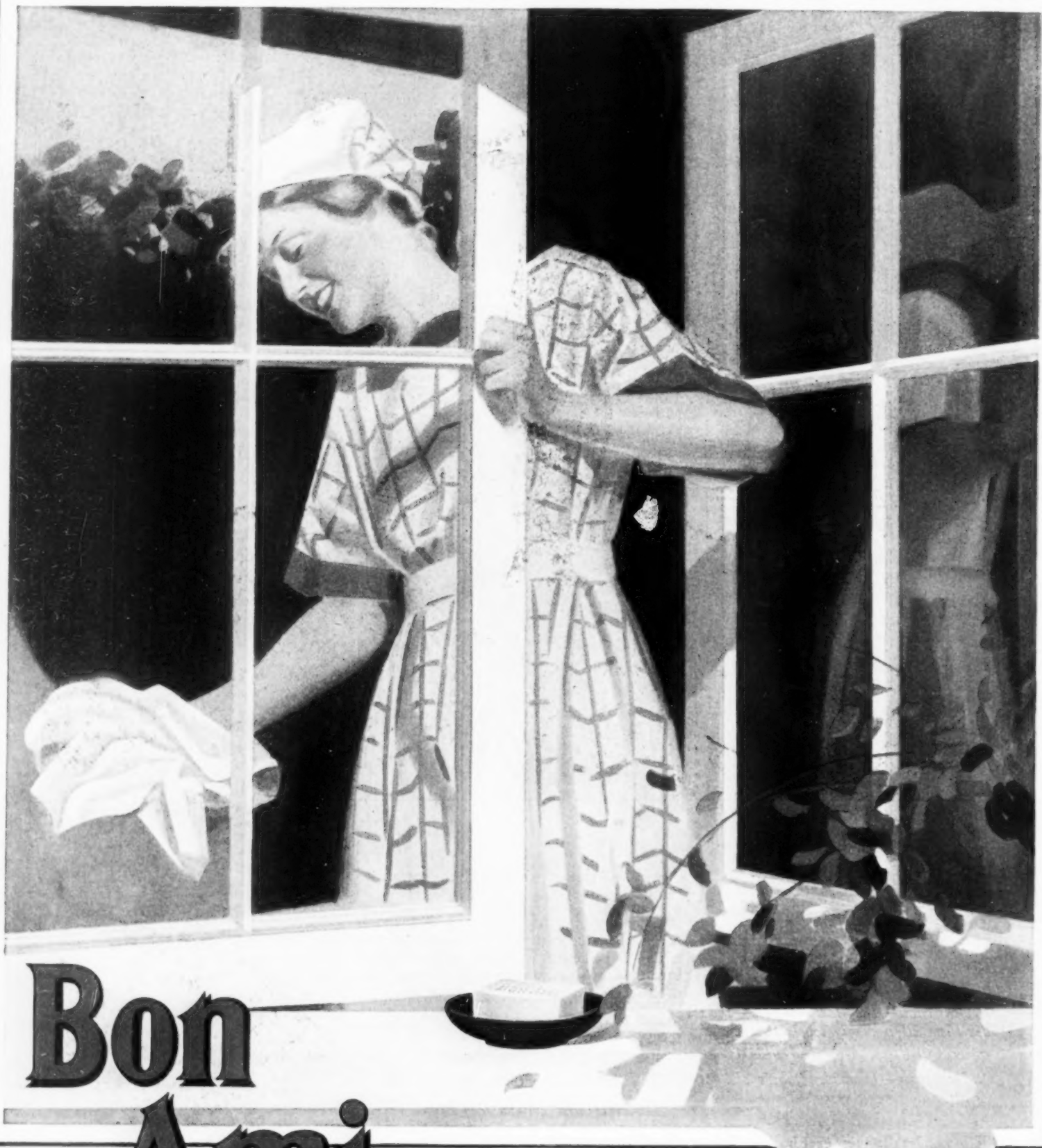
Write nearest office for copy of our beautiful color chart showing all the latest patterns.

Congoleum Company
INCORPORATED

PHILADELPHIA SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO
MINNEAPOLIS DALLAS MONTREAL

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
ART-RUGS





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—makes windows invisible!

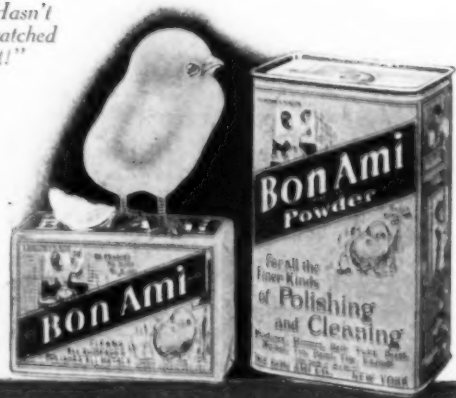
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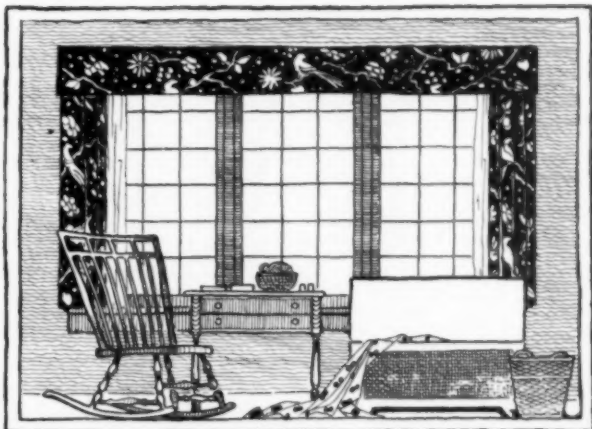


The Ideal Sewing-Room

by
Grace Norton Rosé

THE average American family may seem to be a long while "growing up," but once the eldest boy struggles into fashionably-tight long trousers, or the eldest girl begins to plead for a place in which to entertain her friends, it is the beginning of the end of the "growing up" period. From then on, things may be said to happen rapidly. It is then that the changes occur. Either the fledgling family demand large and newer quarters, or else boarding-schools and colleges, business interests, or marriage unite to break up the family unit, and the crowded quarters of the "growing up" days exist no longer.

When the daughters have revolted and won their way, then it is "Mother's" turn to take a little adventure all of her own. Now, is the time for that much-wished-for sewing-room. She is, perhaps, having the house done over, or building or moving into a larger dwelling, and she has vowed that no longer shall youngest daughter's half-finished party frocks crowd her own not too roomy closet, and the family's darning and mending heap her sewing-table, or require a whole drawer of that chest she would like to use for her own best blouses. Mother's room has always been the overflowing receptacle for all the uncanny requisites of sewing-days. The sewing-machine claims a sunny window, and the Judy's stiff and unbeautiful figure occupies a corner. Here are dumped the materials as they come from the shops; a large box of paper patterns is kept on the shelf in mother's closet; extra pieces of



Getting at the sewing early is no task when one can sit in a sun-flooded room

First, let her select her room with care. It must have plenty of light, adequate heat, and certainly a bit of sun if it is to be a room that may be used as an overnight sleeping-apartment for extra guests, and yet have none of the depressing, temporary look about it.

Its color will go a long way in giving it a good start. Walls and woodwork of a neutral gray-green, with the objectionable furniture painted this same color, makes for a restful atmosphere. Thin curtains cut the glare, while a touch of cheerful cretonne about the room will transform it charmingly. A comfortable couch with a colorful cushion or two (a cot with a washable slip-cover with ruffled valance of the cretonne is suitable), not only does duty for the guest-bed, but serves as a quiet spot in

and tacked on the inside of the glass doors, are in keeping. Judy may be tucked away in the closet, in the further corner, and from the pole that holds the coat-hangers a discreet curtain of a washable material, hung in front, may hide her completely. Mother will put slip-covers on the hangers for all new and half-finished frocks, and push them back to make room for the guest's belongings. There should be room to spare on the closet-shelf for her best hat or her furs, if she keeps them nicely boxed.

Attach, if it seems wise, to the side of the built-in shelves or the old bookcase, a patent wall ironing-board—one that folds down close when not in use, and raises up and out with a folding-leg to support the other end when needed, and locate it near an electric socket. Let her keep the electric iron, its stand, and a bit of wax on the adjacent shelves. The ironing-board, when folded flat, may have a slip-cover pulled over it, or being on the far side of the shelves will be concealed by them.

MOTHER will want at least two easy chairs. Many an old, shabby, but comfortable one, has been made a thing of beauty by a home-made slip-cover of cretonne finished with a ruffle about the legs. By all means, she must have a cutting-table of generous dimensions, so that the dining-table will not have to be utilized. A large kitchen-table, painted, and hung with cretonne, instead of the dressing-table closet for the sewing-machine, will do and serve twofold. A long glass, set in the room door or in the closet door, is almost indispensable.

Put a small tea-table in the room, near the door, where mother may keep it cleared just for "tea and things." There is nothing more utterly refreshing to jaded sewing-nerve than the afternoon cup with the bit of relaxation that goes with it.

She will need only a tiny washable rug in the room and will keep the floor brushed up or have a small sewing-sheet to spread out if necessary. Let her use a shirtwaist box (if it is of matting, paint it like the rest of the room) for the family's undarned stockings and general mending. An old chest of drawers will be



Soft, roomy chairs and ironing-boards are usually incompatible; here they are separated only by a bookcase, yet they keep in perfect harmony

muslin and odds and ends of trimming repose there, as well as a box of colored sewing-silks that has a weird way of tumbling down upon her devoted head when she reaches for the bandbox in which is her very best hat.

SHE will put up with it no longer. She will have the ideal sewing-room that she has always desired; on this is she determined. But it shall not be like other sewing-rooms—no one could mistake the average one. The stupidest chairs collect there, the one piece of golden-oak furniture that will not go anywhere else, the cutting-table, the ironing-board, and the sewing-machine, that ugly but so useful article, are all in evidence! One wonders how the usual sewing-room ever came to exist.

But we are going to consider the ideal sewing-room—the one mother has dreamed about. She may have achieved a charming bedchamber by strict enforcement of her rights—pier-glass, mahogany beds, reading light, chintz, cushions and all—but she still regards her sewing-room with something like aversion, be she ever so clever with her needle and the manipulation of fabrics.

What casual guest would not enjoy completing her toilette at this cleverly improvised dressing-table, or sipping her tea, snugly curled up on the cot day-bed?



which to snatch a moment's rest. A packing-case on end, with coverings and curtain of cretonne, can be used as a skeleton closet for the sewing-machine. This, with the curtains dropped before it, a mirror hung over it and a few dressing-table appointments set out, will serve a double purpose.

The golden-oak bookcase, by all means, should be utilized. When painted, its shelves will hold innumerable boxes of notions and necessary odds and ends. Curtains hung before it, or if it is glazed, a soft fabric in a plain color gathered on tapes

found an excellent addition to the room. If there is a sloping ceiling she may have, built in under the eaves, long, capacious drawers that pull out, and will hold dress-materials, ripped-up stuffs, trimmings and remnants of all sorts. Winter clothing may be stored here, and any disused garments. A small compartment for cleaning-fluid and cloths will be found useful. Paper patterns may lay on shelves in the bookcase.

A growing plant, a charming print, and a prettily shaded lamp, will complete the room and make it most desirable.



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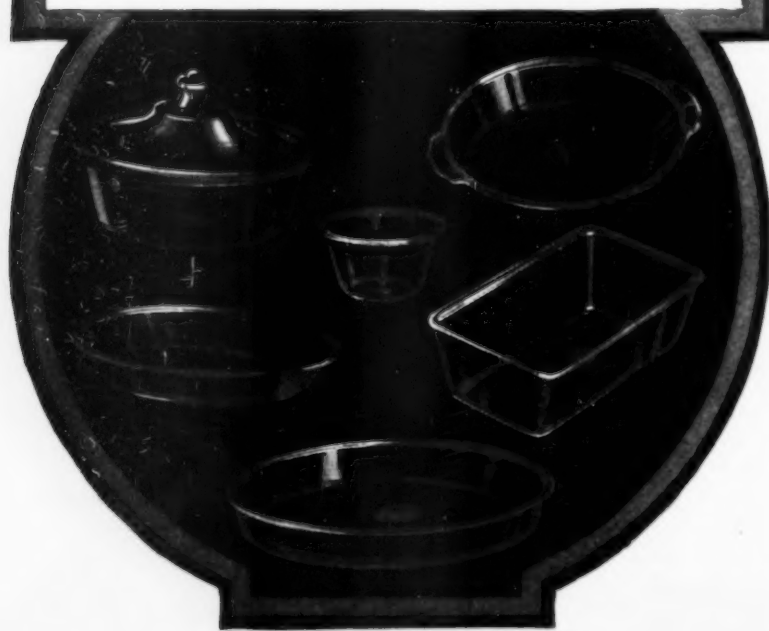
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The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., was established to keep our readers in close touch with the Government. This month we plan to acquaint you with some of the best of the Government home and garden booklets. The Bureau will be pleased to obtain for you, as long as the edition lasts, copies of some of the booklets described below; the other booklets may be obtained as directed. When writing to our Bureau, always enclose a two-cent stamp with your request for booklets or information, to cover part of the Bureau's expenses.

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Care of the Baby

THIS booklet, issued by the United States Public Health Service, was prepared by the American Association for the Study and Prevention of Infant Mortality. It contains general suggestions for the care and feeding of infants, weaning, mixed feeding, bottle feeding, precautions to be observed in preparing baby's food, clothing, sleep, bathing and diseases. Our Washington Bureau will obtain a copy for you on request.

Home-made Milk Refrigerator

THIS booklet describes and gives directions for making a milk refrigerator. The use of such a simply constructed ice-box is economical and, moreover, protects the baby. Keeping the baby's milk bottle in an ordinary refrigerator containing a small piece of ice makes the milk an unsafe food, as the temperature in these boxes is often 55 to 60 degrees. A very small piece of ice a day will keep milk in this home-made milk refrigerator at 40 degrees. Get a copy of this booklet from our Washington Bureau.

Good Milk Drinks

GOOD DRINKS MADE OF MILK," is the title of a little booklet issued by the Dairy Division of the Bureau of Animal Industry. It contains recipes for drinks which the department describes as "Kickless, but full of punch." If you like milk, you will probably enjoy these milk drinks. A copy of this booklet may be obtained by asking for Department Circular 72, and Addressing the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Gardening in the North

GARDENING IN THE NORTH," is a booklet issued by the Bureau of Plant Industry, which contains a wealth of garden information. It deals with the location, plan and arrangement of the garden, time of planting, fertilizers, seed sowing, transplanting, cultivation, irrigation, and special cultural hints for various garden crops. Send for this booklet and get the most out of your garden. Ask for F. B. 937, and address the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Gardening in the South

THE Bureau of Plant Industry hopes with the booklet, "Gardening in the South," to increase home gardening in that section. Location, plan and arrangement of a home garden, the soil and its preparation, manures and fertilizers, the seeds and plants to use, and a brief description of the specific methods of handling the more important vegetables particularly suited to the South are all considered. A copy of this booklet may be obtained by asking for F. B. 934; address the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

City and Town Lot Gardening

THIS booklet is intended primarily for those who garden in back-yards and vacant city lots, and for persons who are inexperienced in gardening. It contains suggestions for the preparation of the soil, the starting of plants, and the cultivation and care of all the more important garden crops. Get a copy of this booklet from the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for F. B. 936.

Garden Insects and Diseases

CONTAINING, as it does, directions for the control of the most common insects and diseases of the home vegetable garden, this booklet will help you become familiar with the ones known to occur in your locality. Ask for F. B. 856; address the Division of Publications, Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.



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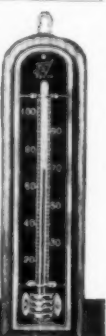
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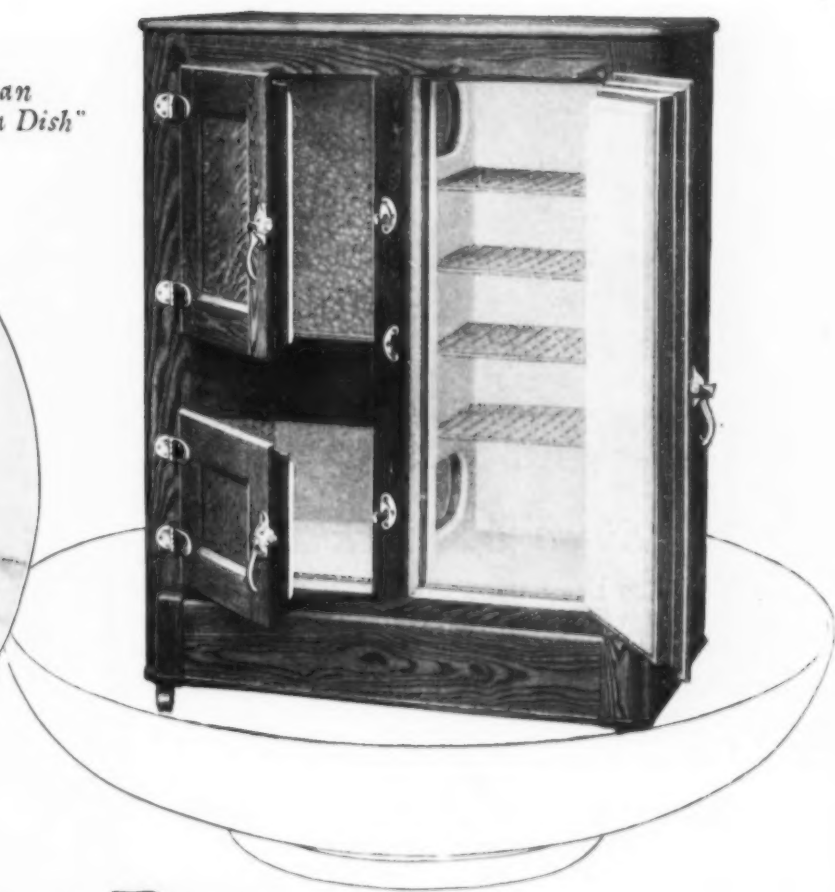
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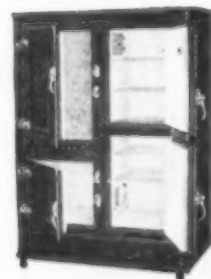
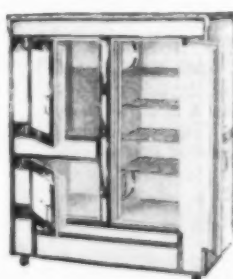
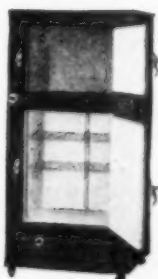
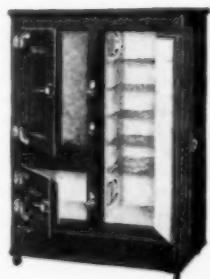
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Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring



Knave of Diamonds

(Continued from page 28)

"I walked on to the stairs again and turned and walked back in time to meet Scratch-and-cackle as she came along toward the elevator. I wanted to make sure, an' I did. I'd seen the pair of 'em about the place, always together, an' I figured it out that Scratch-and-cackle was a sort of poor relation or lady-companion to the younger one. She always called her Chérie and the other called her Julie. She was a woman gettin' on to forty, I'd say, with a brown face wrinkled like a walnut-shell, an' always dressed in black. An' now and again in the evenings I'd seen her at the tables, punting in five-franc pieces; that was her way of 'tasting the fresh air,' I guess, while Chérie was sittin' alone at home.

"Chérie was Mademoiselle de Something-or-other; the whole thing was so simple that I never bothered to get that name right or make any inquiries about her. Lord, an' to think that the first question I'd asked anybody about her would ha' put me right! She was a middle-sized sort of girl and it seemed as if Julie never let her go out alone. Good-lookin', too, in a pale dreamy sort o' style, with a way of sittin' starin' straight in front of her as though she was lookin' a million miles off. And if ever she spoke to one o' the other o' the crowd, they just fell over themselves to do the agreeable to her. I'm not much on women, Pony, but the notion of leavin' that poor young thing all alone with those diamonds, with me goin' after them—well, I thought it was pitiful.

"I got 'em next evening. When the two of 'em came upstairs, I was outside the window on the balcony. I'd paid my bill; I didn't want to have more inquiries than I could help; my baggage was at the station; and with luck I counted on gettin' through to Paris here before the stuff was missed. I heard Julie givin' her world-famous farmyard imitations an' I got a glimpse through the curtain of Chérie in her great jewel-shedding act. Then they kiss, and Julie leads Chérie through the door into the parlor of the suite, comes frisking out again and leaves. I give her time to remember anything she's left behind and come back for it, and then I come.

"The door to the parlor was on the latch and there was nothing to be heard from the other side of it. There wasn't much more to be heard on mine. The little drawer came open without a squeak or a jerk and the stuff was right in it.

"It was like havin' money given to you. The dog-collar, the star, the bracelet and half a dozen rings, besides a little watch that was just a crust of diamonds and some trash of that sort—I got the lot. I nearly laughed as I gathered 'em in—laughed at myself for thinkin' my luck wasn't the best in the world. I s'pose I was a bit excited for the moment; there was pretty well half a million francs' worth o' stuff there; and I didn't have my eyes round me like I'd ought to.

"I straightened up to stow 'em away in my pockets when the door behind me—the door of the parlor where Chérie was—gave a little click as someone laid hold of the handle. I spun round, you bet; and there she was, lookin' straight at me. I hadn't covered my face up; I wasn't workin' things that way; and I had to think quick.

"Who—who are you, please?" she asks. "I didn't answer, and she steps forward, calm as a queen, and puts out a hand to lay hold of me. I nearly fell over backwards with astonishment at the cheek of her."

"And you, I s'pose," said Mr. Neuman, "took her carefully by the neck an' broke it. You always were a brute, James."

"I wish I had," replied James Smith, sadly. "It would ha' been easy; her neck wasn't much thicker than your arm. But instead o' that, I just swung round and brushed her off her feet, so she went down in a heap in the doorway and her head bumped against the wall. 'Out o' my way!' I said, and then I left."

"I judged the bump had knocked her out, 'cos I didn't hear any noise or bells ringin' as I went down and everything was the usual way, below. But since I'd been seen, I reckoned I'd got to hurry. My baggage was at the station and I'd got my berth for Paris; but that was no use to me now, since the Paris train didn't leave till midnight and all the police would have to do was call at the station and get me. I went out to the garden, got through the hedge an' set out to walk to Nice. An' I walked fast, too. Marseilles is what I was aimin' at; you can get anywhere from Marseilles.

"Well, I got there; me an' my half-million francs' worth of diamonds; and

since I was done with the best society for life and didn't want to take up with the police, I put up at old Mother Fréjus' wine-shop down on the west side of the harbor. I needed quiet and comfort; and if there's anybody in France who knows her way about, it's that old she-crook down there. I wanted money, too, an' you can always get about ten per cent. of the worth of your stuff from old Mother Fréjus."

"I never heard of her," said Mr. Neuman. "I don't need to know people like that."

"I do!" retorted James Smith. "And I was bloomin' glad to see the old hag again after all I'd been through with those blue-blooded refrigerators at Monte. Worth payin' to look at, old Mother Fréjus is! It's a real wine-shop she keeps, mainly for sailors and such, and there she sits in her little pulpit-place with her big blond wig and her big false teeth and her paint and powder and scent—she's sixty if she's a day—and her necklaces and rings and brooches, which are worth a million if they're worth half a franc—which they ain't! And in all her days she never told the truth to a policeman nor a lie to a chap in distress."

"When she sees me, she beckons her fat daughter-in-law to take her place and hobbles ahead of me on her high heels to the room at the back. She shut the door and turned on me."

"Eh bien, mon fils!" she croaked. She's got a voice like a saw-mill when she talks loud, and like a crow when she doesn't. "What is it this time? Murder?"

"I laughed at her; but she didn't laugh back. Her old mask of a face with the paint standing on it in ridges, stayed hard and serious."

"No," I told her, "it's not! Lock the door, Mother, an' I'll show you what it is."

"And when she's done it, I got out the stuff tied up in a handkerchief, and poured it out on the table."

"She bent over it and put her face down as if she was goin' to smell it, poring over it. 'Tiens!' she said—like that, 'tiens!'"

"Presently, when she's pawed it all over and fingered every stone of it and I'd told her how I landed it, she began to talk business. For all her paint and her wig, there was a kind of grand seriousness about her."

"My son," she said, "this is a very splendid and dangerous find of yours, and it is a pity not to take it to Paris. For there, in Paris, is the great Herr Zuckerbaum, who buys everything and pays well; while here, we are poor people who do only a small business in such goods as these. But since you need money—I'd told her about that—'this little thing—I would let you have a thousand francs for this!'"

"It was a little watch she'd picked out; there was really more diamond than watch in it. I judged it was worth fifteen thousand, an' Chérie had mos' likely paid twenty. But I let it go."

"No bill when I leave, though," I said. "Certainly not," she said, dignified.

"A thousand francs and you are my guest."

"Well, I stayed on in Marseilles for ten days. The weather was fine and I was willing enough for a spell of loafin', an' Mother Fréjus got word that the police at Monte had grabbed an Italian waiter for the robbery. So after a day or two I began to spend my time an' some of the thousand francs on the Cannière. That's a great street. You know it?"

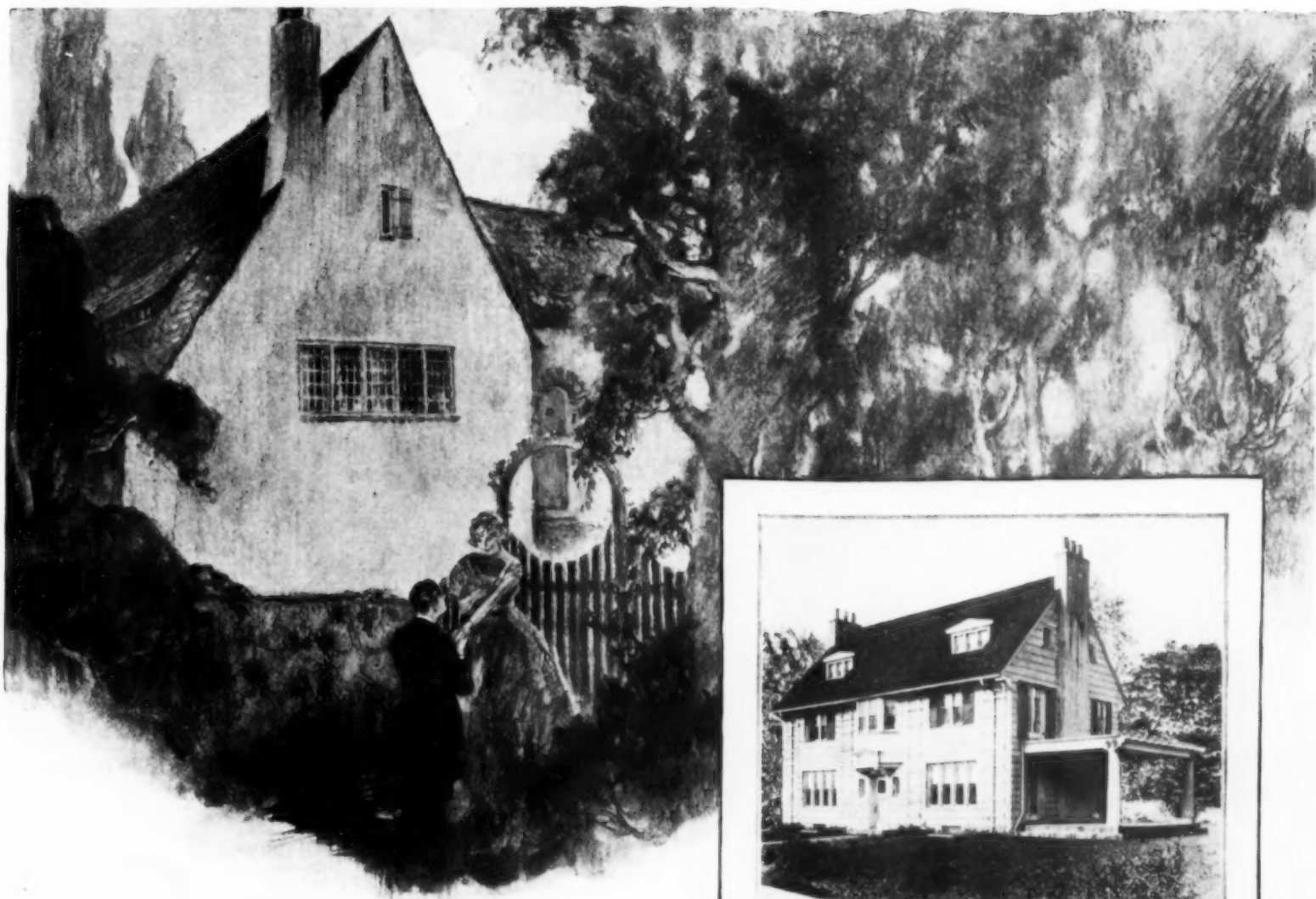
"No," said Mr. Neuman. "Nothing doing in my line in those commercial cities."

"There is in mine," said the narrator, smiling as though at a pleasing vision. "Those busy people down there have got real money, but I wasn't after it just then. Well, as I was tellin' you, I had a good enough time on the old street, an' one fine day I strolled across to the *Hôtel de Louvre* to get some lunch. Fine bouillabaisse they serve there an' I know it of old. I went in at the big door to cross the hall to wash my hands before goin' into the restaurant; there was several people standin' an' sittin' about, and I cast my eye over 'em—you know the habit you get into? And then I didn't go any further!"

"Because, just inside the door, sittin' in a basket-chair under a palm, there she was—Chérie!"

"I stared at her and she stared back at me for about as long as you'd like to count ten. She was just like when I'd seen her last and jolted her out of my way, except she was wearing different clothes—the same kind of still dreamy look born in my face. For those few seconds she could

(Continued on page 36)



Don't experiment when you build *your* home

Satisfaction can be yours before you start to build

There's an old saying that every man builds three houses before he achieves a home to his liking.

This may be a bit of an exaggeration, perhaps, but it is a fact that many, many times the finished home does prove a disappointment. It may be that your own ideas were a trifle vague, or that the architect's plans did not include everything that you wished, or some one may have blundered—whatever the reason, this home of yours has not come up to expectations.

Can you afford these costly experiments, the bitter disappointment that comes when you realize that your home is not the home of which you have dreamed? How can you be sure of satisfaction before you start to build? How can you see your home in advance?

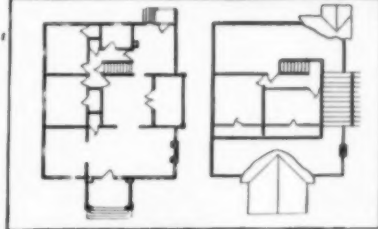
How you can see your home before you build

To help you solve your difficulties, to visualize for you how your completed home will look, the Lewis Manufacturing Company, of Bay City, has prepared a beautiful home-book, "Lewis Homes of Character," for distribution to those who plan to build. This book is the handsomest, the most complete, the most interesting and informative book on practical home-building ever offered in this way to the American public. It is an authority on homes—it tells you the things you want to know, it answers your every question.

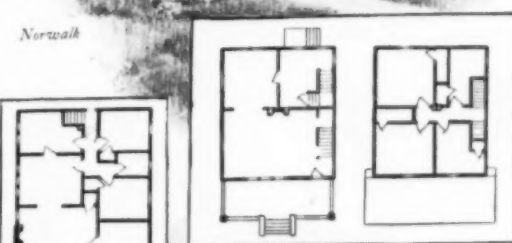
It contains page after page of photographs and drawings of homes as attractive as these shown here. From the California bungalow to the stately colonial, from the rambling, old-fashioned house with wide-flung wings to the comfort cottage for the narrowest of city lots, every type of architecture suited to home-building under American conditions is represented. The best ideas and plans of scores of leading architects have been drawn upon to compile this work. You'll find most all the quaint decorative touches you've admired in other homes. Literally thousands of homes have been viewed by Lewis Designers—you'll find the best ideas from these adapted to Lewis Homes. You'll find articles on



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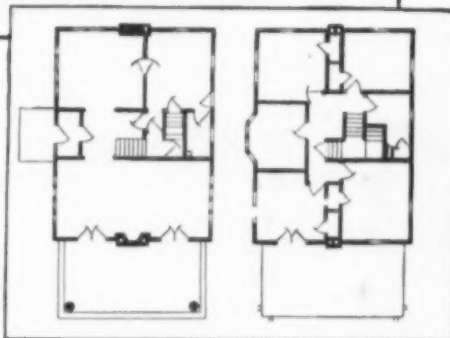
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Knave of Diamonds

[Continued from page 34]

ha' caught hold of me and squealed for help an' I couldn't ha' stopped her; but she didn't make a move. But I did! The moment I could start my heart beatin' again I was out o' that door like a ninety horse-power jack-in-the-box an' makin' tracks for Mother Fréjus'.

"It was all clear enough to me why she was there. What would a rich, fash'nable young lady like her be staying in Marseilles for at the end of the Monte season, if she hadn't been fetched there to identify me—her the only living person that could?"

"Jump for Paris!" was the advice of Mother Fréjus. So that night, with the diamonds in a belt under my shirt, I jumped.

"And it looked as if Mother Fréjus was right, too. I didn't have any trouble in gettin' away. I bought two tickets, one third class and the other first, and I took my seat in a third and stayed there till the train was a couple of hours on its way. Then I picked up the suitcase I'd bought, and started to make my way along toward where the first-class sheep were penned apart from the third-class goats.

"We were slowin' down into a little station, and I stopped to press my nose against the window to make out where we'd got to. Nearby, the door of a compartment opened and someone stood in it. And from the inside came a voice, speaking soft and sort o' complainin'.

"See if you can make out where we are, Julie!"

"An' the person standin' in the door answered, 'Yes, yes, I will see, Chérie!'

"Me! I nearly yelled with the fright of it. There was no mistakin' that soft, washed-out voice. I was a haunted man. I didn't try to go back and hide in the third class or anything foolish like that; I just tottered to the door and fell down the steps on to the platform, and hid in the shadow of a door to make sure she wasn't following me. An' it wasn't till the train had pulled out and I knew she was gone with it that I saw my new suitcase had gone too.

"Well, I won't bother you with the whole story how I got to Paris at last; but I had a time of it. I went everywhere in France except the places where you can get a meal an' a drink; an' I got here at last. All I'd got was less than a hundred francs, the address of a man who'd put me in touch with the big fence, Zuckerbaum, and the diamonds.

"It took me a couple o' days an' all the hundred francs to freshen up an' get fit for a deal, an' then I went an' dug up Mother Fréjus' old college friend an' showed him the stuff so's he would excite Zuckerbaum about it. I borrowed a couple of hundred from him on my prospects. He liked the stuff so much that I tried him for a thousand, but he wouldn't go that far."

"Course he wouldn't," said Mr. Neuman, briskly. "Nobody would!"

"Some would," protested Mr. James Smith, hopefully.

Mr. Neuman frowned thoughtfully. "Well, he got into touch with Zuckerbaum, and it was fixed that I was to go to see him and show him the stuff. He was stoppin' at the Ritz—that's the sort of style these fences keep up out of men like me that risks their lives to support 'em in the lap o' luxury—an' I was to go straight up to his room. I was to go Wednesday, yesterday, at half-past twelve, an' I promised myself faithfully that when I was done with Zuckerbaum I'd go into the restaurant an' order ham an' eggs.

"Accordingly, yesterday, sharp on time, round I go to the Ritz. There were twelve ranks of gilt-edged automobiles standin' before the door and swells and chorus-girls and fences goin' in and out. I joined myself to the gay throng and pushed for the door. Someone put an arm through mine, friendly-like and said cheerily:

"Hullo, Jim! Who'd ha' thought o' seein' you here?"

"I turned. It was Skipper Stevens, you know—Scotland Yard's Paris man. There he was, with his sharp brown face an' his little pointed beard, twinkling away at me with those eyes of his as if he'd just seen a joke an' I was the joke. I always did like Skipper Stevens.

"Don't look so scared, Jim," he said. "I don't want you for anything. Been in Berlin, haven't you?"

"It never pays to keep anything from the Skipper. 'Yes,' I said. 'Just got back.'

"He nodded. 'An' Conyers? Is he still runnin' that roulette game of his in the Tauberstrasse?"

"Still runnin'," I told him. 'An' makin' a good thing out of it, too.'

[Continued on page 37]



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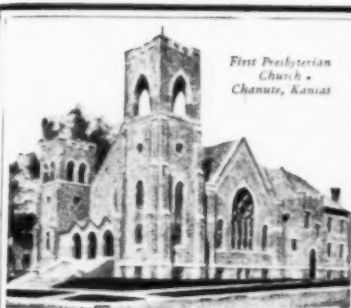
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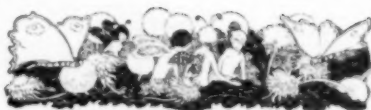
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Knave of Diamonds

(Continued from page 36)

"Remember me to him when you get back," he said. "Well, so long, Jim," and he let me go.

"You were a fool," said Mr. Neuman. "Conyers hasn't been out of Paris this year and Stevens knows it. That's an old trick."

"Oh!" James Smith stared rather blankly for a couple of moments, then he broke into an unwilling grin. "The old ferret!" he said, with reluctant admiration. "There's an old ferret for you! I might ha' known he was after something, an' it never even crossed my mind till later when I was inside."

"That was after I'd sent up my name to Zuckerbaum. 'Take a seat in the hall, please,' said a commissionaire about seven feet high. 'M. Zuckerbaum will be disengaged in a few moments.' So off I moved to the hall, saunterin'; feelin' in my pocket to make sure the stuff was there."

"There were rooms opening off the hall like big alcoves. I went to stroll past 'em, thinkin' of nothin' except that Zuckerbaum was said to pay the biggest price of any fence in the world. There were tales how he'd bought pictures in the Louvre before they were stolen an' looted crown jewels and all that gaudy kind of stuff. I was easy in my mind and happy. And just then, bein' by the openin' into the ladies' writing-room, I stepped inside to glance around."

"And there—oh, you've guessed it!—there she was! Sittin' just around the corner from the hall and turnin' to look at me as calm and dreamy as that night in her bedroom! The same peaceful dim kind o' look—something saintly, an' no more scared than I am of you. I've seen how a clock behaves when you break the spring of it? That's how my mind went! Instead o' tickin' along at its old easy gait, it fell over itself with a whirr. Skipper Stevens outside, and the girl here to swear to me, and the stuff itself—all but the little watch that Mother Fréjus had gathered in—done up in a neat parcel in my pocket. I judged I'd been herded into the trap just as neatly and tenderly as ever a man was."

"There were people outside; there wasn't a chance to do anything. She sat lookin' at me, so I decided to be done with it."

"Here!" I said to her, quiet as I could, my head over my shoulder to see I wasn't watched. "Here! I've had enough of bein' hag-ridden all over France by you. If I see you again after this it'll be your last moment—see? Catch hold!" I says, and drags out the stuff and pokes it at her.

"Her lips parted like as if she was gently surprised but she made no move to take it. A couple o' the men in the hall were comin'."

"Allons! Tenez!" I said. "Catch hold, will you?"

"And then—would you believe it!—she put out her hand just like she'd done in the bedroom, about a foot o' the packet I was holdin' out to her. She sort o' felt round in the air till she blundered up against it. Then she took hold and I let it go."

"What is it?" she asks then.

"What's the matter with you?" I said, pawing around as if you were blind?

"An' Pony, before she answered, it all flashed on me. She was stone-blind!

"There hadn't been any trap or any man-hunt; she couldn't have identified me nor even sworn to the diamonds. Her way of lookin' an' all!"

"I glanced round, but the men in the door were facing our way, an' it wasn't possible to grab the stuff and tear it off her. An' while I was wonderin' how long I dared wait for a chance, that commissionaire heaves in sight an' beckons me."

"There was nothing to do. I just turned on my heel an' walked away. But I didn't go up an' see Zuckerbaum. No!"

He ceased to speak and, taking up his glass, drank the remainder of his beer.

"Well," said Mr. Neuman, "time for me to be getting along. I've got a chap dining with me." He made to stand up, then sat back as though suddenly reminded of something. "Oh!" he said. "Yes, of course!"

Mr. James Smith watched him hungrily as he reached into his bosom and extracted a wallet of Russian leather. Within, the folded bills nestled in their packets. Mr. Neuman passed a finger-tip over their edges. "Make it a thousand, Pony," begged Mr. James Smith. "I told you the whole yarn and you see how things are with me. You got plenty, make it a thousand!"

Mr. Neuman, unmoved, selected a note. "Can't," he said, succinctly. "If I loaned you that, I'd have to go blind and follow you 'round before you'd hand it back to me. But I can spare you this. Good night, James!"

He laid the note on the table. It was for fifty francs.

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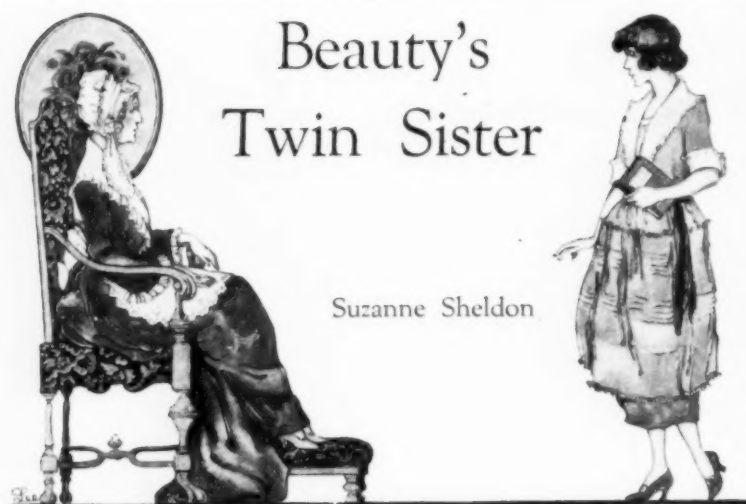
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Suzanne Sheldon

Beauty's Twin Sister

LADIES! (I hope there's none behind to hear.)
I long to whisper something in your ear—
A secret, which does much my mind perplex."

"For if she will, she will, you may depend on 't.
And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on 't."

A woman may be as beautiful as Psyche (you remember that lady was so physically perfect that she lured, although quite unintentionally, one of the gods from Mount Olympus) and yet miss-out entirely if she is awkward.

No human being (unless by Nature she is deformed) need be ungraceful. It is all, as the poet says, "whether she will or not."

Grace is the twin sister of beauty; the one is incomplete without the other. Grace, however, has an advantage over beauty for she has been known to masquerade in her attire; while beauty, for some unknown reason, is never at her best alone.

Many a woman who has no real claim to either perfect face or form will give the impression of having both, by a certain regalness of carriage.

Have you ever wondered why some women look tall, when they are but five feet five or so, while others may measure five feet six or more, yet look short and almost dumpy?

Think of the women of your acquaintance; you can divide them into two classes—those who stand and sit gracefully (and gracefully, means correctly) and those who do not.

What makes a woman graceful? Is it inborn, or can it be acquired? Grace is a combination of many things, beginning with the poise of the head, and ending with the manner in which one uses the feet, but foremost is the way the body swings from the hips. Grace to a few is inborn, but to the many it must be acquired.

The English say the reason we American women (taking us as a whole) do not walk more, is because we do not know how. They do not mean by this that we do not know how to walk; but they do mean (and I agree with the English) that most of us have not learned to like walking to the extent that it is a pleasure rather than an exertion.

A WELL-KNOWN beauty specialist once remarked: "If the average American woman used her legs as well and often as she does her wits, she would be the healthiest of all the women in the world. And," he added, "motor cars are the cause of more women losing their youthfulness of figure than any other thing. A woman must walk if she would be slim and fit."

That Nature meant us to be graceful is easily proved by the study of any primitive people. Have you ever seen an Indian boy or girl walk? They are lithe, with a litheness that comes because every muscle is being used as it was intended to be. There is a symmetry about their every movement that is a delight to watch. The Egyptian peasant woman is said to be the most graceful of all women. Her walk is stately, poetical with something of the gliding undulating character. But this grace did not come to her as a birthright. It was acquired through years of exercise; for a girl in that country is required, from her earliest years, to walk with a jar of water balanced on her head.

An old French lady once told me how, as a child, she was trained to walk. At the time of telling she was seventy-four years old, and as straight as any girl (far straighter than many). "I had to walk for fifteen minutes each day," she said, "first with a tin-plate, and later with a china one balanced on my head. And each time the plate fell off and broke, an hour of my recreation time was taken away. I broke but three plates," she added laughingly.

Individuality is expressed in walking, almost as much as in any motion of one's face or body. A mincing, languid step denotes listlessness and lack of purpose. Girls of a generation ago cultivated this type of walk, thinking it womanly. It is quite out of date. To walk correctly, take a free, firm but light stride, balancing the upper part of the body alternately upon each hip—but without swaying it perceptibly to the roll of the hips. This hip movement affected by some girls is both ugly and vulgar. The step should be adjusted to the height; a happy combination between the mincing and once so-called "lady-like tread" and a mannish stride. To derive the best results, the leg must be held straight, but not stiff; there being a slight resilience in the knee; and the ball of the foot and heel should touch the ground almost simultaneously.

I wonder how many women know that, instead of taking medicine to lose weight, or banting until the internal organs become ill from lack of food, walking will bring about the desired result. It will.

To walk and stand correctly, the first and most important thing is to lift the chest. Study this for yourself; notice as you do it how the abdomen is drawn in; the weight of the body thrown forward onto the balls of the feet. There is nothing about an attractive walk that is unnatural, so be careful in trying to hold the body straight that the hips are not thrust so far out that there is an over-arch in the small of the back. This is both awkward and ugly, and the back will soon become very tired.

MOST of us, at one time or another, have had that most common of all women's ailments, a weak back. And most of us have thought we were finding rest by allowing the abdomen to slip forward, and letting the hips and chest droop. Perhaps we have, temporarily, but the rest is a costly one for, like all bad habits, this will grow until it becomes a part of us. Far better to find the underlying cause of the ache. For it is true that the body held in an harmonious pose in walking, standing and sitting will relieve the fatigue and strain.

Next to walking and standing well comes sitting well. This, too, is an art, and one which a woman cannot do without. Do you, when sitting, sink into a chair, letting the body slip far down, and cross one knee over the other? A young friend of mine once described this position as "sitting on the end of the spine." For complete relaxation, you should lie down. But when you sit up, sit up. When sewing or reading, a straight-backed chair, which supports the shoulders, is the best. All bending of the body, when leaning forward, should come from the hips.

A well-fitted corset will prove a great aid in holding the body up-to-mark. And women, I think, may be divided into three classes, when it comes to corsets: Those who wear corsets and do not know how to adjust them; those who do not wear them and should; and those who do wear them and have learned how to put them on properly. Of course there is a fourth class (and a growing one) which always upsets every rule—by disproving it; these are the women who do not need corsets.

A properly adjusted corset should hold the figure within bounds, but neither cramp nor hinder the motion of the body. It often acts as a brace and support for a weak back and the internal organs.

A corset should be very low-busted—a few inches above the waist. This prevents the pushed-up effect which a high-busted corset gives the figure. If a woman is inclined to be stout a brassiere will prove an acceptable acquisition.

Will you be graceful? Then remember each part of the body must do its share. For if you will you can, one may be sure of it.

But if you won't, you won't, and that's the pity of it.

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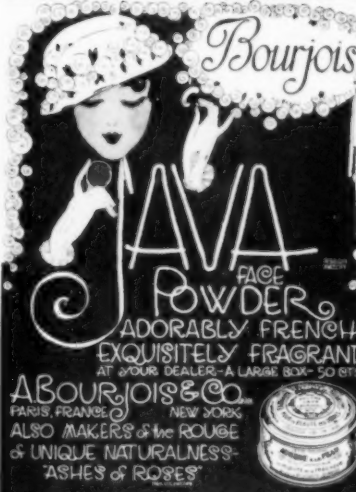
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Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh
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The tell-tale lines of age, wrinkles, crow's feet, etc., because it tones the skin and keeps it firm. No harm to tender skin. Just one application will do it. At drug and department stores.

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Keeps skin smooth, firm, fresh. Youthful looking. The tell-tale lines of age, wrinkles, crow's feet, etc., because it tones the skin and keeps it firm. No harm to tender skin. Just one application will do it. At drug and department stores.

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You See Glistening Teeth

Everywhere Nowadays Ask People Why

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You see glistening teeth as never before among careful people now. They are conspicuously attractive, and you know they are cleaner and safer.

Ask your friends about them. Millions of teeth are being cleaned in a new way. Thousands of new

people are starting every day. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

The teeth you admire are largely due to Pepsodent in these days. They are kept free from film. You will see the results on your own teeth if you ask for a ten-day test.

Careful People are Fighting Film

On Millions of Teeth Today

There has come in late years a new era in teeth cleaning. And this is the reason for it:

Most tooth troubles have been traced to film—to that slimy film which you feel with your tongue.

The film is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary dentifrice does not dissolve it. The tooth brush leaves much of it intact. So night and day, month after month, it may do a ceaseless damage.

How It Ruins Teeth

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

That is why so many teeth discolor and decay. That is why tartar forms and serious troubles start. Despite the daily brushing, teeth are not kept clean. The

film—the great tooth wrecker—is not properly combated.

Dentists long have known this. They have urged periodic cleaning in the dentist's chair to remove the film and tartar. But they knew the vital need was a daily film combatant. And dental science has been seeking it for years.

Now the Way is Found

Now science has met that need. It has discovered an efficient film combatant, harmless to the teeth. Convincing clinical and laboratory tests have proved it beyond question. Countless dentists have watched it, and they now advise it. As a result, there are millions of teeth now benefited by it.

For home use this method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It complies in all ways with modern dental requirements.

To quickly prove it to all people, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks. And this is to urge that you get it.

Based on Active Pepsin

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And that gives us a harmless film destroyer which is wondrously efficient.

Let It Prove Itself

Pepsodent needs no argument. You can test it without cost. You can see what it does, and quickly, and then judge it for yourself.

Use it ten days. Look at your teeth then and compare them with your teeth of to-day. Any woman can easily decide for herself between the new method and old ways.

Do this for your sake and for your family's sake. Ending film is of supreme importance. Whiter, cleaner, safer teeth are impossible without it. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF.
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, now advised by leading dentists everywhere. It is now being used on millions of teeth every day. Druggists everywhere are supplied with large tubes.

Watch Them Whiten

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. This ten day test will be a revelation.

TEN-DAY TUBE FREE

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Dept. 308, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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Name _____

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**FOR WOMEN'S
AND CHILDREN'S
BLACK SHOES**

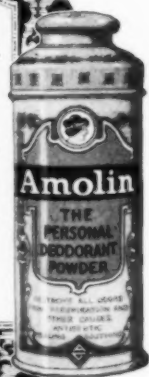
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*What the world expects
in a woman—*

Use
Amolin

In the morning
After your bath
After a day of
work or play
Before you go out
in the evening
For intimate
personal uses
For Baby after the
bath

Tell Father and
Big Brother
about it for
perspiration



Amolin

The Personal Deodorant Powder

Even under the most trying circumstances, the world expects a woman's person to be free from the unpleasant taint of perspiration odors and other odors. That is why women have welcomed Amolin, the personal deodorant powder, as an essential of the daily toilet. Amolin is the one deodorant which is safe and effective for every use everywhere on the body. It positively destroys all odors, but not by the harmful method of closing the pores and stopping perspiration. Amolin is beneficial and helpful to the skin. It heals and prevents chafing.

Send 4c in stamps for a purse-size can, with booklet of many uses.

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"— for that final daintiness"

The use of Delatone relieves the mind from anxious watchfulness of movement, and at the same time permits unembarrassed wearing of the sleeveless gowns or sheer sleeves in the present fashions. Unhindered movement, artless grace and easy elegance are made possible with Delatone. That is why—

"they all use Delatone"

Delatone is an old and well-known scientific preparation, for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, no matter how thick or stubborn.

Beauty specialists recommend Delatone for removal of objectionable hair from face, neck or arms. After application, the skin is clear, firm and hairless.

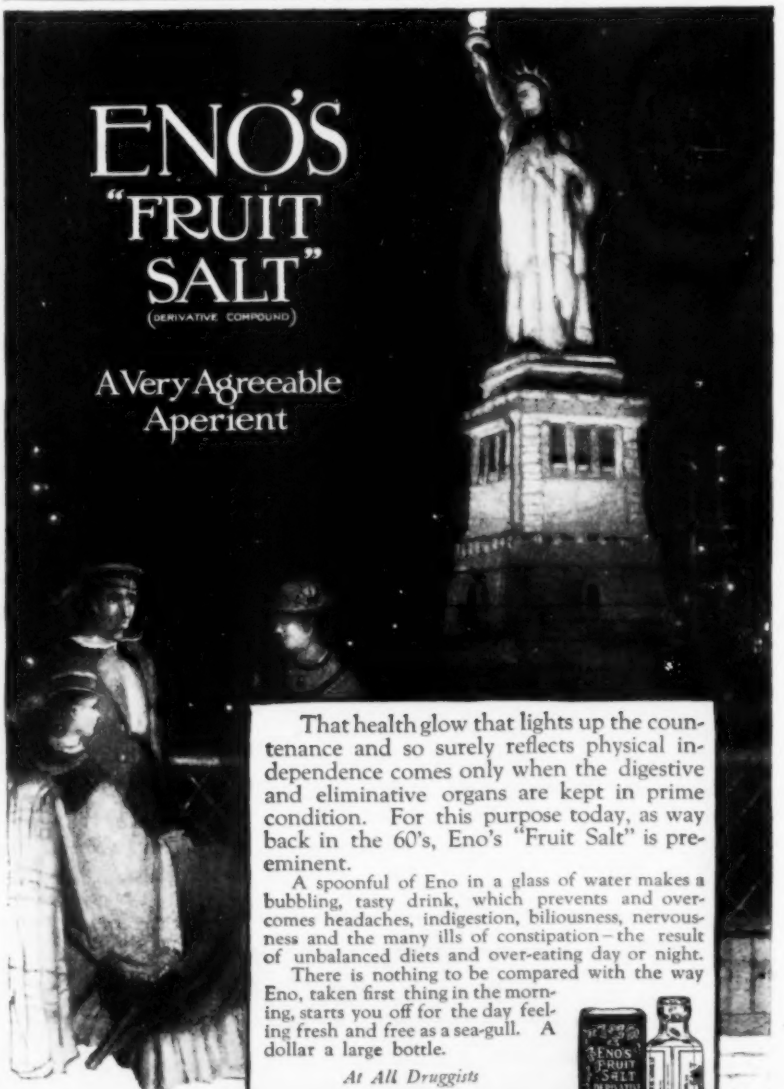


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Dept. LG 339 S. Wabash Avenue Chicago, Ill.

ENO'S
"FRUIT
SALT"
(DERIVATIVE COMPOUND)

*A Very Agreeable
Aperient*



That health glow that lights up the countenance and so surely reflects physical independence comes only when the digestive and eliminative organs are kept in prime condition. For this purpose today, as way back in the 60's, Eno's "Fruit Salt" is pre-eminent.

A spoonful of Eno in a glass of water makes a bubbling, tasty drink, which prevents and overcomes headaches, indigestion, biliousness, nervousness and the many ills of constipation—the result of unbalanced diets and over-eating day or night.

There is nothing to be compared with the way Eno, taken first thing in the morning, starts you off for the day feeling fresh and free as a sea-gull. A dollar a large bottle.

At All Druggists

Prepared only by
J. C. ENO, Ltd., London, S. E., England
Sales Agents: **HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Inc.**
New York, Toronto, Sydney



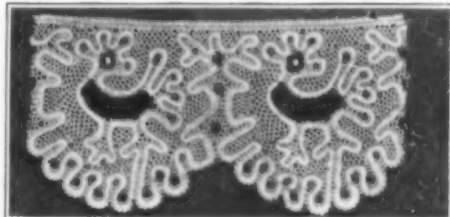
GREAT-GRANDMOTHERS OF MODERN LACE



The great-grandmother of Russian lace was French, and along with the other innovations which Peter the Great brought home in his bag from Paris was the art of lace-making. He started the school at Vologda, which initiated the industry

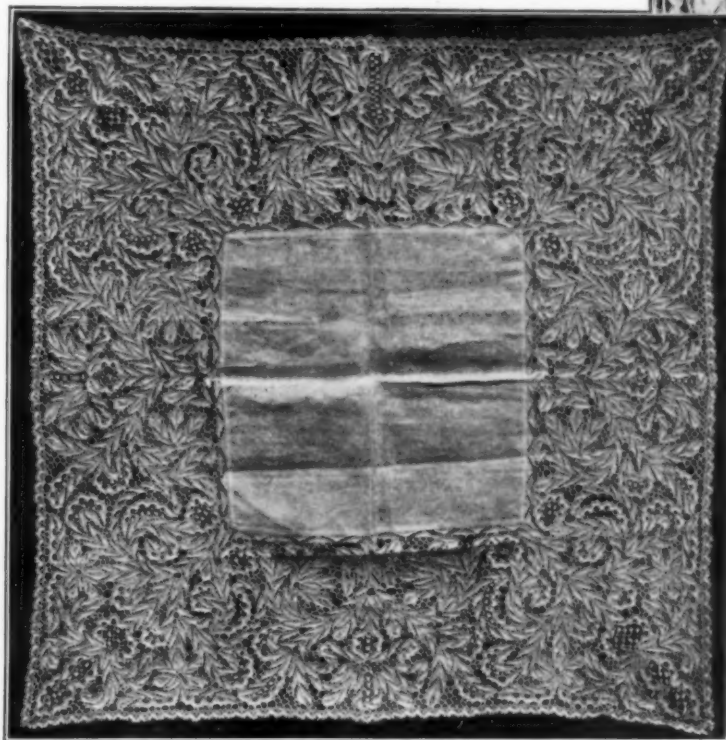


When Flanders and Belgium became one, their art and industry were wedded. This is a Flemish bobbin lace, both beautiful and unique in its story-telling design



In this naive and fantastic bird design we see that the Russians have stamped their own personality into their lace-making to such an extent that the French great-grandmother would not recognize her own offspring

This 16th century Venetian needlepoint panel proves that pictures can be made with needle and thread as well as with brush and pen. In 1830 when the Spanish monasteries were dissolved many laces of this variety were found in these institutions. How they came to be there history does not tell us. But we do know that all the teachers of lace originally came from Italy and Flanders



This exquisite example of Brussels lace was made three hundred years ago. Whether its making was a fair lady's pastime, or a peasant woman's daily bread—who can say?

HAVE you ever wondered when buying a bit of beautiful, filmy lace, from what land it came and how it originated? Perhaps you are learning to make lace. If so you will understand the hours of ceaseless toil which the women of other countries spend at this art, and will appreciate how much of themselves is woven into the design.

For all the knowledge we have to the contrary, the women of prehistoric days were making lace in their caves while their men-folk were starting the club industry.

A busy spider spinning her web in the sunshine may have been the inspiration for the first design.

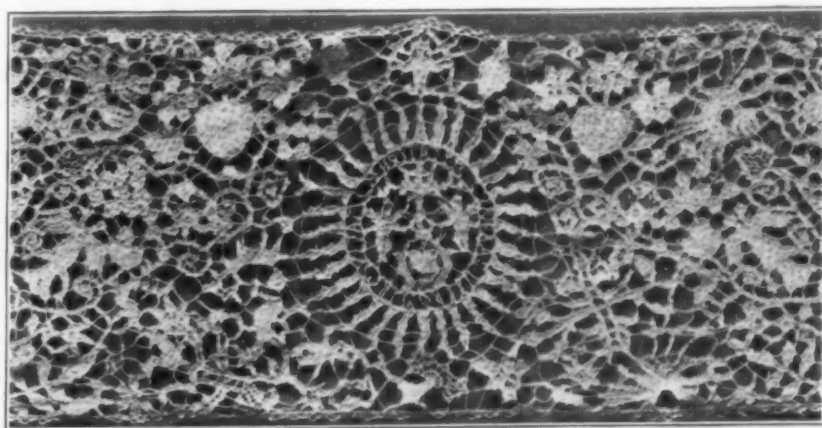
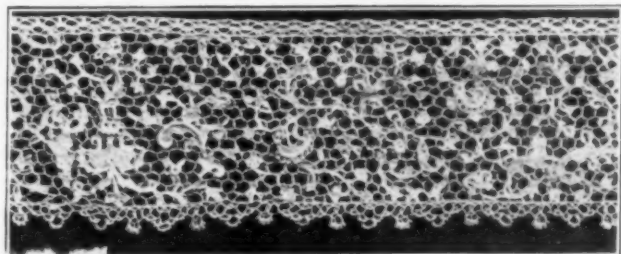
As we study the history of lace-making, we find it is all tangled up with the history of civilization. Four hundred and fifty years ago, in the time of Henry the VI and Edward the IV, directions were given in an old manuscript for the making of "lace Bascon." But lace as an art and a household industry had been known in France, Italy, Spain, and in many of the other European countries, for generations prior to that.

The English word lace comes from the French *lassis* or *lakis*. Although both the English and French words are but the children of the Latin *laqueus*

Photographs from Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

Some of the finest examples of point de France are made by children, trained by the nuns in the convent precincts workrooms. Others come from wives of fishermen in little seaside villages

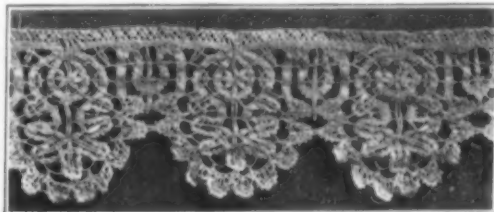
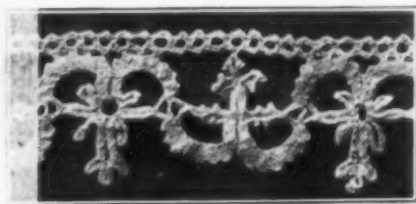
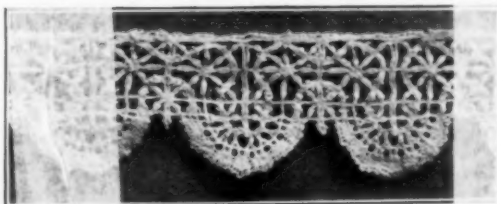
In Italy a young lace-worker saves her earnings to take to her husband as a dowry. The young man of Burano counts himself lucky if he finds his wife among the lace-women



Lace-making is an art first, last and always with the Italian woman. This beautifully proportioned edge of the 17th century

Four hundred years ago a woman of Italy fashioned this lace with its graceful festooned design

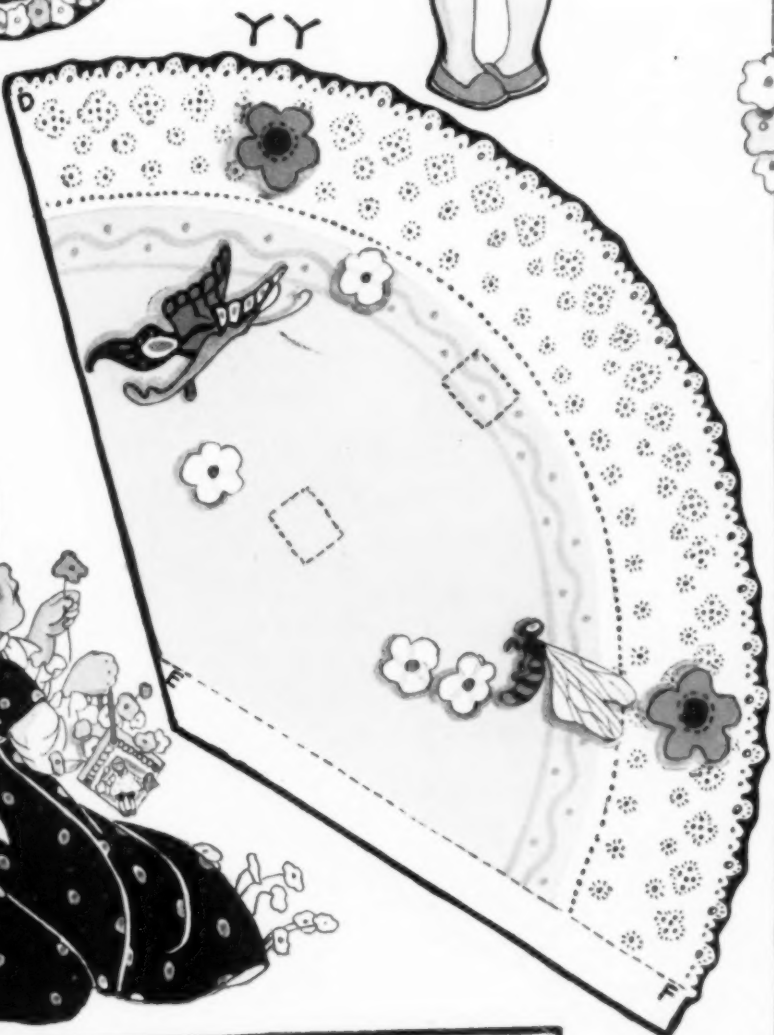
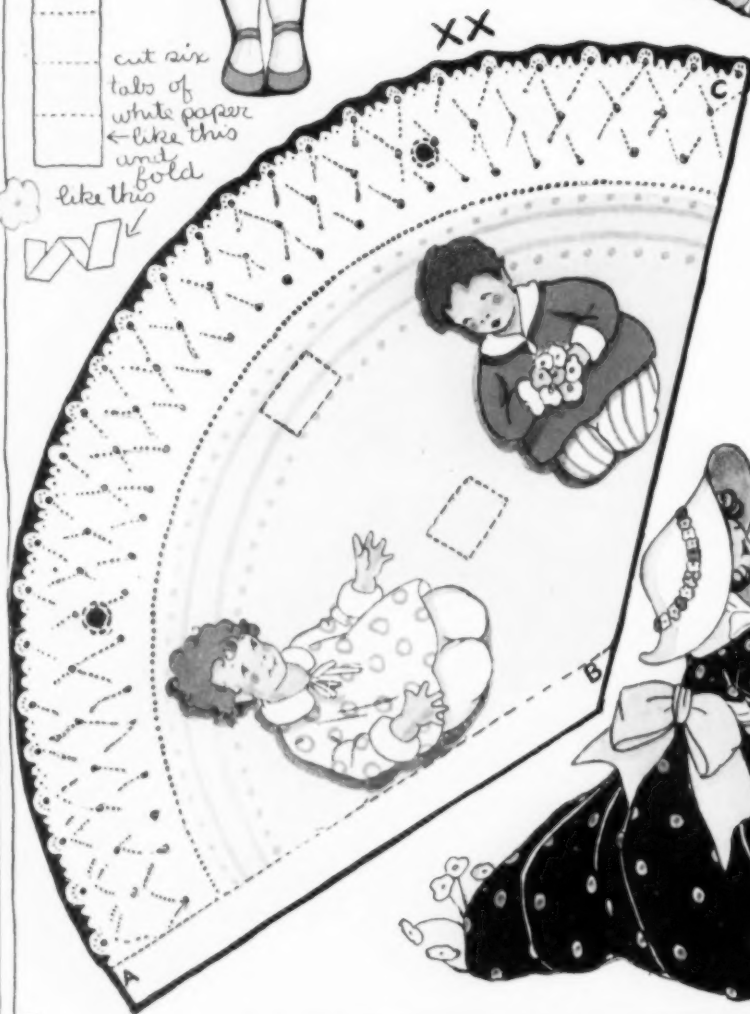
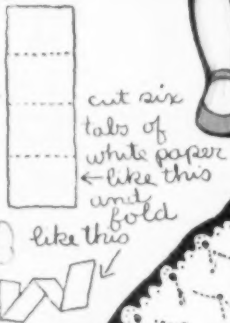
This is also Italian and 17th century, a perfect example of what a bobbin and thread, if guided by clever fingers, can do



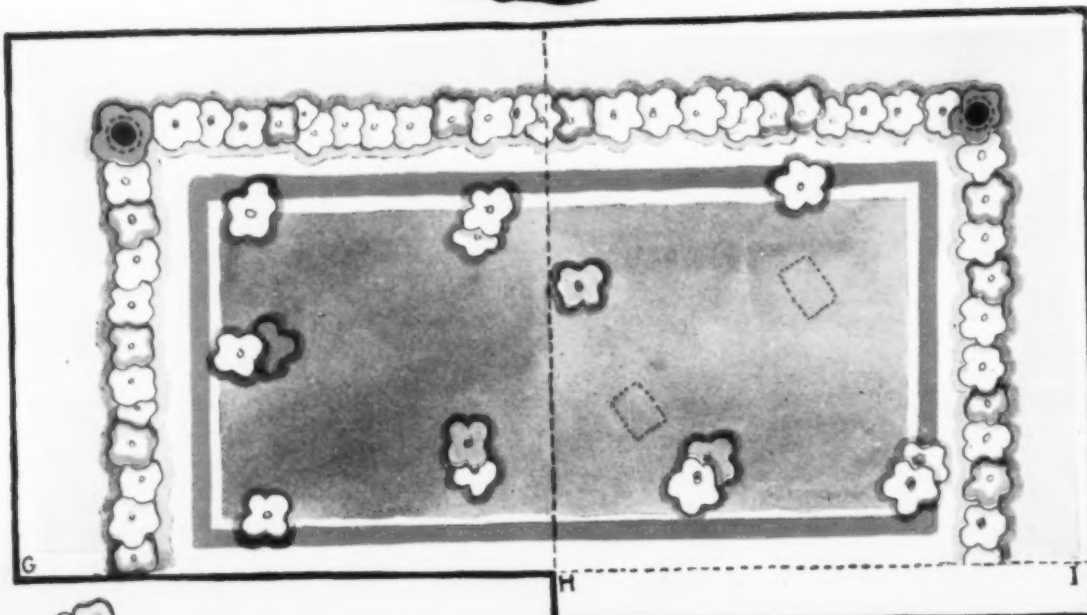
BASKETS GAY FOR FLOWERS OF MAY

From
Barbara Hale

FOR
DIRECTIONS SEE
PAGE 75



ZZ





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Restores the old-time charm of chairs, tables, desks and other furniture marred and dulled through long continued use. Brings into harmony with modern furnishings, the treasured heirlooms of other days. Protects floors from wear. Wide choice of colors. Fixall Enamels are another superior finish for wood-work and furniture. Our free booklet on Home Beautifying gives many helpful ways of using Fixall. Send for it.

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PRICE'S VANILLA

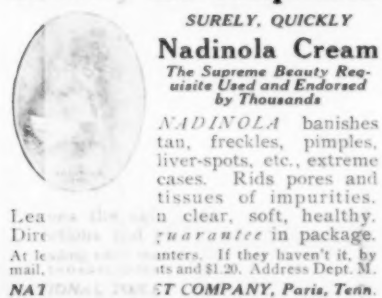


When recipes for custards, cakes, and puddings, etc. call for a definite amount of vanilla—use Price's.

You'll run no chances of spoiling them, for Price's is just right in strength. It's pure, too!

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In Business 67 Years
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NADINOLA banishes tan, freckles, pimples, liver-spots, etc., extreme cases. Rids pores and tissues of impurities. A clear, soft, healthy complexion is guaranteed in package. At leading druggists and \$1.20. Address Dept. M. NATIONAL TOILET COMPANY, Paris, Tenn.



Apples of Prosperity

(Continued from page 17)

"She doesn't have to go back then," said Susan quietly. "We can keep her as long as you need her."

So Jack continued to paint Mrs. Newson, and Sue continued to coddle her, and the days slipped into weeks, and still the picture was not finished. The tarpon season was now at its height, and it was sheer heroism on Jack's part to shut himself in the studio, day after day, and laboriously paint in and paint out that baffling figure. Whatever he did seemed hopelessly inadequate to that really exquisite head and shoulders which he had rashly permitted himself to finish before blocking in the rest of the figure. Inspiration seemed to have deserted him. He grew restless and nervous and couldn't sleep. The idea of Atalanta obsessed him; he could talk of nothing else, think of nothing else, dream of nothing else.

"To think of having a model like that, and then not being able to get her on the canvas!" he groaned. "It's the chance of a lifetime, and I've missed it."

"Perhaps it isn't your fault," urged Sue contritely, "perhaps—"

"Not a word against her," he warned. "She'd hold the position for hours. She's always sweet and serene, and she has never yet made an adverse criticism."

"Naturally," said Sue, "you've made her a raving beauty."

"She is a raving beauty," said Jack.

Things might have continued thus indefinitely, had not Carter Bacon, a fellow-artist, arrived on the scene. Jack met him one morning on the pier and poured out his troubles to him.

"I've failed for the last time, old man," he said, "I've put the best that is in me into this picture; I've worked under wonderful conditions, with the best model I ever saw, and I can't for the life of me pull it off. It's the end of me as an artist."

"Nonsense," said Bacon, "I've told myself that a hundred times. I'll run up to the studio this afternoon and take a look at the canvas."

When he arrived he found Jack moodily pacing the floor, with his hands rammed deep in his pockets.

"Who is the pretty fat lady I ran into on your piazza?" asked Bacon.

"Fat lady? You can't mean Mrs. Newson?"

"Not your vaunted model!" cried Bacon. "Not the fleet-footed Atalanta of classic mold! My Lord, Jack, you don't mean you have been trying to paint that figure? Why she could have posed for Rubens!"

Jack looked at him dully.

"Is she fat? She wasn't when I began to paint her six weeks ago. I thought the trouble was with me—I—"

With one stride he reached the canvas and turned it from the wall.

Anita's face, glorified and idealized, smiled at them above a hopelessly heavy body utterly lacking in action.

Bacon looked, in silent commiseration.

"The head and shoulders are magnificent," he said, "but of course—"

"Don't!" said Jack sharply, sinking into a chair, dropping his head in his hands. "What a fool I've been not to see!"

Suddenly a peal of laughter floated in through the open window, and looking out, Bacon saw three figures racing up the beach in their bathing-suits. Katherine and Jimmy were in hot pursuit of Sue who was well in the lead, her lithe, athletic figure full of grace and spring, her slim white arms and legs flashing against the brown sand.

"Look man!" cried Bacon slapping Jack on the shoulder. "Behold your Atalanta!"

Six months later Jack had the satisfaction of standing before his canvas at the spring exhibit, and receiving congratulations on having been awarded first prize.

"Where on earth did you ever find such a model?" asked a fellow-artist admiringly.

"Mrs. Banning," said Jack complacently, "although of course the head is largely ideal."

The McCall Service Department has a new booklet.

This time it is for the hostess. In it you will find original and clever suggestions for all kinds of parties and all sorts of occasions. Price ten cents. Send your order to Eleanor Otis, Entertainment Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, New York.



12 Breakfasts FREE

Instant Hot Cereals—
Already 3-Hour Cooked

Here are the latest creations of the Quaker Oats Company—foods you long have wanted.

We want every home to know them, and at once. So we offer a Six-Dish Package of each—12 delicious breakfasts free.

These are the Two-Minute Cereals. One is Oats, one Granulated Wheat. Both are super-cooked. Either can be served, hot, fresh and savory, in two minutes.

Cooked 3 hours

Two-Minute Cereals come to you super-cooked. We cook them three hours by live steam under pressure at higher than boiling heat.

Homes cannot cook as we do. So rarely have these cereals been so fitted to digest.

Then we evaporate the granules. In this dry, condensed form all their freshness stays intact.

When you replace the water and serve steaming hot, Two-Minute Cereals seem fresh from the cooker.

They are better than home-cooked cereals. This high-heat cooking gives a new, delightful flavor. You never have tasted such delicious hot cereals as you serve in two minutes in this way.

On instant call

Now hot Oats, cooked to perfection, can be served before the coffee.

Children need never start the day without this food of foods. Men need never miss their vim-food.

Or Granulated Whole Wheat—the next best food—can be served when folks prefer it.

Both are hot and savory—both are super-cooked. Either can be served in two minutes. Think how these Two-Minute Cereals solve your breakfast problem.

Two-Minute Oats Two-Minute Wheat

Both hot and instant—already super-cooked



Makes one dish

Evaporation condenses the granules, so a heaping tablespoonful makes a liberal dish.

Stir in boiling water. Within two minutes the granules absorb the water. Then you have a hot, soft, savory cereal, seemingly just cooked. And, because a little goes so far, the foods are economical.

Two-Minute Cereals are entirely new in form and flavor. The products are controlled by patent exclusively by The Quaker Oats Company, as is the process.



Ready in two minutes

The Quaker Oats Company

Mail Coupon Today

It will bring you a 6-dish package of each. You have waited years for these foods. Now that we have them, see what they mean to you. Learn how people like them.

12 Dishes Free

The Quaker Oats Company
1744 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
Mail me free a 6-Dish Package of each Two-Minute Oats and Two-Minute Wheat.



Hospitality Made Easy Through the Art of Biscuitry

By AGNES CARROLL HAYWARD

WHAT a comfortable sound the word "hospitality" used to have! Didn't it bring up visions of bountifully laden side-boards, cold joints of meat, roast hams, young pigs and myriad other good things of long departed days?

To the woman who keeps up to the times—whether she live on Rural Route Five or Fifth Avenue, hospitality means Biscuitry—one suggests the other. And Biscuitry—the art discovered and perfected by the National Biscuit Company—means placing in the hands of the women of the nation the solution of the problem of hospitality.

Hospitality begins at home!

A woman owes much to her family—and much to herself. In this day and age, nobody loves a self-labeled martyr, even if that labeling does mean well-cooked, elaborate meals. We don't tell our guests how hard we worked and how long it took us to get a particular meal. Then why in the name of reason, should we tell our families?

So back to Biscuitry again—as the cure for most of the housewife's embarrassments.

Biscuitry covers all the meals of the day—before, after, and between as well.

Even for breakfast: Have you ever tried Oysterettes and milk in place of the ordinary cereal? They're delicious! If you want a hot cereal, heat the milk and crisp the crackers in the oven just before serving; or use Uneeda Biscuit, Graham or Oatmeal Crackers in the same way. A few Uneeda Biscuit crumbled in with scrambled eggs when they are first put in the pan, makes the eggs go "farther"—and quicker.

For luncheons—formal or house-cleaning time—there's nothing so necessary as a full round of biscuit.

Soups—consommés, purees, chowders, in fact the whole family of soups, are bettered by close association with Oysterettes. They're always just right, and when heated before serving, are preferable to croutons, besides being lots less work.

For creamed dishes, use Uneeda Biscuit instead of toast.

For croquettes and all escalloped dishes, crisp Uneeda Biscuit crumbs again score. They are lighter and more delicious than bread crumbs.

Who isn't fond of cottage cheese? Then try it with Uneeda Biscuit and jam. Just be sure there's enough of it!

For salads there's a whole regiment of biscuit standing at attention.

Cheese crackers are delicious with almost any kind of salad. Saltines are snappy bits, tangy as the name suggests, while the Saratoga Flake has a most aristocratic slender shape that fits it for all social functions.

As for desserts! Could you ever imagine anything better than short-cake? And if the maid or the fire happens to be out, open a package of Lorna Doone and proceed as per usual; serve them with fruits of any kind, fresh, stewed or mixed and a little whipped cream, and you have the most delightful dessert you ever dreamed about. Shortbread is very apt to be soggy and tasteless and over-rich. Lorna Doone are always the same, just rich enough, yet crumbly and delicious. Once you know them, you'll never go back to the old hit-or-miss shortbread—your family won't let you!

But you won't want short-cake all the time—good as it is—so serve your fruit with Nabisco when you want to make an impression. Did you ever try serving nice, plump, properly chilled

strawberries on a bed of green leaves with a dainty plate of Nabisco? Try it! You'll have a new respect for strawberries.

Gelatine desserts of all kinds beg for Nabisco, Anola or Ramona, those feathery confections that make an instant appeal to every appetite. Ice creams, plain or fancy, need the final touch of these fairy wafers.

For dinners, too, Biscuitry is just as important a factor for success. On hot days—for the family or for guests—can you think of anything simpler or more seductive than a tall pitcher filled with grape punch and served with Nabisco or the coconut-flavored Ramona? A few lemons, oranges, or other fruit to flavor your beverage, and an assortment of wafers, and you are prepared to withstand any company siege.

Picnics, at a moment's notice, are made possible through Biscuitry, while camping becomes a real joy—even for the cook—if biscuit are included in the provision list. Sandwiches of all sorts are delightful when crisp Uneeda Biscuit are used in place of bread, and are much easier to prepare.

It seems time for a plea for simplified hospitality. In other words, a simple repast, easily prepared, daintily served, leaves both guests and hostess in a happy frame of mind. The reverse is what every woman knows. If a hostess is worried over her food, how can she keep her guests from having that same uncomfortable feeling?

Good cooks are rare; any sort of servant is hard to find—harder to keep.

The art of Biscuitry then has everything to commend it. Unwavering excellence of product particularly commends it because there is no variation from the exact methods which obtain in the immaculate plants of the National Biscuit Company. Cleanliness, for the same reason. Purity, too, because only the very best materials are used to produce the delectable goodness for which Biscuitry is famed. Wholesome, of course! And famous In-er-seal Trade Mark packages keep the products fresh, crisp and perfect until served.

There is not a meal that does not call for one or more of the biscuit family—in fact, a most delightful meal can be made from almost any one of them.

What kiddie wouldn't welcome a bowl of milk and crackers, Uneeda, Oatmeal or Graham? And for parties, all you need is to furnish them with plenty of animal crackers, cocoa or milk, and they'll ask nothing better.

And teach your children the fine virtue of hospitality—let them give their own parties and see how quickly they will rally under the Biscuitry standard.

So it would seem that the woman who does not avail herself of this wonderful art of Biscuitry is spending as much unnecessary time and energy as if she persisted in doing her own spinning and weaving.

Hours of time now spent in unnecessary work may be saved, to say nothing of fuel and materials so oft-times wasted.

Tempers, too, what a saving on them!

And hospitality will become—even in these servantless days of high prices—a real joy to the woman who has command of Biscuitry.



In Store
Everywhere
—N. B. C.
Goodness



FROM small country shops to great city stores throughout the land there awaits constantly an ever-fresh, ever-appetizing and ever-reliable supply of National Biscuit Company products to appeal to a nation's love of good things.

There's an N. B. C. product for every course and in-between occasion. You will buy these famous biscuit for their nourishing wholesomeness. You will eat more and more of them because they are so positively tempting.

They solve many a baking and serving problem because they are always and everywhere at your instant command.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



THE McCALL FOOD BUREAU

FOOD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT

Happy Endings by Famous Chefs



CAMILLE DEN DOOVEN, CHEF, HOTEL VANDERBILT, NEW YORK

THE great New York chefs know the secret of many a delectable concoction, but there is always some particular *pièce de résistance* which they mention with real pride and tenderness.

When you ask a chef for his favorite recipes it is these beloved recipes that he likes best to give you. Like all truly great masterpieces, these are simple. You can try them over on your own kitchen range and give as good a rendering to your family as the maestro himself gives to his wealthy patrons. The recipes which follow are from Louis Sérés, Hotel Biltmore; René Anjard, Waldorf-Astoria; J. Coquin, Claridge Hotel; Eugene Sauvigné, Hotel Manhattan; Leony C. Derouet, Hotel Commodore; Jean Mougenel, Belmont Hotel and Camille den Dooven, Hotel Vanderbilt.

VANILLA OMELET, SOUFFLE

In a bowl mix three egg yolks with six tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, adding some vanilla flavoring. When this preparation is foaming and light, gently add six egg whites, whipped to a stiff froth. Butter an oblong dish, spread it with powdered sugar; place the egg mass on top, giving it an oblong shape. Dredge over some powdered sugar and cook in a hot oven for seven to ten minutes. Serve immediately. These soufflés may also be flavored with lemon, vanilla, chocolate or almond.

CHESTNUT CROQUETTE, SUZON

Parboil and peel some chestnuts. Cook in a light sirup, with vanilla stick. When done, pass through a sieve and thicken with a few egg yolks (as potato croquette). When cold, shape into convenient form (pear shape, for example). Dip them in beaten egg yolks and bread crumbs, and fry in hot fat. Serve on a napkin with whipped cream.

APPLE NINETTE

Peel and core some sour apples; cook in light sirup, drain and put to cool. With the apple peelings, prepare some jelly; strain, and put away to get cold. Fill the hollow apple with the jelly, pour over some vanilla cream sauce and strew over with pulverized macaroons.

BOSTON VANILLA CREAM PIE

Five eggs, four ounces sugar to be beaten on fire until lukewarm. Remove from flame and beat until stiff and cold. Add four ounces flour. Bake in moderate oven.

FILLING

Three eggs; four ounces sugar; one ounce flour. To this add one pint boiling milk, few drops vanilla flavoring. Boil until firm. When cold, add pint of whipped cream.

Cut pie in three layers, placing cream between.

René Anjard

CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS

Put into saucepan two gills of milk with two ounces butter; place on the fire and stir with wooden spoon; when boiling add one-quarter pound well sifted flour and stir briskly for a couple of minutes. Stand the pan on a table; break in one egg, mix sharply for two minutes, break in second egg, mix sharply again; and repeat with third and fourth eggs. Place a small tube in a pastry-bag, and press out on a baking-sheet 15 eclairs 3 inches in length, and bake in hot oven for 20 minutes, then remove them and let them cool. Open each éclair on one side with a pair of scissors, and with a spoon fill each with cream. Dip the eclairs, one by one, by hand into icing. Lay them on a strainer and allow them to cool.

HONEY CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound honey $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, mace
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound brown sugar 1 pound flour
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound shredded almonds 1 $\frac{1}{3}$ pound orange and citron peel cut fine
 $\frac{1}{4}$ ounce soda Grated rind of one lemon
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water

Boil sugar, honey and water; take off and let cool till lukewarm; mix in flour, spices and soda dissolved, then add the almonds and the peel.

Let stand for a couple of days to ripen.

Cut out in small cakes, put on dusted pans and bake in medium heat. Ice with white icing.

FARINA PUDDING, FRUIT SAUCE

Pudding—Boil one quart of milk; pour in ten ounces of farina; cook for twenty-five minutes. Add two pinches of salt, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of butter; mix well and let stand for ten minutes. Then add eight egg yolks and six whites whipped to a stiff froth. When well mixed, fill in buttered molds, three-quarters full. Cook in a double boiler.

forty to forty-five minutes. Serve with covering of fruit sauce. Note: All farinaceous puddings may be made according to this formula.

Fruit Sauce—Dilute one pint of jam or fruit-juice in same quantity of light sirup. Boil, and strain into another pan. Cut into small squares various kinds of preserved or fresh fruit. Add this to the sauce and boil again. If too liquid, thicken with a little corn-starch.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

Mix one-half pound of butter, twelve ounces of sugar and three raw eggs to a smooth paste; add grated rind of one lemon. Then mix one pound of sifted flour and a spoonful of baking-powder. Add this to the creamed butter and sugar, and dilute with one-half pint of milk or cream. When smooth, pour in buttered pie plates, and bake to a rich brown. When cool, spread the top of cakes with whipped cream, and arrange ripe strawberries over the cream. Set two or three layers, and serve. Note: Raspberries, peaches, apricots, bananas, oranges or any preserved fruit may be used instead of strawberries.

Eugene Sauvigné

CHOCOLATE COOKIES

2 ounces butter 2 eggs
4 ounces sugar 2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder
2 ounces unsweetened powder
chocolate 1 gill milk
8 ounces flour Pinch of salt

Cream the butter with the sugar. Add the eggs well beaten, salt and chocolate melted. Mix well. Add the flour and baking-powder, then the milk. Chill, roll very thin, cut in small pieces, dip in flour and bake in a modern oven.

Leony C. Derouet

SOUFFLE FLORIDA

Score out a few apples. Thoroughly mix apple pulp with the whites of eggs, and sweeten. Fill empty apples with this mixture and bake very slowly.

Jean Mougenel

USEFUL HINTS ON CAKE-MAKING

Begin with seeing to the proper cleanliness of the utensils. The material should be pure and first-class.

When a recipe calls for baking-powder or cream of tartar it should be sifted together with the flour that is used.

Butter and eggs should be fresh. Fruit for cakes, such as raisins, currants, etc., must be thoroughly cleaned, washed, well dried and before mixing with the preparation, dusted with flour, to prevent from sinking to the bottom.

Some cakes require more than one kind of flavoring; in that case the flavorings must be properly selected so that they harmonize together in taste and also are not detrimental to the color of the cake.

Cakes when done should show a slight springiness when pressed upon the surface with the fingers.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound powdered sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ pound chocolate powder
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pound sweet butter 9 yolks of eggs
 $\frac{1}{4}$ pound flour 10 whites of eggs
1 teaspoonful cinnamon

Cream the sugar and butter, work in the yolks of eggs gradually, beat the whites very firm and mix in; add the cinnamon, and lightly mix in the flour and the chocolate powder, fill into paper lined molds and bake in a slow oven.

FAVORITE

1 pound sweet butter $\frac{1}{2}$ pound powdered sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds flour 4 yolks of eggs
lemon flavor

Rub the butter and sugar together, mix the yolks of eggs, lemon flavoring (mix lightly the flour).

Roll out to the thickness of about $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch and cut out into any shape desired, and bake in a moderate oven.

ALMOND CAKE

$\frac{1}{2}$ pound almonds $\frac{1}{2}$ pound granulated sugar
6 whites of eggs $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful cinnamon

Line deep pie plates with paste Favorite. Chop the almonds and mix the sugar and the whites of eggs, warm over a slow fire until blood warm, mix the cinnamon. Fill into pie plates previously lined with paste Favorite. Bake in a slow oven.

Camille Den Dooven

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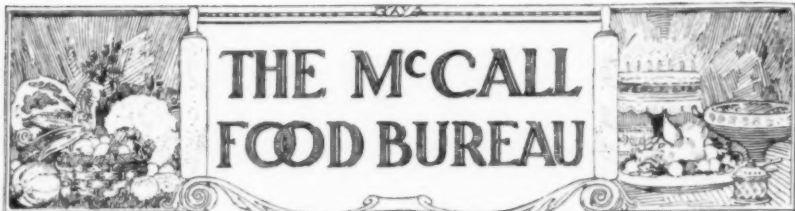
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Making Out Mary's Menu

By Lilian M. Gunn

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

IT does not require much thought to provide food for the hearty school-boy, but for the child with a fickle appetite it becomes so much a problem that often he is given anything he will eat instead of the kind of food the growing child so much needs.

Breakfast is usually quite easily managed, for fruit and cereals form the greater part, but luncheon and dinner are difficult.

Because the child is always in a hurry if he comes home for luncheon, no matter how long he has before school begins in the afternoon, three points should be kept in mind to govern the selection of his food; it should be nourishing, digestible and easy to eat.

Nothing is better than a good cream soup and sandwiches with nutritious fillings. Milk, of course, cannot be excelled for its food value, but if the child is not fond of milk, make it into weak cocoa for him. Many children will be tempted by milk, if a dash of whipped cream is on top, dusted with sweet chocolate and garnished with a bit of red jelly. The white of egg, beaten light with nutmeg grated over it, makes its appeal.

PRETTY dishes and pleasing service are of moment, particularly to the little girl. Anything that "looks different" will be the more attractive.

There are a second set of "three points" to be remembered: these are related to the choice of dinner for the normal child. In the menu, include some hearty dish: meat, fish, cheese or eggs—a "filling food"—bread, potatoes or rice—and a dessert. The dessert may be some simple sweet ranging from a custard to plain cake, gelatine or cookies.

Food prejudices are easily overcome in a very young child if he is taught to eat whatever is given him. Peculiarities and notions about eating are an affliction, not an attraction as so many persons love to think.

Suggestions for fruit for breakfast:

ORANGES
Juice, shredded, sliced, halved, and orange-baskets

APPLES
Baked, steamed and apple sauce

PRUNES
Cooked in sirup, made into pulp, and jelly

BANANAS
Sliced with lemon, with cream, baked, in pulp, and jelly. Other fruits, such as pears, peaches, tangerines and plums

CEREALS
Cooked, ready cooked or dry, molded, and sliced and delicately fried
Vary the kinds by using wheat, corn, oats and rice

CREAM SOUP
Peas, asparagus, beans, chicken, potato, carrot, celery, fish and corn

SANDWICH FILLINGS
Raisin or nut bread and pot cheese
Baked beans and salad dressing
Chopped meats moistened with gravy
Grated cheese and salad dressing
Telly and butter
Dates and chopped nuts
Figs and lemon-juice
Lettuce and salad dressing

DESSERTS
Apple and peach tapioca
Custards, soft, baked, caramel, rice, tapioca, chocolate
Gelatine, all flavors, Spanish cream, charlottes, and fruit
Ice-cream and sherbets
Junket, all flavors, blanc manges
Puddings, bread, rice, brown Betty, caramel

BEVERAGES
Milk in varying forms
Cocoa
Never any tea or coffee

ALPHABET GINGER COOKIES
1 cupful sugar 1 cupful sweet milk
1 cupful molasses 1 cupful lard (melted)
2 teaspoonfuls soda 2 teaspoonfuls ginger
2 cupfuls flour (pastry) 1 teaspoonful salt
5 to 6 cupfuls flour to roll

Mix the sugar, molasses, milk and lard together. Sift the soda, ginger, and salt with 2 cupfuls flour. Add to the first mixture with enough more flour to roll. Roll about 1/8-inch thick. Cook alphabet macaroni in boiling water for 15 minutes; chill in cold water. Brush the cookies through the center with white of egg and put the name on with the alphabet letters.

NOAH'S ARK

PASTURE

Bake a plain cake or rich muffin mixture in a flat sheet. Cover thickly with sweet crumbs; brown in the oven. Have 1/4 pound animal crackers. Cut slits in cakes and stand crackers in them.

CHOCOLATE CORNSTARCH
1 1/4 cupfuls scalded milk
1/4 cupful cold milk
3 tablespoonfuls cornstarch
3 tablespoonfuls sugar
1/4 teaspoonful salt
1/2 teaspoonful vanilla
1 square or 1 ounce chocolate melted over hot water or 3 tablespoonfuls corn starch and 3 tablespoonfuls cocoa

Mix corn-starch and sugar; dilute with cold milk, and add to scalded milk. Add chocolate and stir constantly until

mixture thickens. Stir occasionally afterward. Cook 20 minutes, add salt and flavoring. Mold and chill.

SOFT CUSTARD

1 cupful milk Little salt
1 egg 1 to 2 tablespoonfuls sugar

Cook the custard in a double-boiler; stir constantly until the custard coats the spoon and the bubbles disappear from the surface. Remove from the heat at once. If a custard curdles, beat until smooth. Strain, cool and flavor.

JUNKET

2 cupfuls milk Salt
2 to 4 tablespoonfuls sugar
1/2 teaspoonful flavoring
1/2 junket tablet dissolved in 1 tablespoonful cold water

Heat milk to 98 degrees Fahrenheit or just lukewarm. Add sugar and flavoring, and lastly the dissolved junket tablet. Pour into sherbet glasses; let stand in warm place until set; chill.

COOKIES

1/4 cupful shortening 1 1/2 cupfuls pastry flour
1/2 cupful sugar 1 teaspoonful baking powder
1/2 egg (or none) 2 tablespoonfuls milk

Flavor with extracts or mixed spices. Mix like cake. Chill the dough before rolling, rather than add too much flour. Chocolate, nuts, raisins or coco-nut may be added to the dough before rolling.



NOAH'S ARK PASTURE



ORANGE-BASKET



ALPHABET GINGER COOKIES



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WHO can resist the delicious charm of this new Royal Date Cake?

—A real delicacy for the picnic—an exquisite, wholesome food for the children's lunch—delicious for any occasion.

Only one egg is required; it is easy and economical to make, and will keep fresh for at least a week, but to get the right results it must be leavened with

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

Royal contains no alum, leaves no bitter taste, never disturbs digestion.

ROYAL DATE CAKE

1 cup boiling water
1 lb. stoned and cut dates
1/2 cup brown sugar
2 tablespoons butter or other shortening
1 square melted chocolate
2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 1/4 cups flour 1 egg
1/4 cup pecan nuts (chopped—not too fine)

Pour boiling water over dates; Cream sugar and butter, add melted chocolate and well beaten egg. Mix well and add dates and water; sift together baking powder, salt and flour; add gradually with pecan nuts; put in cool oven and bake slowly for one and a half hours.

CHOCOLATE CAKE

3 squares grated unsweetened chocolate
2 tablespoons sugar 1 1/2 tablespoons milk
4 tablespoons butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar 1 1/2 cups flour
2 eggs 2 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder 1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup milk
Cook slowly together until smooth chocolate. 2 tablespoons sugar and 1 1/2 tablespoons milk. Cream butter, add sugar and beat well. Add yolks of eggs and beat again. Stir in chocolate mixture and then add alternately the milk and flour with which has been sifted the baking powder and salt. Fold in carefully the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs and bake in greased loaf pan in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes.

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Jiffy-Jell

Real-Fruit Desserts

Liquid Fruit-Juice Flavors



Jiffy-Jell

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Come in the Packages

The Only Dessert

With Fruit-Juice Essences in Vials

That is why Jiffy-Jell so far excels all other desserts of this type. And why millions have adopted it.

The charm lies in the flavor. It is fruit that makes these quick desserts so healthful and delightful.

For Jiffy-Jell we crush the real fruit, condense the juice and seal it in a vial. Each package contains a bottle.

So a Jiffy-Jell dessert is rich in real fruit, fresh and fragrant. The flavors are not artificial.

And Jiffy-Jell alone has these condensed fruit juices in liquid form, in glass.

Rare Fruits at the Lowest Cost

The Jiffy-Jell method brings you rare fruit desserts for a trifle.

We crush the fruits where they grow. Then condense the juice for economy in shipping.

We use half a pineapple to make the flavor for one dessert. Yet the whole dessert costs you about the same as the fruit alone.

Then the Jiffy-Jell mixture is acidulated with another fruit-made acid—either lemon or grape.



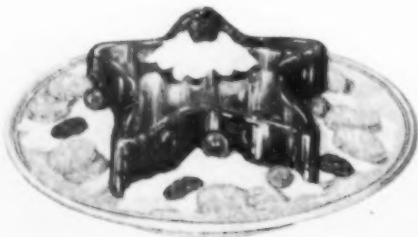
Ten Flavors in Glass Vials

A Bottle in Each Package

Mint Strawberry Raspberry Lime Pineapple Cherry Also Coffee Flavor Lemon Orange Loganberry

Loganberry Dessert

Made with Pint Mold
Style—H



So each dessert supplies an abundance of two fruit essences.

It comes ready-sweetened, so you simply add water. Then let the fruited jell cool in molds.

Don't Miss It

People need fruit daily, and they love it. In ordinary forms it is costly at this season. Serve it in the Jiffy-Jell way.

A mere flavor will not do. The need is for real fruit, and these condensed juices supply it.

Compare Jiffy-Jell with other desserts of this type, and see what the fruit juice adds.

Other Dainties

Lime-fruit flavor makes a tart, green salad jell. Serve with the salad or mix the salad in before cooling. Or mix in meat scraps and make a meat loaf—meat in aspic.

Mint flavor makes a mint jell. Serve as a side dish—as a relish.

Or serve with your hot or cold meats.

Try a few flavors. Learn what we have done to delight you. You will serve them three times weekly when you know.

Gifts to Users


A Dozen Molds Which Every Home Should Have



Individual Dessert Molds

These aluminum molds come in assorted styles, six to a set. The six will serve a full package of Jiffy-Jell. Sent for 5 trade-marks.

Mold Offers

Cut out the  trade-marks from the fronts of Jiffy-Jell packages, and mail them with the coupon for the molds you want.

Send 5 of these circle trade-marks for any pint mold, or for the Set of Six Individual Molds. Send 2 for the Jiffy-Cup.

Style—B—A pint dessert mold, heart-shaped like Style 5 above.

Style—C—A pint dessert mold, fluted like Style 6 above.

Style—D—Pint salad mold to serve six.

Style—E—Pint fruit salad mold.

Style—H—Pint dessert mold, star-shaped.

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These are not premium offers. They are made to induce a test. Then to help you serve Jiffy-Jell attractively.




Jiffy-Cup For Measuring

An aluminum half-pint cup. Fill twice with water to dissolve one package Jiffy-Jell and it will be just right. It also holds exactly one cup as called for in many recipes. Ordinary cups vary in size. We send this cup for two trade-marks.

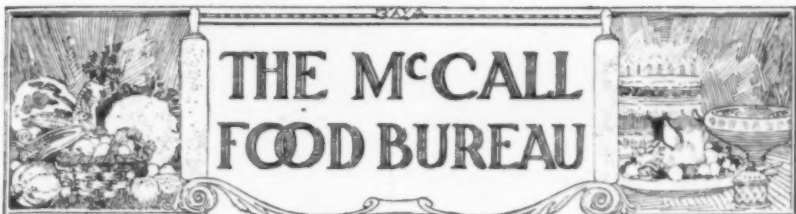
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.....Style—C
.....Style—D
.....Style—E
.....Style—H
.....Set of Six
.....Jiffy-Cup
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Jiffy Dessert Co.,
Waukesha, Wis.

Enclosed find trade-marks for which mail me the mold I check at side.

531McC

MAIL
THIS



Salvaging the Left-overs

By Lilian M. Gunn

Photographs by Hal Ellsworth Coates

THERE is no magic in the word "left-overs." It is too reminiscent of the day before. So why not change the name; christen the dish anew?

Conforming with some people's claim that there should be no left-overs has its element of chance. Who hasn't had a third person drop in when there were only chops for two? Then, too, the appetite varies. Late afternoon tea often means left-overs from even a carefully planned dinner.

Tried from an economical standpoint, it has often proved much cheaper to have the beginning of the next day's luncheon from dinner of the night before. A daily excursion through the ice-box, or the cold-pantry and into the bread-and-cake boxes may be turned into real adventure.

From the vegetables, plan a salad or a scalloped dish in which two or more kinds of vegetables may be used. The cream soup made from a number of flavors is always the most delicious one served.

A shepherd's pie, in which are left-over meats and mashed potatoes, is delicious. Another appetizing left-over meat dish is a shortcake. Grind the meat in the chopper, moisten it with left-over gravy, make a shortcake and serve between two crusts, just as you would a shortcake made with fruit.

The flavor of hash is always improved if a bit of carrots, beets or peppers is added. Cook the hash in a frying-pan, brown it on the bottom, and then, just before serving, turn one-half over the other in omelet style. Croquettes are welcome at any meal made from meat and vegetables.

Cereals, by variety in cooking, offer

MEAT SHORT-CAKE

Make a crust, using the following ingredients:

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------|
| 2 cupfuls flour | 5 tablespoonfuls fat |
| 4 teaspoonfuls baking-powder | 2 2/3 cupful milk |
| | 1/2 teaspoonful salt |

Bake in a round tin, split; fill with finely chopped meat, moistened with gravy, stock or milk and well-seasoned. Put more meat on top and garnish with parsley. Serve hot.

MOLDED VEGETABLE SALAD

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 1 1/2 cupfuls warm water | Very little cayenne |
| 2 cloves | 3/4 cupful vinegar |
| 3 tablespoonfuls sugar | 2 tablespoonfuls (mild) |
| 3 pepper corns | 2 lemon-juice |
| Tiny bit of bay-leaf | 2 tablespoonfuls gelatin |
| 1/2 teaspoonful salt | 1/4 cupful cold water |
| 1/4 teaspoonful celery salt | 1 cupful vegetables in small pieces |
| 1/8 teaspoonful pepper | |

Soak the gelatine in the cold water. Put the seasonings in the water and simmer 10 minutes. Add to the gelatine; add the rest of the ingredients except the vegetables and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Strain. Set to cool; when like thick cream, stir in the vegetables. Mold and let stand until hard; turn out, and serve with a salad dressing.

SHEPHERD'S PIE

Use 2 cupfuls or more of left-over meat cut in two-inch pieces; moisten with left-over gravy. Season well and put in a baking-dish. Cover the top with well-seasoned mashed potato and sprinkle with paprika. Bake in the oven until the potato is brown.

JAM AND CRUMB PUDDING

- | | |
|--|-------------------------|
| 1 cupful cracker-, bread- or cake-crumbs | 1/4 teaspoonful salt |
| 2 cupfuls milk | 2 eggs (or one) |
| 1/4 cupful sugar | 1/4 teaspoonful vanilla |
| 2 tablespoonfuls melted butter | |

Use any kind of left-over jam or preserves. Soak the crumbs in milk. Beat the eggs; add the other ingredients except the jam, and stir into the crumbs. Grease a baking-dish, spread the jam in the bottom, cover with crumb mixture, bake in a moderate oven until crumbs are brown.

CHARTREUSE OF MEAT AND RICE

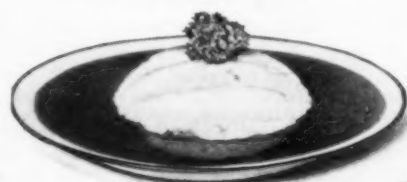
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| 2 cupfuls meat | 1 tablespoonful |
| 1 teaspoonful salt | chopped parsley |
| 1/4 teaspoonful pepper | 1 egg |
| 1/4 teaspoonful onion-juice | 1/4 cupful fine crumbs |
| | 4 cupfuls cooked rice |

Season the meat; mix with the crumbs and beaten egg; add enough stock to make it pack easily. Line a thoroughly buttered mold or dish with 3 cupfuls rice, fill with meat, cover with rice, cover tightly and steam 45 minutes. Serve with:

TOMATO SAUCE

- | | |
|---------------------------|------------------------|
| 2 cupfuls canned tomatoes | 2 sprays parsley |
| 1 cupful water | 2 tablespoonfuls |
| 2 cloves | chopped onion |
| 2 allspice berries | 2 tablespoonfuls fat |
| 2 peppercorns | 4 tablespoonfuls flour |
| 1 teaspoonful mixed herbs | 1/2 teaspoonful salt |
| | 1/8 teaspoonful pepper |

Put tomatoes, water, spices, parsley and herbs into an agate saucepan and cook until tomatoes are soft. Fry the onion in butter until light brown; add flour and seasoning, then the tomatoes, gradually. Cook slowly until the sauce thickens, and strain.



CHARTREUSE OF MEAT AND RICE

MOLDED VEGETABLE SALAD



SHEPHERD'S PIE



pleasant left-over combinations. Put them into a fancy mold and serve, turned out in a glass dish with fresh or canned fruit garnish and a custard or a spoonful of whipped cream on the top. For a treat, pack a cereal in a tin mold (such as a baking-powder can) and next day, turn out, slice, fry and serve with sirup. Or use a cereal in muffins or griddle cakes in place of a part of the flour.

Bread-crumbs are adaptable to many combinations, and stale cake may be used in making the daintiest of desserts.

Here are a few of the delicious dishes left-overs make possible.

GENERAL RULE FOR ALL SCALLOPED DISHES

Make a cream sauce measuring half as much in quantity as the vegetable or meat; grease a baking-dish and put in the food and cream sauce in alternate layers. Let the sauce be the last layer and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake until the crumbs are brown.

ARGO

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The Person You'd Like To Be

[Continued from page 15]

Jane studied the maneuvers of some ants in the grass. "I don't know," she smiled openly, "so I suppose I'm not."

Ara looked swiftly at her. "You would know if you were—I would," she declared tersely; then added, her tone softening, "it's so much better if one isn't—in love."

Jane saw the long lashes droop. And suddenly, lucidly, she knew two things. She knew that the girl beside her loved Wallace Rand. She knew that she, too, loved him.

It had been good to walk with Ara on that clear Sunday morning. At last Jane felt she had met a girl as frank as herself. The town, too, welcomed Ara eagerly. So the days slipped on toward Wallie's return.

To celebrate his home-coming, the girls planned a party—a costume affair. They were all to go as the persons they'd like to be. Who, they asked, hasn't longed to appear, for a single night, clothed and mannered after the pattern of his dreams?

Dreams! Since that day when she had looked up at Ara Stewart, and read her secret, Jane had had no dreams. She knew that it was Ara who would fit into the pictured future of Wallie, not she.

As if to add to her disquietude, Clem Rand began to drop around regularly to stroll home from the office with her. When the party was projected, he remarked, casually: "Some little general, Ara is, eh? The person you'd like to be!" Hum-m. The person Ara Stewart'd like to be is Mrs. Wallace Rand!

"I'm sure she'd be a lovely Mrs. Rand." Instinctively Jane distrusted Clem.

"Granted," he agreed nonchalantly. "So she's staging this affair in his own home to show him how 'lovely.' I know her. I've reason to, haven't I? She snatched Wallie out of a scheme that would have made big money for us!" And he left Jane puzzled.

The only thing about the party that would have made Jane happy was an excuse to stay away. But she had to go. She owed that much to Wallie—and to Ara.

"I suppose you're all set for the grand entrance?" Ara hailed her as they met on the street the day before the party.

"No, I haven't the faintest idea who I'm to be!"

"Let me help."

"There isn't anyone to decide who I'd like to be except myself, is there?" Jane asked amiably. But the sense of being patronized rose poignantly when, that evening, she found a large box awaiting her.

She snapped the cords quickly, and drew out a long, tenuous gown. It was the sort of dress a girl dreams of, when she listens to the far-away beat of dance music, and contemplates ruefully her own poor frock spread out in all its plainness. A long minute Jane stood there. Nowhere had she ever seen anything like this except on the tinted pages of fairy-tales. Then she let the dress drop unnoticed to the floor, stepped over to the table and studied the address on the box. It was from a smart shop in New York.

Then it was not from Ara Stewart. New York—it had come from Wallie.

Color flashed into her cheeks. Thoughts raced incoherently through her mind. She had her explanation. Ara had told Wallace Rand of the party. She had guessed Jane's dilemma, had felt sorry for her—they had both pitied her! So he was giving her something to wear—to make her look right. She thrust the box back on the table. It slipped, and fell to the floor. There was the sharp crash of glass.

Startled, she bent down. A shiny crystal debris spread out from the box. A slipper! Clem Rand's careless sally at that first party sounded in her ears—"poor . . . never been to a party before . . . along steps Wallie and drives Cinderella to the ball." Cinderella! After all, she was no more real to them than a fairy girl! Cinderella? All right, then, but it would not be the Cinderella of their designing.

IT was a gay party. There were fine ladies and cavaliers, and the inevitable Pierrettes—and Clem Rand strutting in and out as a sinuous young Mephistopheles. They had assembled early, as Wallie's train was due at eight-fifteen.

The honking of an automobile horn was heard outside. The doors to the drawing-room swung open, and the guests turned expectantly to greet Wallie. A slim boyish figure in flaring cowboy trousers advanced. The wide sombrero was swept impudently from the head, and Ara Stewart stood merrily surveying them. Clem Rand, in the background, watched, puzzled.

"Wasn't a car sent for Miss Leicester?" he asked Ara accusingly, on the side.

[Continued on page 51]

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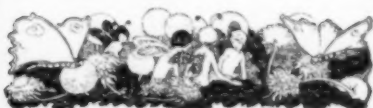


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The Person You'd Like To Be

[Continued from page 50]

"Yes, a car was sent for Jane. The driver telephoned there was the usual blow-out." Then, "Why wouldn't she come with you, anyway?"

But the arrival of Wallie Rand saved Clem from replying.

"All hail, the conquering hero comes!"

In the midst of the crescendo of polite applause, Clem, whose gaze continued to play upon the drawing-room doors, cried: "Ah-h! Make way for the Lady—" He stopped, stared a second. "For the Lady Jane Leicester," he concluded with a bow.

Whatever title he had intended vanished with the momentary stare. For it was indeed merely Jane Leicester who stood just inside the doors. Jane, a trifle shy, calm. And her dress was a simple home make-shift of white lawn, the frock she had made herself for her first "Saturday night."

"It's nice to have you back again," she was saying politely as her fingers met Wallie's for a moment. Ara Stewart's eyes encountered Clem's steady gaze, held it, then wavered. Clem, propped against the piano, lost himself in conjecture. What was happening tonight, anyway? Jane's hand touched his arm lightly.

"Do let's get out of the throng," she pleaded. He looked at her, his wonder growing. Then he saw Wallie coming eagerly through the crowd. The pressure of Jane's hand tightened. She led him through a door and into the dim retreat of a sun-porch. It was deserted. The spicy breath of geraniums rose to meet them. They did not speak. Clem might have been nowhere, from her manner. As he lighted a cigarette, he saw Ara. She jerked a finger over her shoulder toward the crowd. He shrugged in reply, and left them.

Ara Stewart, incongruously feminine in her cowboy suit remained motionless.

"Jane," she spoke softly.

"Yes?" Ara saw that her eyes were wet. She slipped an arm about her.

"I think—it was so—so clever to say you'd rather be yourself—"

Abruptly Jane straightened. "I would, I would!" she cried. "It wasn't clever, it's true. I'd rather be—just me than—When I was a child, really, I wasn't one. Do you understand? When things hurt, I had to pretend they didn't—that I liked them. I played baseball with the boys, but all the time I loved my old black rag-doll better than anything in the world, except my mother. And the other little girls laughed at that doll! They couldn't help it. And do you know—this is very funny, but all the time I wanted to be like those very girls who were cruel to me!"

"I know," said Ara simply. "It always hurts more when—someone else has what we want, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Jane murmured, smiling pensively, "that is why it hurt me when you let Wallie send me that box."

The other's lips pursed in perplexity a second. "I knew something was wrong, and that's what I came to find out. What do you mean—box?"

"I'm sorry, I thought you did it—a gown," Jane added, "a Cinderella gown."

Ara's face lightened. "I see. Don't you suppose it was ordered by someone who wanted you to—outclass—others?"

Though Ara's speech was poignantly revealing, Jane seemed not to understand.

"Why didn't you wear something beautiful, Ara? You wouldn't want to be a man?"

"N-no," said Ara Stewart. "I guess I'd like to be what you'd like to be, dear—" And she had gone.

Jane took a step after her, halted; the color rose slowly in her face. Wallie Rand watched her from the doorway. Someone at the piano ran fingers lightly over the keys. He went slowly up to Jane, and took her hands in his.

"Clem has just told me about the dress he sent to you. It was insolent, but for once Clem didn't know it! But Jane, I'm glad you came this way, because—well, because it has been just you, all summer; and Jane, I don't know much about dresses, but I think that's the most beautiful dress I ever saw—Why, dear, what's—"

Against his shoulder Jane was crying. "I was just thinking of a girl I know," she murmured gently.

"A girl—?"

"Of a girl who put 'em over the plate in the spring, and whose dresses didn't used to hang right!" But she was thinking, too, of Ara Stewart, who had "everything."

Then, as her face was drawn gently upward toward Wallie's, and her eyes met his, she forgot everything except that she was there, and young and very happy.



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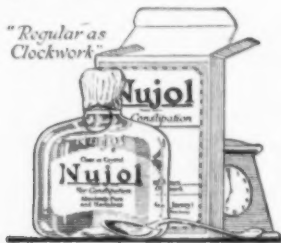
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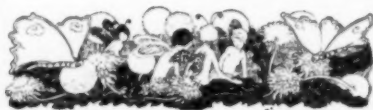
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Setting America to Music

[Continued from page 8]

neighbor's homes could be arranged, at which some singer or pianist of the group would officiate. With the popularity of community "sings," it ought to be easy to organize these children's gatherings. One of the most encouraging musical signs of the times is the increasing interest in ensemble singing. Nothing is more useful in cultivating tonal sense. Children have their hours of song in school, but they ought to have them at home, too.

Too many children in America are sacrificed to that familiar parental ideal of culture, which demands that every little Johnny and Mabel be experts at hammering out the *Spring Song* and the *Melody in F*. It is a splendid thing that no American calls the front parlor, home, until it contains a piano. But something should be done about conscripting in its service every youngster, whether or not Heaven may have endowed him with a finger for the strings, or made him tone-deaf. "She hates the piano," says mother, "but I keep her practicing." And the violin, the cello, the flute, the oboe, the harp, even the trombone, lie neglected. Before you send the children around to the piano-teacher, find out whether they have a desire to learn some other instrument.

More than any other art, piano-playing has suffered from its teachers. No other instrument has been so favored by the ignorant and the incompetent and the amateurish. You cannot marry without a license; or sell shoe-strings on the street without a permit; but no kindly state intervenes between the little child and the incompetent piano-teacher. Anyone who has a smattering of knowledge can set himself or herself up. Young and genteel ladies who must support themselves; the organist in the church; oh, anyone, at all, can teach your children.

There is an instance in my own town now. A young woman, serious and hard-working, has fifty piano pupils, to whom she gives the best that is in her. But that best is very poor. She knows nothing of harmony. She never heard a symphony. Chopin is beyond her, as well as the other masters. The range of her performance and teaching does not go further than Chaminade's *The Flatterer*, or Thome's *Under the Leaves*.

I think you can multiply her by twenty thousand in this country. Her class is the most difficult to reach and reform.

Home and school must not leave to the mercies of the incompetent, the flame of music flickering in the heart of childhood. If the school will give music its proper importance in the curriculum, and the community sufficiently encourage group-singing, the mothers and fathers cannot help being carried along on the wave of musical enlightenment. For home, the most influential place of all, is the most inaccessible.

Perhaps suggestions as to school music might serve as a starting point. Why not have duos, trios and quartets among the children, instead of the conventional sight and class-singing? Why not encourage solo work in a gifted pupil? And why not instruments as well as voices? Why not ten-minute talks on the great composers, their lives and works; and contests in which the students try to identify their compositions? It would not be far-fetched to urge the children to write melodies to simple verses.

Mechanical inventions, far from being despised, should be respected, for they help to cultivate our musical taste. Small-town orchestras are bobbing up in the most unexpected regions. Big industries are fostering musical societies, bands and orchestras among their employees. One large department store opens its day with a ten-minute song-fest, and the moving-picture theaters find it necessary and profitable to pour better and better music into the ears of their patrons. Even the despised popular music of America is becoming finer in quality, especially in rhythm and harmony.

When our long-talked-about national music materializes, it will be a melodic fusion of our various nationalities. Democracy has yet to write its story down in a score. As Rachmaninoff said: "There is a strong national characteristic in America, a characteristic born of her broad democracy, the gathering together of many nations, a cosmopolitan note which your composers must catch and write into your music." And Montoux, the leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, said of the dawning American music: "When it does come, it will possess the dance spirit. It will be very original." The tongues of many peoples will be fused into one harmony.

Setting America to music is pregnant with possibilities for every one of us.



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Paris Prepares for a Season of Gay Colors

Mon chère M. Editor:

PARIS—the bewitching garden of genius—is again abloom with a dazzling fruitage of beautiful and charming designs. One senses a feeling of bewilderment after viewing the openings, and it is difficult to ascertain any one particular silhouette that predominates. Never before has such a variety of influences been seen. Some designs favor the somberness of the Moyen-Age, others the brilliancy of the Renaissance, and the drowsy splendor of the Orient is well represented. Egypt and Persia are particularly prominent.

Skirts are decidedly fuller, but one can hardly say which sleeve is smarter for both long and short ones are seen on the newest designs. The habitué of afternoon teas frequently appears in a chic little frock of taffeta with cap sleeves and very wide skirt. The distended hipline is extremely conspicuous on this type of frock, the skirts of which seem to have not the slightest intention of becoming longer but make up for this minus quantity by their added fulness.

Capes are seen in large numbers, and there is no end to the many styles after which they are fashioned. The Parisienne seems to fancy for her cape duvetyn and tricolette in a happy combination, and takes care that there is an abundance of material used. An exceedingly smart model worn by an exceedingly smart person was made with a very deep yoke which closed at the center-front. The straight section was attached at the side-front.

"It is not the amount of trimming, but the unexpected manner in which it is used that counts," said a successful creator of gowns, and he is right, is he not? For many little frocks of mignonette and tricolette that one sees during the hours of the afternoon promenade have but a bit of embroidery for trimming. Merely a touch of embroidery, we say, but its brilliant color, its woolen texture, and its surprising place on the frock causes a complete metamorphosis—and a humble bit of woolen embroidery becomes a distinctive trimming-feature.

Je vous prie, chère ami, de recevoir l'expression de mes bons souhaits.

Christine D.



Basque Dress 9480
For 16-20 years



No. 9473, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE; three-piece lower section attached to yoke. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires 2 yards of 54-inch material, and $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch lining. The deep yoke is a decidedly smart feature of this new model, which is developed in duvetyn.

No. 9462, LADIES' DRESS; kimono sleeves; overwaist closing on shoulder; with three-piece tunic. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Georgette is used for the development of this smart frock, featuring the favored tunic which comes to points at the front. The tunic in this case is the medium through which the skirt obtains its fulness.

No. 9430, LADIES' ETON JACKET; with girde vest. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material, and $\frac{5}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the vest.

No. 9374, MISSES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 40-inch material.

No. 9480, MISSES' TIE-ON BASQUE DRESS; suitable for small women; with apron tunic attached to waist with construction belt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards. The trimming on this frock is simply the contrast of materials.

No. 9479, LADIES' BLOUSE; closing at side and shoulder; side sections and sleeves in one. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch material. The overblouse has come to be a necessity in the wardrobe of smart women. This one though exceedingly simple is very attractive, its attractiveness being enhanced by the lavish embroidery which is used on the front and sleeves, Design No. 928.



9461

9430-9374

9479

9473

9480

Cape 9473
For small, medium, large
Dress 9462
For 34-46 bust

No. 9349, LADIES' DRESS; to be slipped on over the head; with panel; kimono sleeves; four-piece skirt and three-piece tunic attached to waist at hip-line. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch figured material. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. This model features the dropped waistline and tunics which are open at the sides.



No. 9488, LADIES' PRINCESS DRESS. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. Width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. You will be sure of having a frock that will suit almost any occasion, if developed in tricolette like this one, and trimmed with embroidery, Design No. 1025.

No. 9483, LADIES' SUIT DRESS; slip-on blouse and two-piece skirt with straps. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 4½ yards of 36-inch material for the dress. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. This model is particularly charming for afternoon wear.

Suit Dress 9483
For 34-48 bust

Dress 9349
For 34-48 bust

Dress 9488
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery Design No. 1025

Many Smart Frocks Show Period Influence in Their Simple Lines

No. 9461, LADIES' DRESS; with inset vest. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material for the dress, and ½ yard of 18-inch for the vest. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. This frock is made quite attractive with embroidery, Design No. 851.

No. 9489, LADIES' DRESS; convertible collar; two-piece skirt with loose panels attached to waist. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material for the dress. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. Elaborately trimmed with embroidery, Design No. 982.

No. 9470, LADIES' BASQUE DRESS; kimono sleeves lengthened by handkerchief cuffs; two-piece skirt; with tunic having three-piece yoke lengthened by three-piece section. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch figured and 2½ yards of 40-inch plain. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 9477, LADIES' BLOUSED DRESS; kimono sleeves; adjusted at waist by elastic; with side panniers. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4¾ yards of 40-inch material for the dress. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. Figured taffeta would be an attractive development.

No. 9468, LADIES' DRESS; with harness. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch figured material for the dress, and ¾ yard of 40-inch plain for the harness. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. The cuffs are circular.



Dress 9461
For 34-48 bust
Embroidery Design No. 851

Basque Dress 9470
For 34-46 bust



Bloused Dress 9477
For 34-44 bust

Dress 9468
For 34-46 bust

Dress 9489
For 34-48 bust
Embroidery Design No. 982



9349

9488

9483

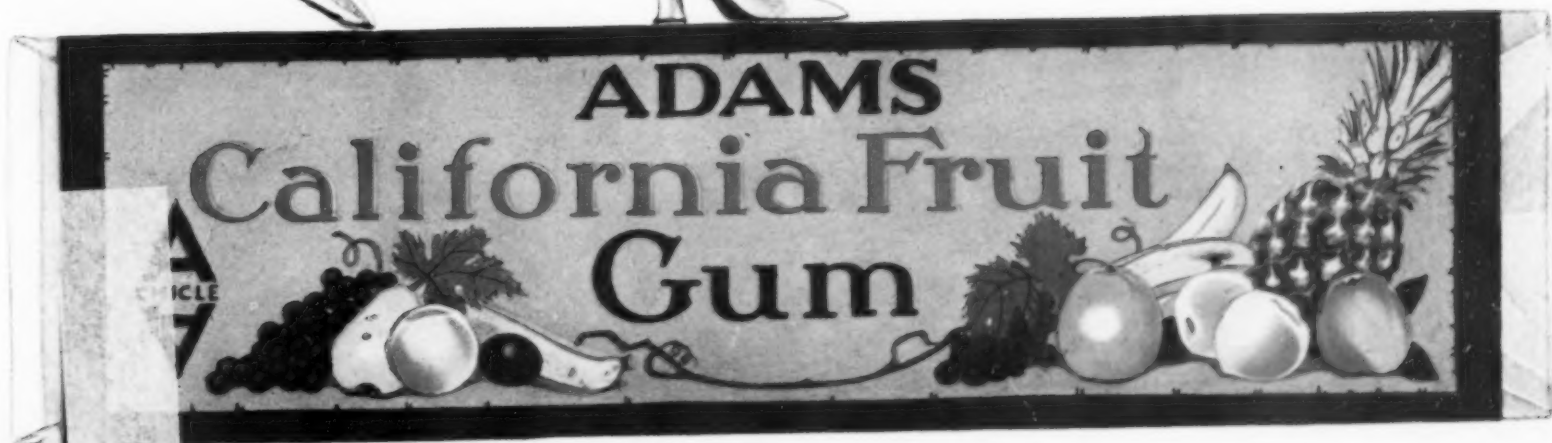
9461


9470

9489


9477

9468





Rigaud's



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Eye Lash Beautifier	Sachet Powder
Eye Brow Pencil	Shampoo
Extract	Talcum Powder
Face Powder	Tissue Cream
Greaseless Cream	Toilet Water
Hair Tonic	Tooth Paste
Vanity Case	



Paris Sanctions Short Full Skirts, Although Straight Lines Are Popular

No. 9462, LADIES' DRESS; kimono sleeves; overwaist closing on shoulder; with three-piece tunic. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch figured material, 3 1/4 yards of 36-inch plain, and 3/8 yard of 27-inch for the collar. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards.



Dress 9462
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9436
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9444
For 34-48 bust



Dress 9459
For 34-46 bust

No. 9459, LADIES' DRESS; surplice closing; two-piece skirt with pelerins. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4 1/4 yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards. Pleating by the yard makes an attractive finish. The large shawl-collar is featured.



Dress 9451
For 34-46 bust



Dress 9437
For 34-46 bust

No. 9444, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt attached to waist at dropped waistline. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 40-inch material for the dress. The width at the lower edge is 1 3/4 yards. This attractive model developed in figured georgette is excellent for afternoon calls or teas.

No. 9436, LADIES' DRESS; with chemisette. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch plaid gingham for the dress, and 1/2 yard of 36-inch plain for the collar, chemisette and cuffs. The width around the lower edge is 1 3/4 yards. The loose panels are attached to each side of the dress.

No. 9437, LADIES' DRESS; with panel front; two-piece tunic; foundation lengthened by two-piece lower section. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch checked material for the dress, and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is 1 3/4 yards.

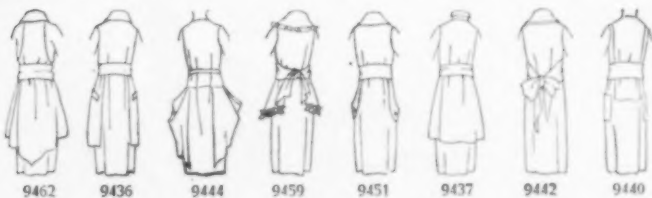
No. 9442, LADIES' DRESS; with tucked vest. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch for the dress, 1 1/4 yards of 45-inch for the overcollar, belt and narrow cuff sections, and 5/8 yard of 40-inch for the vest and undercollar. Width, 1 5/8 yards.

No. 9440, LADIES' DRESS; with panels and pockets. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 4 3/4 yards of 36-inch material for the dress. The width around the lower edge is 1 3/4 yards. Embroidery is used for trimming. Design No. 983.



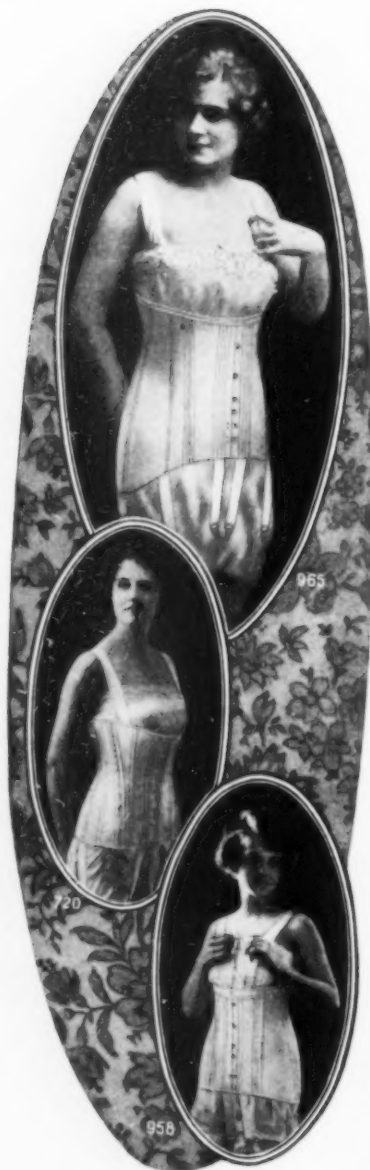
Dress 9440
For 34-46 bust

Embroidery Design No. 983



No. 9451, LADIES' DRESS; with vest; two-piece skirt with side pocket effect. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch figured material and 1 1/4 yards of 40-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards. The side-pocket effect is obtained by shaped trim-

Revealing the Season's Mode in Separate Blouses and Skirts



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No. 9484, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SLIP-OVER BLOUSE; kimono sleeves. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of fringe. A comfortable, easy-fitting blouse developed in tricolette. The blouse is embroidered, Design No. 1009.

Blouse 9484
For 34-44 bust
Embroidery
Design No. 1009

Basque Waist
9481
For 34-46 bust
Embroidery
Design No. 1011

Blouse 9439
For 34-48 bust
Embroidery Design No. 811

Waist 9446
For 34-48 bust

Blouse 9441
For 34-44 bust
Embroidery Design No. 1022

No. 9441, LADIES' BLOUSE; to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Almost every blouse for dressy wear is beaded, braided or embroidered. Design No. 1022.

No. 9446, LADIES' WAIST. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. This model features the surplice-closing waist with a large shawl collar.

No. 9439, LADIES' KIMONO BLOUSE; with inset panels front and back; lower edge lengthened by two-piece trimming-band. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Trimmed with embroidery, Design No. 811.

No. 9481, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SLIP-OVER BASQUE WAIST; kimono sleeves. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 40-inch material. Soutache braid is used for trimming, Design No. 1011.

No. 9447, LADIES' TWO-PIECE HAREM SKIRT. Designed for 24 to 30 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch georgette and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch satin. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

No. 9445, LADIES' DRAPED SKIRT; two-piece underskirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch for the overskirt, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch for the underskirt. Width, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards.

Skirt 9445
For 24-32 waist

Skirt 9465
For 24-34 waist

Harem Skirt 9447
For 24-30 waist



No. 9465, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; with inset front panel bias. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. 26 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch plaid material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards. An excellent model for plaid material.

With this porch frock of cream batiste, heelless pumps are worn—with or without ankle straps. These Keds may have slight heel lifts for those who prefer them.



An unusual spring trousseau and the shoes that make it interesting

THE bride who has planned to have a trousseau well stocked with shoes need not be disappointed this spring. So great is the variety in trim, dainty models in Keds that it is possible to have a pair for every kind of wear.

One bride who proved this found that there were Keds appropriate for practically every gown in her trousseau—charming little Louis heeled pumps for her muslins, oxfords for her gingham—sport shoes, walking shoes and house shoes.

Several of these Keds models are shown here and the costumes with which they are worn.

Keds are made of the firmest, finest canvas—the season's most popular fabric for shoes. Designed by expert designers who are always in touch with the season's style tendencies. They fit the foot snugly but are so flexible and light they are the most comfort-

able shoes one can wear. The soles are of the finest rubber.

The styles range from outing shoes to dress shoes. Many of this season's new models are made on radically new lines, with welt soles, firmly boxed toes and the inner reinforcements that give them the style and dignity of the most expensive leather shoes. These models have been so popular that you may find it difficult to secure them.

Keds are made for everyone. There are models for men and boys, and many models for children.

Every good shoe dealer carries Keds. You will be enthusiastic over their appearance and fit. Look for the name Keds on the sole.

Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company. All the experience and resources of this great company have been used in perfecting stylish, practical shoes that would not be too expensive. Look at the various models today. Men's and women's Keds are \$1.50 to \$6.00. Children's are \$1.15 to \$4.50.



A street suit of jade green silk crepe. The large pockets are braided with cream soutache. With this suit are worn high Keds with half Louis heels and long narrow vamps.



A new afternoon frock of black satin—the apron and surplice are of white organdie. Pumps are correct with this gown—with military heels. One of the most popular models in the Keds family.



Pleated sport shirt of white raw silk. Sweater of Dianthus red with white angora collar and cuffs. Keds of this type—either high or low—are being worn at country clubs, hotels and fashionable watering places.

Keds



United States Rubber Company



No. 224—Nainook Nightgown

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This attractive and stylish hat is very simple to crochet and is but one of a variety of practical and up-to-date articles shown in the latest Royal Society

CROCHET AND KNITTING BOOK No. 15
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For crocheting this modish little hat and countless other articles requiring a softly twisted easy working cotton,

ROYAL SOCIETY

TWO PLY CROCHET

will give unusual service. It is a soft twist of lustrous finish made in three sizes in white and colors. Two ply is made of long staple cotton which gives it strength and smoothness. It is put up in two size balls, large and small.

Royal Society Products include complete lines of Embroidery and Crochet Cottons; Celesta "the washable artificial silk"; Embroidery Package Outfits and Stamped Articles, at Dealers Everywhere.

H. E. Verran Co., Inc.

Union Square, West New York

Capes Remain Favorites For the Coming Season

No. 9469, LADIES' SPORTS COAT. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2 yards of 48-inch plaid material, and 1½ yards of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 9367, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT. Designed for 25 to 35 waist. 27-inch requires 2½ yards of 40-inch material. The width is 1½ yards.

No. 9484, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SLIP-OVER BLOUSE. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch tricolette. The beauty of the blouse is greatly enhanced by the attractive embroidery, Design No. 927.



Sports Coat 9454
For 34-46 bust
Skirt 9367
For 25-35 waist



Cape 9473
For small, medium, large



Cape 9455
For small, medium, large



Sports Coat 9469
For 34-46 bust
Skirt 9367
For 25-35 waist

Slip-Over Blouse 9484
For 34-44 bust
Embroidery Design No. 927

No. 9455, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE; with circular ruffles. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires 3½ yards of 54-inch material, and 4¼ yards of 36-inch lining. The cape is attractively trimmed with knife-pleating of the same material.

No. 9454, LADIES' SPORTS COAT. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material, and 2¾ yards of 36-inch lining. An ultra-smart model for sports coat, featuring the large patch-pockets and one-piece coat sleeves with turned-back cuffs.

No. 9473, LADIES' AND MISSES' CAPE; three-piece lower section attached to yoke. Designed for small, 34 to 36; medium, 38 to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust. 36 requires 3 yards of 48-inch material, and 3½ yards of 36-inch lining. The very deep yoke and the huge collar are the decidedly smart features of this cape.

No. 9316, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece under-skirt. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. 36 requires 2½ yards of 42-inch figured material, and 2¾ yards of 36-inch contrasting for the underskirt, vest and belt. Width, 1½ yards.

No. 9280, LADIES' DRESS; closing on shoulder and at underarm; princess back; basque front with pointed tunic. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch figured material for the frock, and ½ yard of 36-inch facing for the tunic. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.



9454



9367

Dress 9316
For 34-46 bust



9469



9473



9316



9280

Dress 9280
For 34-44 bust

Distinctive Coats and Suits for Misses



Suit Coat
9474
For 16-20 years
Embroidery
Design No. 1025
Skirt 9374
For 16-20 years

No. 9474, MISSES' SUIT COAT.
Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16
years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-
inch material. Trimmed with em-
broidery, Design No. 1025.

No. 9374, MISSES' TWO-PIECE
SKIRT. 16 years requires $2\frac{3}{4}$
yards of 40-inch material.



9374
9374



9300
34 to 44
bust

Suit Coat 9472
For 16-20 years
Skirt 9374
For 16-20 years
Panel Vest 9373



9421

9372
9374

Coat 9372
For 16-20 years

Skirt 9374
For 16-20 years

No. 9372, MISSES' COAT. De-
signed for 16 to 20 years. 16
years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-
inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of
40-inch for vest and collar.

No. 9354, LADIES' AND MISSES'
SPORTS COAT. Designed for
small, 34 to 46; medium, 38
to 40; large, 42 to 44 bust.
36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-
inch material.

9354

Sports Coat
9354
For small,
medium, large

No. 9472, MISSES' SUIT COAT.
Designed for 16 to 20 years.
16 years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards
of 40-inch material, and 1
yard of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 9373, LADIES' AND MISSES'
PANEL VESTS. The vest re-
quires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch ma-
terial.

No. 9382, MISSES' BOX SUIT-
COAT. Designed for 16 to 20
years. 16 years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$
yards of 44-inch material, and
2 yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 9300, LADIES' BLOUSE.
Designed for 34 to 44 bust.
36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-
inch material. A simple blouse
and just the thing for the
new Spring suit.



ONE of the joys of girlish frolics in the mind of every young girl is the satisfaction of knowing that she wears an appropriate and becoming negligee. That any girl would refuse such an invitation is nearly an admission that she does not possess one of these alluring pattern garments.

Serpentine Crepe, the soft, crinkly cotton crepe obtainable in a wide range of artistic patterns and colorings on different colored backgrounds is most appropriate for kimonos, dressing sacks and negligees for either young or old and never fails to give complete satisfaction to every user of it.

In the twenty-six plain shades it is a material without a rival for a thousand and one purposes, the least of which is morning frocks for mother and the girls, or rompers and little dresses for the tiny tots. It is also largely used for undergarments, for it not only launders beautifully, but requires no ironing and wears indefinitely. Soft in texture with a permanent crinkle and delicate in tint, it is bound to meet with approval. Ask for

Serpentine Crepe

at your retailers and be sure that you find the name on the selvage of every yard. This protects you against inferior imitations.

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Pacific Mills
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*With tailored-fitness
in underwear your mind
and body are at ease*

ATHENA Underwear is *tailored* to fit the figure; it is not stretched into shape. It follows the lines of the body—the rounded lines of the bust and back and hips, as well as the straight lines.

It conforms with every bending movement, and then comes back into shape almost as easily as the skin of the body itself. It does not wrinkle anywhere, nor gape, nor bind, and the seat stays closed, no matter what the position of the wearer.

It is the underwear of supreme comfort and beauty of workmanship. ATHENA Underwear is made in every style, weight, quality and fabric, and at prices no greater than are usually asked for ordinary underwear.

There is only one thing to remember in buying ATHENA Underwear; get the same size as your bust measure—no larger; ask the saleswoman at your local store to tell you why, and also to show you ATHENA'S seven special features.



ATHENA
Underwear

*Note the striking contrast
between ATHENA Un-
derwear and ordinary
underwear, as shown in
the graphic illustrations
of Women's Underwear.*



Ordinary
Underwear

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CHICAGO NEW YORK

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Successes in Novelty Silks and Taffetas



Dress 9480
For 16-20 years

Dress
9448
For 16-20
years

Dress 9456
For 16-20 years

No. 9456, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch figured; $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 40-inch georgette, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch for the collar and cuffs. Width, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

Dress 9371
For 16-20 years

Dress 9460
For 16-20 years

Dress 9471
For 16-20 years
Embroidery Design No. 822

No. 9371, MISSES' BASQUE DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 yards of 40-inch material and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch for the yoke. Width, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 9480, MISSES' TIE-ON BASQUE DRESS; with apron tunic. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 yards of 40-inch material, and 1 yard of 40-inch contrasting for the tunic. Width, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 9460, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9448, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch for the collar. Width, 1 yard.

No. 9471, MISSES' DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 18-inch. Width, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards. Trimmed with pleating and embroidery. Design No. 822.

Youth is Smart in Gingham and Silks



Dress 9453
For 16-20 years

No. 9453, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); underwaist with kimono sleeves, overwaist closing at shoulder and at underarm. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch figured material and 1 3/4 yards of 36-inch plain. The width around the lower edge is 1 1/2 yards.



Dress 9352
For 16-20 years



Dress 9376
For 16-20 years



Dress 9448
For 16-20 years



Dress 9456
For 16-20 years

No. 9456, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; with collar and skirt drapery. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 3/4 yards of 45-inch material, and 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar and cuffs. Width, 1 1/4 yards.



Dress 9438
For 16-20 years

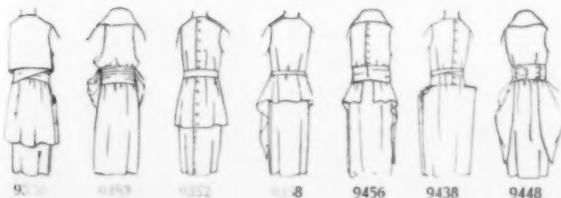
No. 9376, MISSES' ETON DRESS; suitable for small women; with lining, vest and sash; two-piece tunic with side pocket sections; two-piece underskirt lengthened by two-piece lower section. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch material and 1/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 9352, MISSES' TUNIC DRESS; suitable for small women; three-piece tunic, three-piece foundation lengthened by three-piece section. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 3/4 yards of 40-inch. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 9358, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt with tunic. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 1/2 yards of 40-inch figured material for the frock and 1/2 yard of 18-inch contrasting for the vest front. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 9438, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt section attached to waist at hipline. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 2 3/4 yards of 40-inch material. Width, 1 1/2 yards.

No. 9448, MISSES' DRESS; two-piece skirt with separate side drapery. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch satin, and 3/4 yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and cuffs. Width, 1 1/2 yards. The front waist panel is in one with the girde which buttons at the back.



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No. 9480, MISSES' TIE-ON BASQUE DRESS (suitable for small women); with apron tunic; skirt attached to waist with construction belt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch figured material, and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 36-inch plain. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.



Dress 9490
For 16-20 years



Dress 9480
For 16-20 years



Dress 9478
For 16-20 years

Dress 9471
For 16-20 years



Dress 9371
For 16-20 years



Dress 9458
For 16-20 years

No. 9478, MISSES' DRESS; with chemisette; two-piece skirt with caught-under panel attached to lining. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch satin; vest, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 18-inch. Width, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9471, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); surplice-closing basque with chemisette; kimono sleeves; two-piece skirt with inset side panels and two-piece drapery. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch satin. Width, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

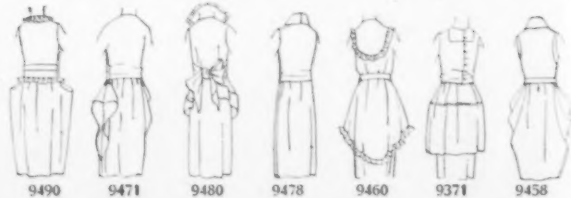
No. 9490, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); basque closing on shoulder and at underarm; two-piece organ-pipe skirt. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards.

No. 9460, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); closing side-front and at underarm; two-piece skirt with two-piece tunic. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $4\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch figured taffeta. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards.

No. 9371, MISSES' BASQUE DRESS. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 40-inch figured material, and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 27-inch plain. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards.

No. 9458, MISSES' DRESS (suitable for small women); three-piece peg-top skirt attached to waist at dropped waistline. Designed for 16 to 20 years. 16 years requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards. The peg-top effect is obtained by draping the skirt at the sides.

Dress 9460
For 16-20 years



Practical and Correct Styles for Juniors



Romper 9317
For 6 months to 4 years
Embroidery Design No. 949

No. 9317, CHILD'S ROMPER; kimono sleeves. Designed for 6 months to 4 years. 3 years requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 32-inch material for the waist, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 32-inch contrasting. The trousers are embroidered, Design No. 949.



Overcoat 9200
For 2-10 years

No. 9200, LITTLE BOY'S DOUBLE-BREADED OVERCOAT. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 6 years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material for the coat, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch lining.



Dress 8716
For 6-14 years



Dress 9158
For 6-14 years

No. 8716, GIRL'S DRESS; over-dress closing on shoulder; sleeves and straight skirt; attached to underwaist. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 48-inch material.

Dress 8920
For 2-10 years
Embroidery Design No. 947

No. 9158, GIRL'S DRESS; to be slipped on over the head. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 12 years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 38-inch checked material and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch plain.



Romper Dress 9425
For 3-10 years

No. 8920, CHILD'S EMPIRE DRESS; two-piece skirt section. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 6 years requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. The frock is trimmed with a rose banding of embroidery, Design No. 947.

No. 9156, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT; with box-pleated waist. Designed for 2 to 6 years. 6 years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch striped material and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 32-inch plain.

No. 9425, CHILD'S ROMPER DRESS; dropped back. Designed for 3 to 10 years. 4 years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material. The extended sides form hip pockets. A pretty romper for play hours. Cotton crepe is a suitable material for development.



Suit 9156
For 2-6 years



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No. 9393, BOY'S RAGLAN OVERCOAT; convertible collar. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 8 years requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 54-inch material, and $1\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 36-inch lining.



Overcoat 9393
For 4-14 years



Dress 9405
For 6-14 years

Coat 9295
For 4-14 years

No. 9295, GIRL'S COAT; convertible collar. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 10 years requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material and $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 9405, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch figured material, and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 36-inch plain for the cuffs and sash.

No. 9407, GIRL'S MIDDY DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material.



Middy Dress 9407
For 6-14 years

No. 9014, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 2 to 12 years. 6 years requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material. The simulated box-pleats are daintily embroidered, Design No. 884.



Dress 9386
For 6-14 years

Coat 9431
For 2-12 years

No. 9386, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 10 years requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material, and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and vest.

No. 9431, CHILD'S COAT. Designed for 2 to 12 years. 6 years requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 54-inch material and 2 yards of 36-inch lining. Featuring extended pockets.



Dress 9014
For 2-12 years
Embroidery Design No. 884



9393 9295 9405 9407 9386 9431 9014

Really Interesting Ways to Dress the Boy and Girl

No. 9476, GIRL'S RAGLAN DRESS; with bloomers buttoned to underbody. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 6 years requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material, and ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and cuffs. Smocking is an effective trimming, Design No. 690.

No. 9463, CHILD'S DRESS; empire yoke and sleeves in one. Designed for 1 to 6 years. 4 years requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material. The smocking on this dress makes it very attractive, Design No. 690.

No. 9482, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece straight pleated skirt attached to waist at dropped waistline. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires 1½ yards of 40-inch dotted material and 1 yard of 27-inch plain. The panel is prettily embroidered, Design No. 947.

No. 9466, CHILD'S DOUBLE-BREASTED RAGLAN COAT. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 4 years requires 1½ yards of 42-inch material and ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting. An excellent model for the light spring coat.

No. 9256, BOY'S MIDDY SUIT; knee trousers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. 6 years requires 1 yard of 36-inch striped material and 1½ yards of 36-inch plain.

No. 9048, BOY'S DOUBLE-BREASTED OVERCOAT. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 10 years requires 2½ yards of 48-inch material and 2¾ yards of 36-inch lining.

No. 9487, GIRL'S COAT. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 8 years requires 2 yards of 40-inch material, and ½ yard of 40-inch contrasting for the collar.

No. 9449, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 8 years requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for the dress. Embroidery makes a pretty trimming, Design No. 884.

No. 9360, GIRL'S BLOUSE COAT. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 8 years requires 1½ yards of 54-inch material and 1¾ yards of 36-inch lining. The waist section of the coat falls over in blouse effect which gives a soft girlish look to the coat. The skirt section is rather full, gathered, and attached to the waist section at a lowered waistline.

Dress 9476
For 6-14 years
Embroidery
Design No. 690



Dress 9463
For 1-6 years
Embroidery
Design No. 690



Coat 9466
For 2-10 years

Suit 9256
For 2-6 years



Dress 9482
For 6-14 years
Embroidery
Design No. 947



Coat 9487
For 4-14 years



Overcoat 9048
For 4-14 years

Dress 9449
For 6-14 years
Embroidery Design No. 884



Coat 9360
For 4-14 years



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Smart Designs Show New Ideas For Children's Clothes



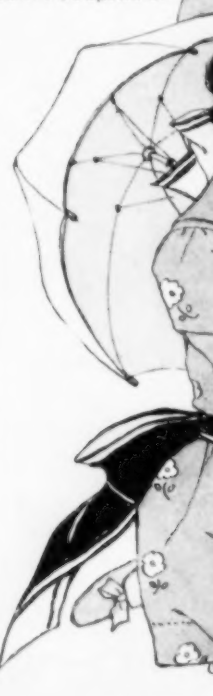
Suit 9486
For 2-6 years



Overcoat 9054
For 1-6 years



Coat 9357
For 2-10 years
Embroidery Design No. 686



Dress 9380
For 4-14 years

No. 9486, Boy's BOLERO SUIT. Designed for 2 to 6 years. 3 years requires 1½ yards of 36-inch, and 1 yard of 36-inch for the blouse.

No. 9054, Boy's DOUBLE-BREADED OVERCOAT. Designed for 1 to 6 years. 2 years requires 1½ yards of 42-inch material.

No. 9485, Girl's DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 6 years, 1½ yards of 36-inch. Trimmed with embroidery, Design No. 987.

No. 9272, CHILD'S ROMPER. Designed for 2 to 6 years. 4 years requires 1½ yards of 36-inch, and ¾ yard of 27-inch contrasting.



No. 9380, GIRL'S DRESS; two-piece gathered skirt. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 12 years requires, 2¾ yards of 36-inch material for the dress and ½ yard of 36-inch for the collar. This dress would be pretty developed in figured voile.

No. 9356, Boy's SUIT. Designed for 2 to 6 years. 6 years requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material, and ½ yard of 27-inch for the collar.

Dress 9450
For 2-10 years
Embroidery Design No. 782



Romper 9272
For 2-6 years

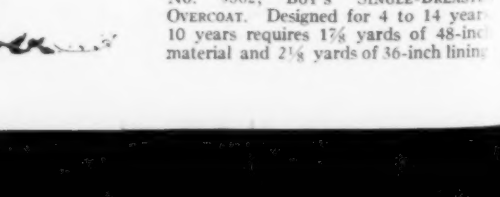
No. 9450, CHILD'S DRESS with Bloomers. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 4 years, 3 yards of 36-inch. Trimmed with embroidery, Design No. 782.

No. 9457, GIRL'S DRESS. Designed for 6 to 14 years. 6 years, 2½ yards of 36-inch. Trimmed with embroidery, Design No. 884.

No. 9357, CHILD'S RAGLAN COAT. Designed for 2 to 10 years. 4 years, 1½ yards of 40-inch, ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting. Trimmed with smocking, Design No. 690.

Dress 9457
For 6-14 years
Embroidery Design No. 884

Dress 9485
For 6-14 years
Embroidery Design No. 987



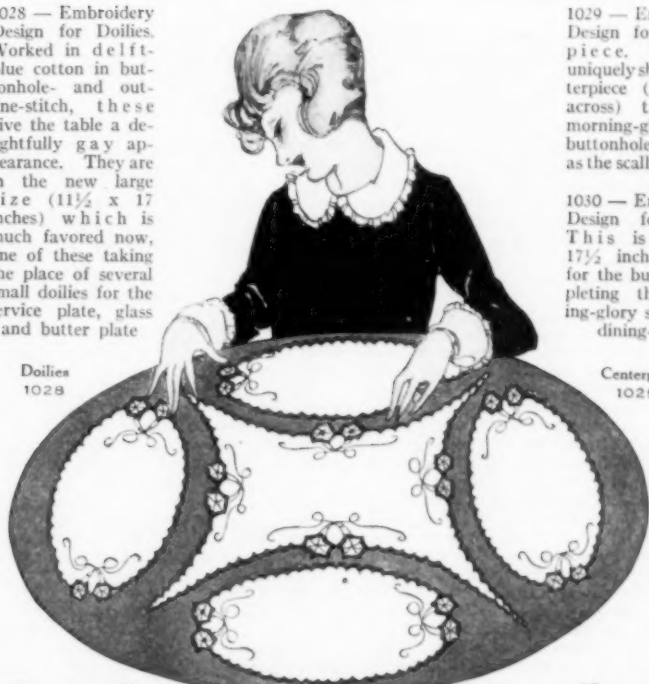
No. 9362, Boy's SINGLE-BREADED OVERCOAT. Designed for 4 to 14 years. 10 years requires 1½ yards of 48-inch material and 2½ yards of 36-inch lining.

New Effects in Summer Embroideries

By Elisabeth May Blondel

1028 — Embroidery Design for Doilies. Worked in delft-blue cotton in buttonhole- and outline-stitch, these give the table a delightfully gay appearance. They are in the new large size (11½ x 17 inches) which is much favored now, one of these taking the place of several small doilies for the service plate, glass and butter plate.

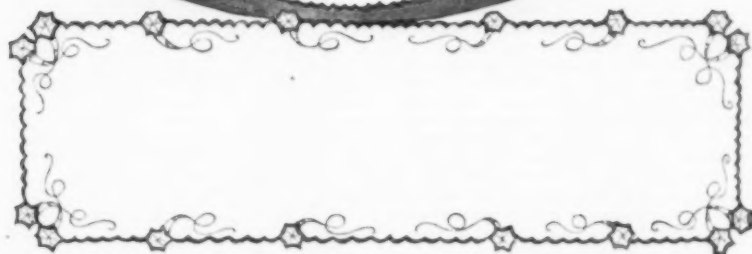
Doilies
1028



1029 — Embroidery Design for Center-piece. In this uniquely shaped center-piece (22 inches across) the little morning-glories are buttonholed as well as the scalloped edge.

1030 — Embroidery Design for Scarf. This is designed 17½ inches wide for the buffet, completing the morning-glory set for the dining-room.

Center-piece
1029



Scarf 1030

Fruit Pillow
1027



Fruit Scarf
1026

1026 — Embroidery Design for Scarf. Heavy rope cotton in red, green, blue, purple, orange and black on natural-colored linen makes this a brilliantly colorful piece. The work is for outline- and single-stitch.

1027 — Embroidery Design for Long Pillow. In combination with the scarf, this will add an interesting splash of color to living-room or porch. The work is in the most simple stitches that can be quickly done.



1031—Embroidery Design for Bead Motifs. Irregularly shaped motifs for blouses and frocks, these motifs with hanging bead loops look very smart.



1032—Embroidery Design for Motifs. This skirt motif (29 inches long) and the matching neck motifs are effective developed in beads or braid.



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Really fun to dye. "Diamond Dyes" and a few easy alterations make discarded apparel fresh, colorful, and new.

Can't Make Mistake

The Direction Book with each package tells so plainly how to diamond dye over any color that perfect results are sure.

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The suit that stands in a class by itself, for convenience, style and long wear. The ideal garment for every day wear the year 'round, for boy or girl, 1 to 8 years of age.

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Made in one piece with drop back. Protects the body and underwear, saves washing and darning, saves the child from dirt, bruises and infection. No tight or elastic bands to stop circulation and retard freedom of motion. No buttons in front to hurt little bodies or to scratch furniture. Two styles, round neck with long sleeves, and Dutch neck with elbow sleeves. Two weights of good-looking and long-wearing materials, set off by bands and pipings in contrasting fast colors. So well made that we offer

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If your dealer cannot supply you, we will forward prepaid on receipt of price.

Mothers: Write for folder in colors showing fabrics, and 6 cut-out dolls, sent Free

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Born With Club Feet

"He gets about as well as any of the boys," says father in letter below.

John Bauguss was 11 years old when brought to the McLain Sanitarium. Although deformity was extreme, result shown by photos was accomplished in 8 months. No plaster Paris casts were used. Father writes:

My son John was born with club feet. Tried other doctors but without success. Being advised to take him

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The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis" also "Book of References" sent free.

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Kill flies and prevent disease. Put one teaspoonful of Black Flag in sheet of folded letter paper; blow it (with breath) into air of room. Will kill almost every fly in ten minutes. Kills insects by inhalation. *Bees don't eat it—they breathe it, and die.* Destroys ants, flies, fleas, bedbugs, roaches, mosquitoes, some moths; lice on animals, birds or plants. Harmless to people and animals. Look for BLACK FLAG trademark and red-and-yellow wrapper. Drug, department, grocery and hardware stores, or direct by mail on receipt of price, U.S. Gov't (Bulletin 771, Agri. Dept.) shows glass containers keep insect powder freshest. Buy Black Flag in Sealed Glass Bottles instead of insect powder in paper bags or boxes. BLACK FLAG, Baltimore, Md.

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Coquette

[Continued from page 72]

her age—the idee—a flowin' veil like a bride! And she has to have her sweetbreads! And how will she look, settin' in church in her flowin' veil when what she had ought to have is a good warm muffler to keep off her neuralgia! Sweetbreads! That soup-meat would 'a' done three days!"

She wrung out her dish-cloth with a hard, tight, twisting gesture, as though disposing thus of the veil, the ruching and the gloves. Taking up her scuttle, she approached the door of the cellar—a trap in the kitchen floor. "I reckon I had ought to take a light, but mebbe I can manage." She lifted her skirts and began the descent.

LUELLA, who was inspecting her box of ruchings, stiffened of a sudden. All her fine belongings seemed to grow rigid with her. The ruching, stretched between her gloved hands, was taut as a string.

She waited. There had been but the one cry, but a dim reverberation of clanking sounds seemed still to echo in the sudden silence. The cry was not repeated.

"Something dreadful has happened!" whispered Luella. Her very bones seemed to chatter. To open her door; to penetrate into that farther kitchen—perhaps beyond—was, to Luella, invoking strange, unfathomable terrors. She did not reason; she only feared. "Becky's out there!" whispered Luella. "That was Becky called. Mebbe—she's—kilt!"

Becky no longer called. Luella raised a quavering voice—"Becky! O Becky! Becky!"

Becky maintained the old obstinate deafness. It was not courage but something, the springs of which were obscure, that nerved Luella to resolution. She flitted across the lighted security of her room into the vast shadowy terrors of the kitchen. She knelt stiffly, like a little hinged automaton, beside the open trap-door, and strained downward. "Becky! You there? Becky!"

Becky gave a little whimpering moan. Luella let herself down, cautiously, sidewise. At the foot of the steps Becky lay in a curious doubled attitude and moaned with a sort of dreadful regularity. Luella strained foolishly at her shoulders. Becky tried to lift herself. It was hopeless. The two women gazed helplessly at each other in the barely lighted, damp cellar.

"I feel as if I should die down here. I can't breathe. Get Sairy."

Fresh terror assailed Luella. "O Becky! Do you want I should leave you?"

"Ef you don't, I'll die." Having delivered her ultimatum, Becky closed her eyes.

Luella was a timid soul. She had always been afraid of the dark. She was afraid of a dark room. The dark out-of-doors appalled her. She could never have summoned will-force for this foray into the night, if something bigger than courage had not possessed her. She bent down, all a-flutter. Becky's eyes were shut, her face had a fixed look. "Keep up, Becky! I shan't be long. I'm a-goin', Becky!"

FOR the land's sake, who's there?"

Sairy Eels, aroused from her earliest slumber, made irate demand. She was wholly without fear, but she resented an inopportune summons.

"It's me, Sairy—Luella Mayberry—O Sairy, let me in! I've run most of the way! Becky's all but kilt."

A mighty swishing of the bed-clothes; the clatter of a lamp being lighted; frail floors a-tremble—and Sairy in a stout, abbreviated, unbleached muslin gown loomed in the doorway. The flaming wick revealed her great spreading bulk, the stiff array of hair-curlers, the meager braid. But Luella saw only a tower of strength.

"Fell down sullen! I always told her them steps wa'n't safe! Now she'll believe it! I won't be long." When she returned, for the first time she consciously saw Luella.

Poor Luella! She had missed the path. She had felt fearfully before her, among those low inhospitable branches. The frail veil hung patchily like a swept cobweb; the gloves were rent; dead twigs caught and held to the fragile silk skirt and there was a great rent in the front.

"Luella Mayberry! What you done to yourself?"

"I come through the park," said Luella. "It was the quickest."

"Come through the park!" exclaimed Sairy, when they were on 'their way, her tongue keeping pace with her feet. "Td never thought you'd have the grit, Luella! I always said I wouldn't come through the

[Continued on page 74]

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THE method of applying complexion preparations is almost as important as the preparations themselves. Here is a method that many women find helpful:—

Apply SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY, the complexion cream in cake form; allow it to remain on for a few minutes and then rub off with a soft cloth. This will cleanse the skin, reaching the minute particles of dust and dirt that are lodged beyond reach of soap and water. Then a touch of SEM-PRAY ROUGE—a bit of rose bloom for the cheeks. Finally, pat-a-pat-on SEM-PRAY Face Powder and the toilet is complete.

Blackheads and pimples are banished forever by this perfect complexion combination—wrinkles are retarded—chapping and sunburn—impossible! Have you tried it?

The SEM-PRAY preparations can be had at all good toilet counters.

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SAMPLE OFFER

Send 6c IN STAMPS for generous samples of SEM-PRAY JO-VE-NAY and SEM-PRAY Face Powder.

60c

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Cotton—Wool—Silk—Mixed Goods

Make over last season's waists and dresses with Sunset and save the cost of new goods; a rich, new color and they will look smart and fresh—it's so easy and costs such a trifle.


Sunset is fast—22 beautiful colors—gives really wonderful results on either light or heavy material.

Ask your dealer for your favorite color or send us his name and fifteen cents and we will mail you a cake postpaid.

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Sunset Soap Dyes





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for Tired, Swollen, Tender Feet, Corns, Bunions, Blisters, Callouses. It freshens the feet and makes walking easy. 1,500,000 pounds of powder for the feet were used by our army and navy during the war. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold everywhere.



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YOU will find that the daily use of Gold Dust and hot water will save time and energy and keep your nickel and silver wonderfully bright, without need of frequent cleaning with polishing powders," writes one housekeeper. "I wash my nickel fittings with a tablespoonful of soapy Gold Dust, hot water and a small brush. My table silver I wash in a pan by itself, using Gold Dust and hot water. I scald with hot water. Just try this simple daily recipe, and see how 'sparkly' your Silver will always look!"



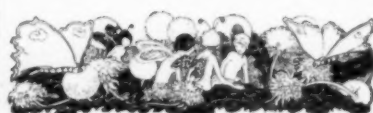
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They add wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness. A little Lash-Brow-Ine applied nightly, will nourish, stimulate and promote growth of eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and lustrous. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Thousands have been delighted with the results obtained by its use—why not you?

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MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4308-55 Grand Blvd., Chicago



Coquette

[Continued from page 73]

park of a night for a farm! You've heard me say it.

"I'd never 'a' thought it!" marveled Sairy. "I'll go on ahead, you're pretty well winded. You can follow with the lantern. I guess, sence you've tried it, nothin' 'll git ye!"

Between them they brought Becky up the traitorous stairs. Sairy gave her a ruthless going over. "No bones broke. Jest a general shakin' up and some bruises. Still, I'll call a doctor, Becky. I expect he'll want a dollar fer it, being a night case."

"No doctor!" said Becky with finality. A dollar for the privilege of telling a doctor that she had fallen down her cellar stairs! "You'll stay, Sairy?"

"I'll stay," said Sairy; "I'll make me up a bed on the couch here, soon's I finish tendin' you. Where's your vinegar? Might's well bring up the coal, too, seein' as you've made a sort of dumb-waiter of the stairs."

After everything had been attended to, and Becky lay in her own bed, bound up and comfortable, Sairy poked an inquiring head into Luella's room. "How're you comin'?"

"Fine as silk!" chirruped Luella, sunk in feathers.

Silk! Sairy in the doorway, and Becky in her shed-like chamber, could hear that word now without the old derisive envy—only a sort of humorous pity.

"It's too bad about your things—" began Sairy, clumsily. "I know Becky'll hate it awful when she knows."

"She ain't goin' to know!" cheeped Luella, happily. "That old silk wa'n't warm enough anyways. I'm going to take it for a petticoat. And I knowed all along that veil was too young for me. And my old gloves has got a-plenty of wear in 'em yet. I'm going to let her think I sent 'em to my niece—not just say so right-out, you know—that would be lyin'! But just to let on like—" The old perjurer looked up innocently.

"Sure!" said Sairy, compounding a felony with no apparent compunction.

"Jus' think!" whispered Luella fearfully, "what might 'a' ben! I don't reely feel like I got anyone but Becky. The rest don't want me. They don't need me. And Becky does. And I need her. Mostly we get along fine."

"Well—g'night!" said Sairy, for the second time—but now she meant it. She hoped this little creature who had it in her to coquette even with the stern emotion of courage and the homely one of gratitude, might enjoy well-earned repose.

Sairy Eels stayed all next day. They made a sort of gala observance of it, and pooled their Sunday dinners. Sairy's soup-meat bubbled odorously in Becky's kettle; and the sweetbreads formed a noble *pièce de resistance*. It had been long since Becky had partaken of any but her own cooking. Sairy knew how to prepare and serve a meal.

Becky experienced a strange pride of hostess-ship. She urged upon Sairy and Luella, miserly-treasured delicacies that had been long hid away in glasses and jars on cellar shelves. She herself ate sparingly, but with an exquisite zest of appetite. She sat in her rocker, and watched Sairy handily doing up the work. She could not forbear one little gouge. (It was not regeneration she had experienced—only a fall.)

"You don't do your work like I do it, Sairy."

"No, Becky, I do it better."

Luella trilled happily. The pink and windy twilight had set in before Sairy Eels rose to go. Everything had been done—the milking; the washing of pans; the straining, measuring, and setting away.

"Well, I dunno when I've put in another such Sunday."

"I hope you'll never have to put in another," said Becky smartly. Her unruly tongue would always belie her, but her eyes spoke straight to Sairy's, like courtiers who had the graces of speech.

"Luella, you better come along a piece—get a little outing," Sairy invited. Luella could not remember such an invitation from Sairy before.

"I wanted to tell you somethin'," began Sairy, in a weighty, secretive manner, when they were clear of the house. "You just let me fix that silk petticoat for you. It's hard, workin' on black; and my eyes is stronger. I ain't strained 'em, lookin' through veils."

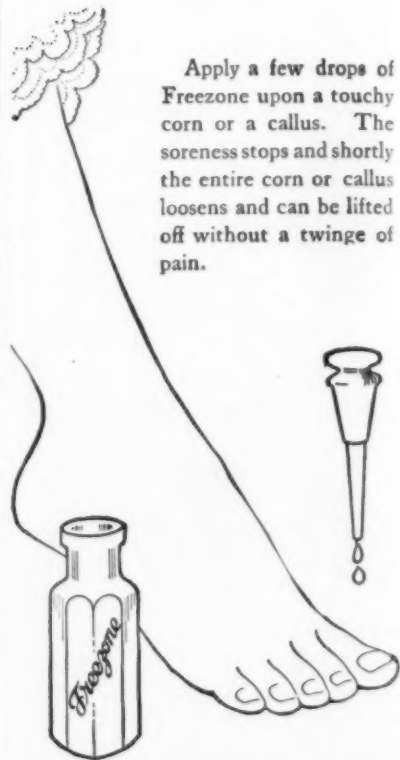
"That's good of you, Sairy," said Luella, ignoring the thrust. It gave her a strange pride to know that she and Sairy shared a confidence.

But her vanities would always trip her. She looked up happily, and confided:

"Leastways, I saved the rucin'."

Lift Corns Out With Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen
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Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a touchy corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward. Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

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_____ jet black _____ dark brown _____

_____ medium brown _____ light brown _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



He Is Not There—He Is Here

[Continued from page 9]

interred. When the brother found the grave, it was indeed marked "Kellogg;" but the initials were not those of the captain!

Official records had said that that grave was the captain's, and but for the investigation of the captain's brother-in-law, another man's body might have come over to America. (I think I ought to add that the captain's wife would not have made any effort to have his body brought home, because he, like many fighting men, had said before he went to Europe, that if he died he did not wish this done. But more than that, she knew "he was not there!")

There was another American, a true soldier himself, a great man, a tender father, who had this same serene knowledge that the grave does not hold the soldier. When young Quentin Roosevelt died, the following letter from ex-President Roosevelt appeared in the papers:

"Mrs. Roosevelt and I wish to enter a most respectful but most emphatic protest against the proposed course (of moving our dead to America) so far as our son Quentin is concerned. . . . We know that many good persons feel entirely different, but to us it is painful and harrowing, long after death, to move the poor body from which the soul has fled. We greatly prefer that Quentin shall continue to lie on the spot where he fell in battle, and where the foeman buried him. . . ."

The story of the possibility which Captain Kellogg's wife might have faced, and the story of Quentin Roosevelt's father, who would not face it, and the story of those three lonely, unknown boxes, traveling, traveling, traveling from the now quiet fields, which beyond the swelling flood of the Atlantic, stand dressed in living green—these stories make one cringe with the sense of the pitiful foolishness of this project of affection and commercialism combined—to bring bodies "from which the souls have fled," back to America.

Instead of stretching out mourning hands and clutching at nothingness let us leave, not our soldier, but the body he used to use, over in France. Let us leave it to the care of the French people, whose sense of reverence for a grave is far more apparent than our own; leave it in those green pastures, and beside the still waters of deep valleys; let it lie still in those sacred, sunny meadows, where the violets and daisies grow just as sweetly as over here in America. If we do that, we can say to ourselves—wherever it may be that they have laid him—"He is not there! He is here, in our lives, in our hearts; and he speaks in every happy, useful, courageous impulse that stirs us—for He is risen!"

Directions for May Baskets

(See Cut-Out, page 42)

FIRST paste the page on a sheet of white paper, then make six tabs of stiff white paper two inches long by one-half inch wide each, and fold them as indicated on the page.

Cut out the fan XX. Paste the ends of two tabs on the spots outlined on the fan. Then cut out the figure X, and paste it on the free ends of the two tabs, with the head at the lacy edge.

Paste the under side of C—B, indicated on the fan, on the strip marked A—B. This turns the fan into an ice-cream-cone basket for flowers. When the paste is perfectly dry, pierce the two black spots on the lace edge with a bodkin, and run a narrow ribbon through to form a handle.

The same thing must be done with the fan YY and the figure Y.

To make the basket ZZ, paste the folded tabs on the small squares indicated on the right-hand side of the basket; then paste the free ends to the figure Z, with the head near the red flower. Fold the basket along the dotted line and paste the under side of G—H on the strip marked H—I. Pierce the red flowers in the corners, and thread with a ribbon for a handle. The child pictured in the center of the cut-out page is holding a basket like this.



5c per corn Ends it quickly and completely

When you suffer a corn please remember this: Less than five cents and a moment's time will end it—by a touch.

Apply liquid Blue-jay or a Blue-jay plaster. The pain will stop. And soon the corn, however old, will loosen and come out.

Millions of people have proved this. Every night a myriad of corns are ended in this way.

Corns are becoming rarer and rarer, as everybody knows.

The reason lies in Blue-jay. It has solved the corn problem for all who find it out.

Don't pare corns and pad them. Don't cling to old harsh treatments. Apply this scientific method—watch it act.

Then remember that every corn can be ended in that quick, gentle way.

Order the Blue-jay now—your druggist sells it.

Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago, New York, Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

ALADDIN HOMES

SAVE \$300 to \$1000

Avoid Lumber Shortage

Lumber shortage—a virtual famine of lumber—exists in many parts of the country. Reports indicate that it is impossible even now to get material for certain needs. Stocks were never so low as they are at present. Higher Prices. It means that prices will go up rapidly—that it will possibly take \$100 in six months or a year to buy \$100 worth of lumber. Will you be forced to pay these prices? Will your need of a home in six months cost you 50 per cent or 100 per cent penalty?

Build Now—Delivery Assured

Early buyers of Aladdin Homes are assured delivery. Aladdin buyers are also assured a big saving—from \$300 to \$1000. Aladdin's action is necessary. The enormous demand for homes will soon fill the Aladdin Mills to capacity. Your order will possibly be late. An important message to every builder is contained in the Aladdin Catalog. It is the message to you from the World's greatest home-building organization. Send for this book today.

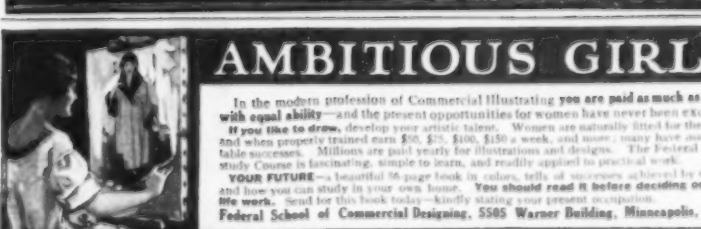
National Service

Aladdin Mills are located in Michigan, North Carolina, Wisconsin and Oregon. The Aladdin Lumber Vests are the four greatest forests of the United States. Each one has sufficient standing timber to take care of the needs of the country for many years. The possible lumber famine predicted in all parts of the country will not affect the Aladdin Company. Every Aladdin Home manufactured in 1920 will be shipped quickly and completely. No shortage of a few grades of materials from the Aladdin House Order.

BAY CITY, MICH.

THE ALADDIN COMPANY,

Branches: Wilmington, N. C. Portland, Ore.
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STAMMER

Send 16 cents coin or stamps for 70-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. "Is Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years.

Benjamin N. Bogus, 9016 Bogus Building, Indianapolis

MAKE MONEY NURSING!

Trained nurses are scarce. Demand by hospitals and private patients never so great as now. We help you find employment at good pay. So now is your opportunity to become a trained nurse. Earn \$25 to \$35 per week. You can quickly learn in your spare time. Graduates of our Training Course get diploma approved by best doctors. Hospital experience provided if desired. Easy terms. Write at once for catalog. State age. American Training School for Nurses, 1504 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois.



Fifty-Fifty

CRITICISM of the carpenter is the plumber's prerogative; the actress is never quite satisfied with the lines given her by the dramatist. Coworkers are often more than truthful when sizing up each other's achievements.

We once thought that the author and the editor looked at each other with respectful awe. Until the other day, when we listened to a successful writer holding forth on a still better known editor.

"My dears," she said, waving a sponge cake, "he's mad. He's dreadful. He ordered a story about love. He told me what he wanted. When I took it to him, finished, he raved. It wasn't what he had thought it was going to be. Why, he had been dreaming about that story, and I had written it differently."

Her voice trailed away miserably.

The next day, we met a young editress. "Huh," she began inelegantly, "there are no good writers any more. They all spend their time cleaning the pantry-shelves and roofing the house. They promise me this serial, and that short-story but, my dear, you can't believe a single thing those authors tell you! They're too dreadful."

And her voice trailed away miserably.

Must the public take over the magazines?



Man to Man

WOMEN in high places learn by experience that it never pays to conceal one's sex beneath the impersonality of an initialed signature.

Dr. S. Josephine Baker, in her early days with the New York City Health Department, signed her name, in simple manly fashion, Dr. S. J. Baker.

One day, she signed her name to a blank which must have resulted in a slight appointment for an unknown young man. He showed his gratitude by sending in to Dr. Baker a small but useful gift, for which he begged acceptance.

Dr. Baker opened it with youthful interest. It was a shaving-brush.

Since, you may be sure, she has not forgotten to sign herself, S. Josephine.

Self-Determination

SEVERAL years ago, Mrs. Jenkins returned from a trip to the East with a little Chinese orphan baby, now six years old. She wears American frocks, goes to public school; but Mrs. Jenkins has not allowed her to forget her racial ancestry.

A visitor at the house said the other day:

"Well, Tung Pih, I suppose you are growing to be a fine American girl."

The little Oriental gazed at the visitor with an impassive expression.

"No," she said, deliberately, "I prefer to remain as God made me."

Spring Cleaning

EVERY May we make an inventory of the winter's cultural acquisitions as regularly as we list the repairs to the household furniture. Two chairs must be cast out; the pantry-door is finger-printed; but no amount of interior recreation damages the good old-fashioned pieces in the living-room. So it is with our mental furniture. This May we are throwing out one set of ideas; refurnishing one or two tottering others; but we can still sit solidly on those intellectual chairs and tables with which we took on maturity.

This has been a hard season to survive with any set of ideas intact. The foreign invasion has come—and gone. We are for cultural internationalism, the tie that shall bind together the seventh grades of India and Keokuk, the women's clubs of Croatia and Albany; but, oh dear, cannot we take these all-European extension courses in slightly smaller doses?

There have been so many great men to listen to this winter that days passed when one hardly had time to feed the goldfish. Barely was Mr. Maeterlinck assimilated, when along came Sir Oliver Lodge. The family fell into quarrels about mediums, table-tipping, the Einstein theory. Going to the moon, Irish politics, Bolshevism, hungry Hungary, strikes, the six-hour day—all these things are tremendous strains upon an intellect, never, like the hired girl, accustomed to heavy work.

This summer, in revenge, we shall spend in a hammock, sustained by a foolish novel. Between times, we shall map out a lecture itinerary, covering all parts of Central Europe. We wish to share our culture. We shall book Mary Heaton Vorse for the Breakfast Club of Belgrade, topic: *Six-Hour Days for Deposed Royalty*; Charlie Chaplin and Mary Pickford before the Fifty-Fifty Club of Prague on *Drama, Is it Moving*; and Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt will lecture up and down Bokhara on *Getting Out the Woman's Vote*.

And while Europe runs around to keep up with Western culture, we shall go on learning new slang, and forgetting all the grammar learned in the seventh grade.

The May King

I DON'T wanta be a King,
I King of May or anything.
I get shook and scolded if
I don't hold my head up stiff
Like you have to with a crown
Which is always falling down.
They make me stand beside this Queen,
And she's a gurl and awful mean.
I wanta go and play with boys,
But she says Kings don't make no noise.
She says I gotta stand and look
Pleasant while my pitcher's took.
But I don't wanta be a King—
King of May or ANYTHING—

Why Men Fight

ALTHOUGH Marie was a new maid, Mrs. Stewart felt a little hesitancy in leaving the children with her while she went for a motor ride.

When she returned, she asked the girl: "And how did the youngsters behave during my absence?"

"They behaved fine, ma'am," said the just Marie. "But in the end they fought somethin' terrible."

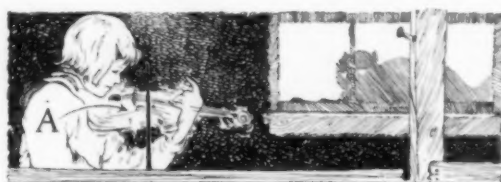
"Why on earth did they fight?"

"To decide which was behavin' best, ma'am."

The Zero Hour

POOR Mr. D. E. Wheeler, whose article may have solved for you the mystery of Mabel's failure at scales, had a hard childhood. His stepfather didn't wish him to play the piano. When young Wheeler broke the lock, his stepfather sold the instrument. The dreadful boy virtuoso then took to playing the violin in the cellar, until the furnace-man complained—after which Wheeler ran away to be a musician.

Exiled, he was a servant of his art. One cold night at a fortnightly club, he accompanied on the piano an older member, who was playing the flute. Suddenly the flutist's



lips failed him; he could not produce a sound. He finished the piece, making the most terrific faces, the resourceful Wheeler imitating the sounds on the piano. The audience, at first silent, tittered. Mr. Wheeler rushed to the footlights.

"Don't cheer, boys," he cried, "the poor flute is frozen." And tears, it need not be said, came to the eyes of the audience.

Telling The World

LIFE'S greatest joy is the realization of our own brilliancy. (How the women at the club-tea did listen to us this afternoon as we explained all about interplanetary communications.)

Sometimes our joy is short-lived—as was Frank Hurburt O'Hara's. Coming up through New Mexico one morning, Mr. O'Hara met a mild-mannered man in the smoking-compartment. They fell into a discussion of the then threatening Mexican problem.

Mr. O'Hara suddenly flowered out. He talked as he had never talked before. Demosthenes, Webster, Bryan were as whisperers compared to him. He explained, he expounded, and then he summed up. After thirty minutes, the stranger murmured something about food and bowed himself out.

Turning to a fellow-traveler, Mr. O'Hara said—"Nice fellow that. I wonder who he is."

The stranger smiled. "Oh, that was only the chairman of the Senate Committee on Mexican Relations."

His friends can never persuade Mr. O'Hara to visit Washington. He says you are always running into people down there whom you don't want to meet.

Force of Habit

AS Mrs. Atkinson was coming down her front steps one morning, she tripped and tumbled head-first. She landed at the feet of a kind-hearted gentleman, who, leaning over to assist her, asked solicitously:

"Did you fall, my dear madam?"

Mrs. Atkinson was a casualty, but still socially poised. "Oh, no indeed," she retorted acidly. "I always come out of the house this way."

Fair Warning

ONE Sunday it was so warm within and without a Mississippi negro church that many of the congregation fell sound asleep. The minister paused in his sermon:

"Hold up yo' haid, mah fren's, and min' that neithah saints nor sinnahs are sleepin' in the other worl'."



All the sleepers were aroused but one man.

"Joe Barker," called out the minister, "dis is de second time that I's stopped to wake yo' up, but I gives yo' fair warnin' that ef I has to stop a third time, I'll expos' yo' by name to de congregashun."

Long Distance

ONE member of this staff is absent-minded. She tries in vain not to drop five-cent pieces in mail-boxes. Once, entering a movie-theater, she knelt as if in church. The other day she was explaining the probable date of the next German Revolution. We argued violently, and then went back to work.

Five minutes later, the absent-minded one turned to the telephone.

"Berlin 599," she said to the operator.

She waited—and so did we.

"What," she cried to the operator, "they don't answer? My dear," to us, "isn't the service getting to be perfectly dreadful?"

Perfect Companion

WRITERS have their compensations for the agony of creation.

Alice Hegan Rice tells about a compliment paid her by a young man, the genuineness of which is reassuring.

A friend of Mrs. Rice was preparing herself and her small son for a camping trip.

"But, Jack," said his mother, "you are taking too many things. This Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch you've read a hundred times. Surely you can leave that behind."

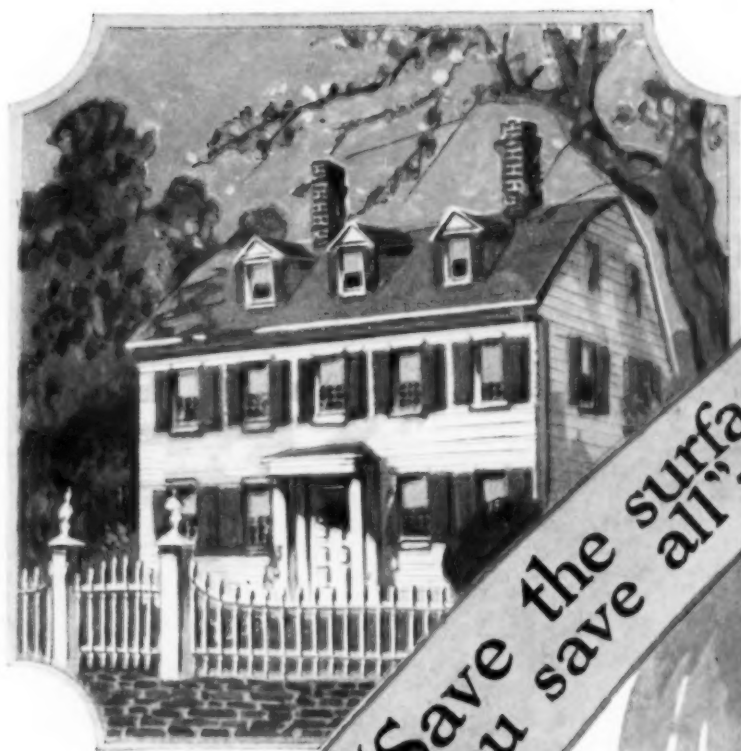
"Oh no, mother," protested Jack, "it's so good when you have the stomach-ache."

Quiet, Please

THE Judge had exiled ten men for life. "You will not," he said, "be forced to perform physical labor, but your conversation will be limited. Each one of you will be allowed a choice of ten topics of conversation. You may choose ideas, personalities or facts, about which you may talk forever."

"Prisoners who talk about anything not upon their lists will be shot. You must choose now."

If you had been one of those exiles, what would you have chosen?



*"Save the surface and
you save all" - Paint & Varnish*



ACME QUALITY

PAINTS & FINISHES

HERE'S a good example of *surface saving*. This old house was built 'way back in the forties. Today it is as good as new. Paint has preserved it.

No damage can come to any house whose surface is protected with Acme Quality Paint. But just you neglect that surface, let it wear raw! The storms will come and the sun will shine. They will eat into the wood and your house will start to "go down," as the old saying goes.

Sun and rain are decaying elements. All decay begins at the surface. *Save the surface and you save all.*

The gospel of surface protection works indoors as well as out. The most comfortable chair you own may be battered and shabby, and you may think you have to discard it. Don't do it! Renew its surface with Acme Quality Varnish or other appropriate Finish, and save it for years of further service.

Save all your furniture from this discarding process. Save your floors from the destructive action of grinding dirt and penetrating moisture. Save your woodwork from all evidence of abuse. There's an Acme Quality Paint or Finish to save all surfaces. *Save the surface and you save all.*

For your intimate knowledge of just what should be used for each surface, get our two booklets, "Acme Quality Painting Guide" and "Home Decorating." Ask your dealer, or write us.

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Have an "Acme Quality Shelf"

For the many "touching-up" jobs about the house, keep always on hand at least a can each of Acme Quality Varnotile, a varnish for floors, woodwork and furniture; Acme Quality White Enamel for iron bedsteads, furniture, woodwork, and similar surfaces, and a quart of Acme Quality Floor Paint of the right color.

Better
Quicker

Housecleaning

Without the Hard Work



Painted Walls, Woodwork

Acts like magic in removing finger-marks, spots, dust, dirt and grime. Makes the surface fresh, spotless and free from streaks.

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Makes wood, linoleum, tile and stone look like new, and leaves no greasy film. Superior results with mop or brush.

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A small amount of Old Dutch in a dry folded cloth cleans the glass thoroughly. No rewiping.

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Restores original beauty to porcelain, enamel and marble. Quickly takes off stains and scum.

Kitchen

Sink, stove, floor, wall, refrigerator, cooking utensils made bright and sanitary with little labor.

Goes Further and Does Better Work